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THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS

OF

LORD BYRON

VOL. III.

THE COMPLETE
POËTICAL WORKS
OF
LORD BYRON

With an Introductory Memoir

BY

WILLIAM B. SCOTT

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. III.



LONDON
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS, LTD.,
NEW YORK: E. P. DUTTON AND CO.

Printed by the Motley Press, 18, Eldon Street, E.C.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME III.

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| DON*JUAN | I |
| POEMS ON NAPOLEON : | |
| Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte | 450 |
| On Napoleon's Escape from Elba | 455 |
| Ode from the French. "We do not curse thee, Waterloo" | 455 |
| From the French. "Must thou go, my glorious Chief?" | 458 |
| On the Star of "The Legion of Honour." From the French | 459 |
| Napoleon's Farewell. From the French | 460 |
| THE LAMENT OF TASSO | 462 |
| THE PROPHECY OF DANTE | 469 |
| THE MORGANIE MAGGIORE OF PULCI | 488 |
| FRANCESCA OF RIMINI | 509 |
| BEPPPO: A Venetian Story | 511 |
| MISCELLANEOUS AND OCCASIONAL POEMS : 1807—1824 : | |
| The Adieu.—Written under the impression that the Author would soon die | 534 |
| To a Vain Lady | 537 |
| To Anne | 538 |
| *To the Same | 539 |
| To the Author of a Sonnet beginning "Sad is my Verse, you say, and yet no Tear" | 539 |
| On finding a Fan | 540 |
| Farewell to the Muse | 541 |
| To an Oak at Newstead | 542 |
| On revisiting Harrow | 543 |
| Epitaph on John Adams of Southwell a Curier, who died of Drunkenness | 544 |
| To my Son | 544 |
| Farewell ! if ever fondest Prayer | 545 |
| Bright be the Place of thy Soul | 545 |
| When we Two parted | 546 |
| To a Youthful Friend | 547 |
| Lines inscribed upon a Cup formed from a Skull | 549 |

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS *continued*—

| | | | | | |
|--|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| Well! thou art Happy! | ... | ... | ... | ... | 550 |
| Inscription on the Monument of a Newfoundland Dog | ... | ... | ... | ... | 551 |
| To a Lady, on being asked my Reason for quitting England in the Spring | ... | ... | ... | ... | 552 |
| Remind me not, Remind me not | ... | ... | ... | ... | 552 |
| There was a Time, I need not name | ... | ... | ... | ... | 553 |
| And wilt thou Weep when I am low? | ... | ... | ... | ... | 554 |
| Fill the Goblet again. A Song | ... | ... | ... | ... | 555 |
| Stanzas to a Lady, on leaving England | ... | ... | ... | ... | 556 |
| Lines to Mr. Hodgson. Written on board the Lisbon Packet | ... | ... | ... | ... | 558 |
| To Florence | ... | ... | ... | ... | 560 |
| Lines written in an Album, at Malta | ... | ... | ... | ... | 561 |
| Stanzas composed during a Thunder-storm | ... | ... | ... | ... | 562 |
| Stanzas written in passing the Ambracian Gulf | ... | ... | ... | ... | 564 |
| The Spell is broke, the Charm is flown! | ... | ... | ... | ... | 564 |
| Written after swimming from Sestos to Abydos | ... | ... | ... | ... | 565 |
| Lines in the Travellers' Book at Orchomenus | ... | ... | ... | ... | 565 |
| Maid of Athens, ere we part | ... | ... | ... | ... | 566 |
| Lines written beneath a Picture | ... | ... | ... | ... | 566 |
| Translation of the famous Greek War Song, "Δαίτη παίδες," &c. | ... | ... | ... | ... | 567 |
| Translation of the Romaic Song, "Μπενω μες 'τα' περιβόλι," &c. | ... | ... | ... | ... | 568 |
| On Parting | ... | ... | ... | ... | 569 |
| Epitaph for Joseph Blackett, late Poet and Shoemaker | ... | ... | ... | ... | 570 |
| Farewell to Malta | ... | ... | ... | ... | 570 |
| To Dives. A Fragment | ... | ... | ... | ... | 572 |
| On Moore's last Operatic Farce, or Farcical Opera | ... | ... | ... | ... | 572 |
| Epistle to a Friend, in answer to some Lines exhorting the Author to be cheerful, and to "banish care" | ... | ... | ... | ... | 572 |
| On a Cornelian Heart which was broken | ... | ... | ... | ... | 574 |
| Lines to a Lady weeping | ... | ... | ... | ... | 574 |
| The Chain I gave, &c. From the Turkish | ... | ... | ... | ... | 574 |
| Lines written on a Blank Leaf of "The Pleasures of Memory" | ... | ... | ... | ... | 575 |
| Address, spoken at the Opening of Drury-Lane Theatre, October 10, 1812 | ... | ... | ... | ... | 576 |
| Parenthetical Address, by Dr. Plagiary | ... | ... | ... | ... | 576 |
| Verses found in a Summer-house at Hales-Owen | ... | ... | ... | ... | 579 |
| Remember thee! Remember thee! | ... | ... | ... | ... | 580 |
| To Time | ... | ... | ... | ... | 580 |
| Translation of a Romaic Love Song | ... | ... | ... | ... | 581 |
| Thou art not false, but thou art fickle | ... | ... | ... | ... | 582 |

CONTENTS.

vii

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS *continued*—

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| On being asked what was the "Origin of Love" ... | 583 |
| Remember him whom Passion's power ... | 583 |
| On Lord Thurlow's Poems ... | 585 |
| To Lord Thurlow ... | 585 |
| To Thomas Moore. Written the Evening before his Visit to Mr. Leigh Hunt in Horsemonger-Lane Gaol ... | 586 |
| Impromptu. "When, from the Heart where Sorrow sits" ... | 587 |
| Sonnet, to Genevra ... | 587 |
| Sonnet, to the Same ... | 587 |
| Windsor Poetics ... | 588 |
| Stanzas for Music. "I speak not, I trace not," &c. ... | 588 |
| Address intended to be recited at the Caledonian Meeting ... | 589 |
| Fragment of an Epistle to Thomas Moore ... | 590 |
| Condolatory address to Sarah, Countess of Jersey, on the Prince Regent's returning her Picture to Mrs. Mee ... | 591 |
| Elegiac Stanzas on the Death of Sir Peter Parker, Bart. ... | 592 |
| To Belshazzar ... | 593 |
| Stanzas for Music. "There be none of Beauty's Daughters" ... | 594 |
| Stanzas for Music. "There's not a Joy the World can give," &c. ... | 595 |
| Darkness ... | 596 |
| Monody on the Death of Sheridan ... | 598 |
| Churchill's Grave ... | 601 |
| Prometheus ... | 602 |
| A Fragment. "Could I remount," &c. ... | 603 |
| Sonnet to Lake Lemán ... | 605 |
| A very mournful Ballad on the Siege and Conquest of Alhama ... | 605 |
| Stanzas for Music. "They say that Hope is Happiness" ... | 609 |
| Translation from Vittorelli. On a Nun ... | 610 |
| On the Bust of Helen by Canova ... | 610 |
| Song for the Luddites ... | 610 |
| Versicles ... | 611 |
| So, we'll go no more a Roving ... | 611 |
| To Thomas Moore. "What are you doing now?" ... | 612 |
| To Mr. Murray. "To hook the Reader," &c. ... | 612 |
| To Thomas Moore. "My Boat is on the Shore" ... | 613 |
| Epistle from Mr. Murray to Dr. Polidori ... | 614 |
| Epistle to Mr. Murray. "My dear Mr. Murray," &c. ... | 616 |
| To Mr. Murray. "Strahan, Tonson," &c. ... | 617 |
| On the Birth of John William Rizzo Hoppner ... | 618 |

| MISCELLANEOUS POEMS <i>continued</i> | | | | | PAGE |
|--|-----|-----|-----|-----|------|
| Ode on Venice | ... | ... | ... | ... | 618 |
| Stanzas to the Po | ... | ... | ... | ... | 622 |
| Sonnet to George the Fourth, on the Repeal of Lord Edward Fitzgerald's Forfeiture | ... | ... | ... | ... | 623 |
| Epigram from the French of Rulhières | ... | ... | ... | ... | 624 |
| Stanzas. "Could Love for ever," &c. | ... | ... | ... | ... | 624 |
| On my Wedding-Day | ... | ... | ... | ... | 626 |
| Epitaph for William Pitt | ... | ... | ... | ... | 627 |
| Epigram. "In Digging up your Bones, Tom Paine," &c. | ... | ... | ... | ... | 627 |
| Stanzas. "When a Man hath no Freedom to fight for at home," &c. | ... | ... | ... | ... | 627 |
| Epigram. "The World is a Bundle of Hay" | ... | ... | ... | ... | 627 |
| The Charity Ball | ... | ... | ... | ... | 627 |
| Epigram on my Wedding-Day | ... | ... | ... | ... | 628 |
| On my Thirty-third Birth-Day | ... | ... | ... | ... | 628 |
| Epigram on the Braziers' Company | ... | ... | ... | ... | 628 |
| Martial, Lib. I. Epig. I. | ... | ... | ... | ... | 628 |
| Bowles and Campbell | ... | ... | ... | ... | 629 |
| Epigrams on Lord Castlereagh | ... | ... | ... | ... | 629 |
| Epitaph on Lord Castlereagh | ... | ... | ... | ... | 629 |
| John Keats | ... | ... | ... | ... | 630 |
| The Conquest. A Fragment | ... | ... | ... | ... | 630 |
| To Mr. Murray. "For Orford and for Waldegrave," &c. | ... | ... | ... | ... | 630 |
| The Irish Avatar | ... | ... | ... | ... | 631 |
| Stanzas written on the Road between Florence and Pisa | ... | ... | ... | ... | 634 |
| Stanzas to a Hindoo Air | ... | ... | ... | ... | 635 |
| Impromptu. "Beneath Blessington's Eyes" | ... | ... | ... | ... | 636 |
| To the Countess of Blessington | ... | ... | ... | ... | 636 |
| Stanzas inscribed—"On this day I complete my Thirty-sixth Year" | ... | ... | ... | ... | 637 |
| NOTES : | | | | | |
| DON JUAN | ... | ... | ... | ... | 639 |
| POEMS ON NAPOLEON | ... | ... | ... | ... | 665 |
| THE PROPHECY OF DANTE | ... | ... | ... | ... | 666 |
| THE MORGANTE MAGNORE | ... | ... | ... | ... | 667 |
| BEPPPO | ... | ... | ... | ... | 668 |
| MISCELLANEOUS AND OCCASIONAL POEMS | ... | ... | ... | ... | 670 |
| INDEX OF FIRST LINES | ... | ... | ... | ... | 673 |

THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

LORD BYRON.

Don Juan.

"Difficile est propriè communia dicere."—HORACE.

'Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale? Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth, too!'—SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night*, or *What You Will*.

CANTO THE FIRST.*

FRAGMENT.

On the back of the Poet's MS. of Canto I.

❖ I WOULD to heaven that I were so much clay,
As I am blood, bone, marrow, passion, feeling—
Because at least the past were pass'd away—
And for the future—(but I write this reeling,
Having got drunk exceedingly to-day)
So that I seem to stand upon the ceiling) *
I say—the future is a serious matter—
And so—for God's sake—hock and soda-water!

[* Begun at Venice September 6; finished Nov. 1, 1818."—B.]

DEDICATION.

I.

BOB SOUTHEY! You're a poet—Poet-laureate,
 And representative of all the race;
 Although 't is true that you turn'd out a Tory at
 Last,—yours has lately been a common case;
 And now, my Epic Renegade! what are ye at?
 With all the Lakers, in and out of place?
 A nest of tuneful persons, to my eye
 Like “four and twenty Blackbirds in a pye;

II.

“Which pye being open'd they began to sing”
 (This old song and new simile holds good).
 “A dainty dish to set before the King,”
 Or Regent, who admires such kind of food;—
 And Coleridge, too, has lately taken wing,
 But like a hawk encumber'd with his hood,—
 Explaining metaphysics to the nation—
 I wish he would explain his Explanation.

III.

You, Bob! are rather insolent, you know,
 At being disappointed in your wish
 To supersede all warblers here below,
 And be the only Blackbird in the dish;
 And then you overstrain yourself, or so,
 And tumble downward like the flying fish
 Gasping on deck, because you soar too high, Bob,
 And fall, for lack of moisture, quite a-dry, Bob!

IV.

And Wordsworth, in a rather long “Excursion”
 (I think the quarto holds five hundred pages),
 Has given a sample from the vasty version
 Of his new system to perplex the sages;
 'T is poetry—at least by his assertion,
 And may appear so when the dog-star rages—
 And he who understands it would be able
 To add a story to the Tower of Babel.

V.

You—Gentlemen! by dint of long seclusion
 From better company, have kept your own
 At Keswick, and, through still continued fusion
 Of one another's minds, at last have grown
 To deem as a most logical conclusion,
 That Poesy has wreaths for you alone :
 There is a narrowness in such a notion,
 Which makes me wish you'd change your lakes for ocean.

VI.

I would not imitate the petty thought,
 Nor coin my self-love to so base a vice,
 For all the glory your conversion brought,
 Since gold alone should not have been its price.
 You have your salary: was't for that you wrought?
 And Wordsworth has his place in the Excise.
 You're shabby fellows—true—but poets still,
 And duly seated on the immortal hill.

VII.

Your bays may hide the baldness of your brows—
 Perhaps some virtuous blushes;—let them go—
 To you I envy neither fruit nor boughs—
 And for the same you would engross below,
 The field is universal, and allows
 Scope to all such as feel the inherent glow:
 Scott, Rogers, Campbell, Moore, and Crabbe, will try
 'Gainst you the question with posterity.

VIII.

For me, who, wandering with pedestrian Muses,
 Contend not with you on the winged steed,
 I wish your fate may yield ye, when she chooses,
 The same you envy, and the skill you need;
 And recollect a poet nothing loses
 In giving to his brethren their full meed
 Of merit, and complaint of present days.
 Is not the certain path to future praise.

IX.

He that reserves his laurels for posterity
 (Who does not often claim the bright reversion)

Has generally no great crop to spare it, he
 Being only injured by his own assertion ;
 And although here and there some glorious rarity
 Arise like Titan from the sea's immersion,
 The major part of such appellants go
 To—God knows where—for no one else can know.

X.

If, fallen in evil days on evil tongues,
 Milton appealed to the Avenger, Time,
 If Time, the Avenger, execrates his wrongs,
 And makes the word "Miltonic" mean "*sublime*,"
He deign'd not to belie his soul in songs,
 Nor turn his very talent to a crime ;
He did not loathe the sire to laud the son,
 But closed the tyrant-hater he begun.

XI.

Think'st thou, could he—the blind Old Man—arise,
 Like Samuel from the grave, to freeze once more
 The blood of monarchs with his prophecies,
 Or be alive again—again all hoar
 With time and trials, and those helpless eyes,
 And heartless daughters—worn—and pale—and poor ;
 Would *he* adore a sultan? *he* obey
 The intellectual eunuch Castlereagh?

XII.

Cold-blooded, smooth-faced, placid miscreant !
 Dabbling its sleek young hands in Erin's gore,
 And thus for wider carnage taught to pant,
 Transferr'd to gorge upon a sister shore,
 The vulgarest tool that Tyranny could want,
 With just enough of talent, and no more,
 To lengthen fetters by another fix'd,
 And offer poison long already mix'd.

XIII.

An orator of such set trash of phrase
 Ineffably—legitimately vile,
 That even its grossest flatterers dare not praise,
 Nor foes—all nations—condescend to smile ;

Not even a sprightly blunder's spark can blaze
 From that Ixion grindstone's ceaseless toil,
 That turns and turns, to give the world a notion
 Of endless torments and perpetual motion.

XIV.

A bungler even in its disgusting trade,
 And botching, patching, leaving still behind
 Something of which its masters are afraid,
 States to be curb'd and thoughts to be confined,
 Conspiracy or Congress to be made—
 Cobbling at manacles for all mankind—
 A tinkering slave-maker, who mends old chains,
 With God and man's abhorrence for its gains.

XV.

If we may judge of matter by the mind,
 Emasculated to the marrow *It*
 Hath but two objects, how to serve, and bind,
 Deeming the chain it wears even men may fit,
 Eutropius of its many masters,—blind
 To worth as freedom, wisdom as to wit,
 Fearless—because *no* feeling dwells in ice,
 Its very courage stagnates to a vice.

XVI.

Where shall I turn me not to *view* its bonds,
 For I will never *feel* them ;—Italy !
 Thy late reviving Roman soul desponds
 Beneath the lie this State-thing breathed o'er thee—
 Thy clanking chain, and Erin's yet green wounds,
 Have voices—tongues to cry aloud for me.
 Europe has slaves, allies, kings, armies still,
 And Southey lives to sing them very ill.

XVII.

Meantime, Sir Laureate, I proceed to dedicate,
 In honest simple verse, this song to you.
 And, if in flattering strains I do not predicate,
 'T is that I still retain my "buff and blue ;"
 My politics as yet are all to educate :
 Apostasy's so fashionable, too,
 To keep *one* creed's a task grown quite Herculean :
 Is it not so, my Tory, Ultra-Julian ?

VENICE, September 16, 1818.

I.

I WANT a hero : an uncommon want,
 When every year and month sends forth a new one,
 Till, after cloying the gazettes with cant,
 The age discovers he is not the true one :
 Of such as these I should not care to vaunt,
 I'll therefore take our ancient friend Don Juan—
 We all have seen him in the pantomime,
 Sent to the devil somewhat ere his time.

II.

Vernon, the Butcher Cumberland, Wolfe, Hawke,
 Prince Ferdinand, Granby, Burgoyne, Keppel, Howe,
 Evil and good, have had their tithe of talk,
 And fill'd their sign-posts then, like Wellesley now ;
 Each in their turn like Banquo's monarchs stalk,
 Followers of fame, " nine farrow " of that sow ;
 France, too, had Buonaparté and Dumourier
 Recorded in the Moniteur and Courier.

III.

Barnave, Brissot, Condorcet, Mirabeau,
 Pétion, Cloutz, Danton, Marat, La Fayette,
 Were French, and famous people, as we know ;
 And there were others, scarce forgotten yet,
 Joubert, Hoche, Marceau, Lannes, Desaix, Moreau,
 With many of the military set,
 Exceedingly remarkable at times,
 But not at all adapted to my rhymes

IV.

Nelson was once Britannia's god of war,
 And still should be so, but the title is turn'd ;
 There's no more to be said of Trafalgar,
 'T is with our hero quietly inurn'd ;
 Because the army's grown more popular,
 At which the naval people are concern'd ;
 Besides, the prince is all for the land-service ;
 Forgetting Duncan, Nelson, Howe, and Jervia.

V.

Brave men were living before Agamemnon
 And since, exceeding valorous and sage,

A good deal like him too, though quite the same none;
 But then they shone not on the poet's page,
 And so have been forgotten:—I condemn none,
 But can't find any in the present age
 Fit for my poem (that is, for my new one);
 •So, as I said, I'll take my friend Don Juan.

VI.

Most epic poets plunge "in medias res"
 •(Horace makes this the heroic turnpike road),
 And then your hero tells, whene'er you please,
 What went before—by way of episode,
 While seated after dinner at his ease,
 Beside his mistress in some soft abode,
 Palace, or garden, paradise, or cavern,
 Which serves the happy couple for a tavern.

VII.

That is the usual method, but not mine—
 My way is to begin with the beginning;
 The regularity of my design
 Forbids all wandering as the worst of sinning,
 And therefore I shall open with a line
 (Although it cost me half an hour in spinning),
 Narrating somewhat of Don Juan's father,
 And also of his mother, if you'd rather.

VIII.

In Seville was he born, a pleasant city,
 Famous for oranges and women—he
 Who has not seen it will be much to pity,
 So says the proverb—and I quite agree;
 •Of all the Spanish towns is none more pretty,
 Cadiz, perhaps—but that you soon may see:—
 Don Juan's parents lived beside the river,
 A noble stream, and call'd the Guadalquivir.

IX.

His father's name was José—*Don*, of course,
 •A true Hidalgo, free from every stain
 Of Moor or Hebrew blood, he traced his source
 Through the most Gothic gentlemen of Spain;

A better cavalier ne'er mounted horse,
 Or, being mounted, e'er got down again,
 Than José, who begot our hero, who
 Begot—but that's to come—Well, to renew :

X.

His mother was a learned lady, famed
 For every branch of every science known—
 In every Christian language ever named,
 With virtues equall'd by her wit alone ;
 She made the cleverest people quite ashamed,
 And even the good with inward envy groan,
 Finding themselves so very much exceeded
 In their own way by all the things that she did.

XI.

Her memory was a mine : she knew by heart
 All Calderon and greater part of Lope,
 So that if any actor miss'd his part
 She could have served him for the prompter's copy ;
 For her Feinagle's were an useless art,
 And he himself obliged to shut up shop—he
 Could never make a memory so fine as
 That which adorn'd the brain of Donna Inez.

XII.

Her favourite science was the mathematical,
 Her noblest virtue was her magnanimity ;
 Her wit (she sometimes tried at wit) was Attic all,
 Her serious sayings darken'd to sublimity ;
 In short, in all things she was fairly what I call
 A prodigy—her morning dress was dimity,
 Her evening silk, or, in the summer, muslin,
 And other stuffs with which I won't stay puzzling.

XIII.

She knew the Latin—that is, " the Lord's prayer,"
 And Greek—the alphabet—I'm nearly sure ;
 She read some French romances here and there,
 Although her mode of speaking was not pure ;
 For native Spanish she had no great care,
 At least her conversation was obscure ;
 Her thoughts were theorems, her words a problem,
 As if she deem'd that mystery would ennoble 'em.

XIV.

She liked the English and the Hebrew tongue,

And said there was analogy between 'em ;

She proved it somehow out of sacred song,

But I must leave the proofs to those who've seen 'em,

But this I heard her say, and can't be wrong,

And all may think which way their judgments lean 'em,

" 'Tis strange—the Hebrew noun which means 'I am,'

The English always use to govern d—n."

XV.

Some women use their tongues—she *look'd* a lecture,

Each eye a sermon, and her brow a homily,

An all-in-all sufficient self-director,

Like the lamented late Sir Samuel Romilly,

The Law's expounder, and the State's corrector,

Whose suicide was almost an anomaly—

One sad example more, that "All is vanity,"—

The jury brought their verdict in "Insanity."

XVI.

In short, she was a walking calculation,

Miss Edgeworth's novels stepping from their covers,

Or Mrs. Trimmer's books on education,

Or "Cœlebs' Wife" set out in quest of lovers,

Morality's prim personification,

In which not Envy's self a flaw discovers ;

To others' share let "female errors fall,"

For she had not even one—the worst of all.

XVII.

Oh ! she was perfect past all parallel—

Of any modern female saint's comparison ;

So far above the cunning powers of hell,

Her guardian angel had given up his garrison ;

Even her minutest motions went as well

As those of the best time-piece made by Harrison :

In virtues nothing earthly can surpass her,

Save thine "incomparable oil," Macassar !

XVIII.

Perfect she was, but as perfection is

Insipid in this naughty world of ours,

Where our first parents never learn'd to kiss

Till they were exiled from their earlier bowers,

Where all was peace, and innocence, and bliss
 (I wonder how they got through the twelve hours),
 Don José, like a lineal son of Eve,
 Went plucking various fruit without her leave.

XIX.

He was a mortal of the careless kind,
 With no great love for learning, or the learn'd,
 Who chose to go where'er he had a mind,
 And never dream'd his lady was concern'd;
 The world, as usual, wickedly inclined
 To see a kingdom or a house o'erturn'd,
 Whisper'd he had a mistress, some said *two*,
 But for domestic quarrels *one* will do.

XX.

Now Donna Inez had, with all her merit,
 A great opinion of her own good qualities;
 Neglect, indeed, requires a saint to bear it,
 And such, indeed, she was in her moralities;
 And then she had a devil of a spirit,
 And sometimes mix'd up fancies with realities,
 And let few opportunities escape
 Of getting her liege lord into a scrape.

XXI.

This was an easy matter with a man
 Oft in the wrong, and never on his guard;
 And even the wisest, do the best they can,
 Have moments, hours, and days, so unprepared,
 That you might "brain them with your lady's fan;"
 And sometimes ladies hit exceeding hard,
 And fans turn into falchions in fair hands,
 And why and wherefore no one understands.

•

XXII.

'T is pity learned virgins ever wed
 With persons of no sort of education,
 Or gentlemen, who, though well born and bred,
 Grow tired of scientific conversation;
 I don't choose to say much upon this head,
 I'm a plain man, and in a single station,
 But—Oh! ye lords of ladies intellectual,
 Inform us truly, have they not hen-peck'd you all?

XXIII.

Don José and his lady quarrell'd—*why*;
 Not any of the many could divine,
 Though several thousand people chose to try,
 'T was surely no concern of theirs nor mine;
 I loathe that low vice—curiosity;
 But if there's anything in which I shine,
 'T is in arranging all my friends' affairs,
 Not having, of my own, domestic cares.

XXIV.

And so I interfered, and with the best
 Intentions, but their treatment was not kind;
 I think the foolish people were possess'd,
 For neither of them could I ever find,
 Although their porter afterwards confess'd—
 But that's no matter, and the worst's behind,
 For little Juan o'er me threw, down stairs,
 A pail of housemaid's water unawares.

XXV.

A little curly-headed, good-for-nothing
 And mischief-making monkey from his birth;
 His parents ne'er agreed except in doting
 Upon the most unquiet imp of earth;
 Instead of quarrelling, had they been but both in
 Their senses, they'd have sent young master forth
 To school, or had him soundly whipp'd at home,
 To teach him manners for the time to come.

XXVI.

Don José and the Donna Inez led
 For some time an unhappy sort of life,
 Wishing each other, not divorced, but dead;
 They lived respectably as man and wife,
 Their conduct was exceedingly well-bred,
 And gave no outward signs of inward strife,
 Until at length the smother'd fire broke out,
 And put the business past all kind of doubt.

XXVII.

For Inez call'd some druggists and physicians,
 And tried to prove her loving lord was *mad*,
 But as he had some lucid intermissions,
 She next decided he was only *bad*;

Yet when they ask'd her for her depositions,
 No sort of explanation could be had,
 Save that her duty both to man and God
 Required this conduct—which seem'd very odd.

XXVIII.

She kept a journal, where his faults were noted,
 And open'd certain trunks of books and letters,
 All which might, if occasion served, be quoted ;
 And then she had all Seville for abettors,
 Besides her good old grandmother (who doted) ;
 The hearers of her case became repeaters,
 Then advocates, inquisitors, and judges,
 Some for amusement, others for old grudges.

XXIX.

And then this best and meekest woman bore
 With such serenity her husband's woes,
 Just as the Spartan ladies did of yore,
 Who saw their spouses kill'd, and nobly chose
 Never to say a word about them more—
 Calmly she heard such calumny that rose,
 And saw *his* agonies with such sublimity,
 That all the world exclaim'd, "What magnanimity!"

XXX.

No doubt this patience, when the world is damning us,
 Is philosophic in our former friends ;
 'Tis also pleasant to be deem'd magnanimous,
 The more so in obtaining our own ends ;
 And what the lawyers call a "*malus animus*"
 Conduct like this by no means comprehends :
 Revenge in person's certainly no virtue,
 But then 't is not *my* fault, if *others* hurt you

XXXI.

And if our quarrels should rip up old stories,
 And help them with a lie or two additional,
 I'm not to blame, as you well know—no more is
 Any one else—they were become traditional ;
 Besides, their resurrection aids our glories
 By contrast, which is what we just were wishing all :
 And science profits by this resurrection—
 Dead scandals form good subjects for dissection.

XXXII.

Their friends had tried at reconciliation,
 Then their relations, who made matters worse,
 ('T were hard to tell upon a like occasion
 To whom it may be best to have recourse—
 I can't say much for friend or yet relation):
 The lawyers did their utmost for divorce,
 But scarce a fee was paid on either side
 Before, unluckily, Don José died.

XXXIII.

He died; and most unluckily, because,
 According to all hints I could collect
 From counsel learned in those kinds of laws
 (Although their talk's obscure and circumspect),
 His death contrived to spoil a charming cause;
 A thousand pities also with respect
 To public feeling, which on this occasion
 Was manifested in a great sensation.

XXXIV.

But ah! he died; and buried with him lay
 The public feeling, and the lawyers' fees:
 His house was sold, his servants sent away,
 A Jew took one of his two mistresses,
 A priest the other—at least so they say:
 I ask'd the doctors after his disease—
 He died of the slow fever called the tertian,
 And left his widow to her own aversion.

XXXV.

Yet José was an honourable man,
 That I must say, who knew him very well;
 Therefore his frailties I'll no further scan,
 Indeed there were not many more to tell:
 And if his passions now and then outran
 Discretion, and were not so peaceable
 As Numa's (who was also named Pompilius),
 He had been ill brought up, and was born bilious.

XXXVI.

Whate'er might be his worthlessness or worth,
 Poor fellow! he had many things to wound him,
 Let's own—since it can do no good on earth—
 It was a trying moment that which found him

Standing alone beside his desolate hearth,
 Where all his household gods lay shiver'd round him :
 No choice was left his feelings or his pride,
 Save death or Doctors' Commons—so he died.

XXXVII.

Dying intestate, Juan was sole heir
 To a chancery suit, and messuages and lands,
 Which, with a long minority and care,
 Promised to turn out well in proper hands :
 Inez became sole guardian, which was fair,
 And answer'd but to nature's just demands :
 An only son left with an only mother
 Is brought up much more wisely than another.

XXXVIII.

Sagest of women, even of widows, she
 Resolved that Juan should be quite a paragon,
 And worthy of the noblest pedigree :
 (His sire was of Castile, his dam from Aragon).
 Then for accomplishments of chivalry,
 In case our Lord the king should go to war again,
 He learn'd the arts of riding, fencing, gunnery,
 And how to scale a fortress—or a nunnery.

XXXIX.

But that which Donna Inez most desired,
 And saw into herself each day before all
 The learned tutors whom for him she hired,
 Was, that his breeding should be strictly moral :
 Much into all his studies she inquired,
 And so they were submitted first to her, all,
 Arts, sciences, no branch was made a mystery
 To Juan's eyes, excepting natural history.

XL.

The languages, especially the dead,
 The sciences, and most of all the abstruse,
 The arts, at least all such as could be said
 To be the most remote from common use,
 In all these he was much and deeply read :
 But not a page of anything that's loose,
 Or hints continuation of the species,
 Was ever suffer'd, lest he should grow vicious.

XLI.

His classic studies made a little puzzle,
Because of filthy loves of gods and goddesses,
Who in the earlier ages raised a bustle,
But never put on pantaloons or bodices;
His reverend tutors had at times a tussle,
And for their *Æneids*, *Iliads*, and *Odysseys*,
Were forced to make an odd sort of apology,
For Donna Inez dreaded the Mythology.

XLII.

Ovid's a rake, as half his verses show him,
Anacreon's morals are a still worse sample,
Catullus scarcely has a decent poem,
I do n't think Sappho's Ode a good example,
Although Longinus tells us there is no hymn
Where the sublime soars forth on wings more ample;
But Virgil's songs are pure, except that horrid one
Beginning with "*Formosum Pastor Corydon*."

XLIII.

Lucretius' irreligion is too strong
For early stomachs, to prove wholesome food;
I can't help thinking Juvenal was wrong,
Although no doubt his real intent was good,
For speaking out so plainly in his song,
So much indeed as to be downright rude;
And then what proper person can be partial
To all these nauseous epigrams of Martial?

XLIV.

Juan was taught from out the best edition,
Expurgated by learned men who place,
Judiciously, from out the schoolboy's vision,
The grosser parts; but fearful to deface
Too much their modest bard by this omission,
And pitying sore this mutilated case,
They only add them all in an appendix,
Which saves, in fact, the trouble of an index;

XLV.

For there we have them all "at one fell swoop,"
Instead of being scatter'd through the pages;
They stand forth marshall'd in a handsome troop,
To meet the ingenuous youth of future ages,

Till some less rigid editor shall stoop
 To call them back into their separate cages,
 Instead of standing staring all together,
 Like garden gods—and not so decent either.

XLVI.

The Missal too (it was the family Missal)
 Was ornamented in a sort of way
 Which ancient mass-books often are, and this all
 Kinds of grotesques illumined; and how they,
 Who saw those figures on the margin kiss all,
 Could turn their optics to the text and pray,
 Is more than I know—But Don Juan's mother
 Kept this herself, and gave her son another.

XLVII.

Sermons he read, and lectures he endured,
 And homilies, and lives of all the saints;
 To Jerome and to Chrysostom inured,
 He did not take such studies for restraints;
 But how faith is acquired, and then insured,
 So well not one of the aforesaid paints
 As Saint Augustine in his fine Confessions,
 Which make the reader envy his transgressions.

XLVIII.

This, too, was a seal'd book to little Juan—
 I can't but say that his mamma was right,
 If such an education was the true one.
 She scarcely trusted him from out her sight;
 Her maids were old, and if she took a new one,
 You might be sure she was a perfect fright.
 She did this during even her husband's life—
 I recommend as much to every wife.

XLIX.

Young Juan wax'd in godliness and grace;
 At six a charming child, and at eleven
 With all the promise of as fine a face
 As e'er to man's maturer growth was given.
 He studied steadily and grew apace,
 And seem'd, at least, in the right road to heaven,
 For half his days were pass'd at church, the other
 Between his tutors, confessor, and mother.

L.

At six, I said, he was a charming child,*

At twelve he was a fine but quiet boy;
Although in infancy a little wild,

They tamed him down amongst them: to destroy
His natural spirit not in vain they toil'd,

At least it seem'd so; and his mother's joy
Was to declare how sage, and still, and steady,
Her young philosopher was grown already.

LI.

I had my doubts, perhaps I have them still,

But what I say is neither here nor there:

I knew his father well, and have some skill

In character—but it would not be fair

From sire to son to augur good or ill:

He and his wife were an ill-sorted pair—

But scandal's my aversion—I protest

Against all evil speaking, even in jest.

LII.

For my part I say nothing—nothing—but

This I will say—my reasons are my own—

That if I had an only son to put

To school (as God be praised that I have none),

'T is not with Donna Inez I would shut

Him up to learn his catechism alone,

No—no—I'd send him out betimes to college,

For there it was I pick'd up my own knowledge.

LIII.

For there one learns—'t is not for me to boast,

Though I acquired—but I pass over *that*,

*As well as all the Greek I since have lost:

I say that there 's the place—but "*Verbum sat*,"

I think I pick'd up too, as well as most,

Knowledge of matters—but no matter *what*

I never married—but, I think, I know

That sons should not be educated so.

LIV.

Young Juan now was sixteen years of age.

Tall, handsome, slender, but well knit: he seem'd

Active, though not so sprightly, as a page;

And everybody but his mother deem'd

Him almost man ; but she flew in a rage,
 And bit her lips (for else she might have scream'd)
 If any said so, for to be precocious
 Was in her eyes a thing the most atrocious.

LV.

Amongst her numerous acquaintance, all
 Selected for discretion and devotion,
 There was the Donna Julia, whom to call
 Pretty were but to give a feeble notion
 Of many charms in her as natural
 As sweetness to the flower, or salt to ocean,
 Her zone to Venus, or his bow to Cupid,
 (But this last simile is trite and stupid).

LVI.

The darkness of her Oriental eye
 Accorded with her Moorish origin ;
 (Her blood was not all Spanish, by the by ;
 In Spain, you know, this is a sort of sin).
 When proud Granada fell, and, forced to fly,
 Boabdil wept, of Donna Julia's kin
 Some went to Africa, some stay'd in Spain,
 Her great-great-grandmamma chose to remain.

LVII.

She married (I forget the pedigree)
 With an Hidalgo, who transmitted down
 His blood less noble than such blood should be ;
 At such alliances his sires would frown,
 In that point so precise in each degree
 That they bred *in and in*, as might be shown,
 Marrying their cousins—nay, their aunts, and nieces,*
 Which always spoils the breed, if it increases.

LVIII.

This heathenish cross restored the breed again,
 Ruin'd its blood, but much improved its flesh ;
 For from a root the ugliest in old Spain
 Sprung up a branch as beautiful as fresh ;
 The sons no more were short, the daughters plain ;
 But there's a rumour which I fain would hush,
 'Tis said that Donna Julia's grandmamma
 Produced her Don more heirs at love than law.

LIX.

However this might be, the race went on
 Improving still through every generation,
 Until it centred in an only son,
 Who left an only daughter ; my narration
 May have suggested that this single one
 Could be but Julia (whom on this occasion
 I shall have much to speak about), and she
 Was married, charming, chaste, and twenty-three.

LX.

Her eye (I'm very fond of handsome eyes)
 Was large and dark, suppressing half its fire
 Until she spoke, then through its soft disguise
 Flash'd an expression more of pride than ire,
 And more than either ; and there would arise
 A something in them which was not desire,
 But would have been, perhaps, but for the soul
 Which struggled through and chasten'd down the whole.

LXI.

Her glossy hair was cluster'd o'er a brow
 Bright with intelligence, and fair, and smooth ;
 Her eyebrow's shape was like the aerial bow,
 Her cheek all purple with the beam of youth,
 Mounting, at times, to a transparent glow,
 As if her veins ran lightning ; she, in sooth,
 Possess'd an air and grace by no means common :
 Her stature tall—I hate a dumpy woman.

LXII.

Wedded she was some years, and to a man
 Of fifty, and such husbands are in plenty ;
 And yet, I think, instead of such a ONE
 'T were better to have two of five-and-twenty,
 Especially in countries near the sun :
 And now I think on 't, "mi vien in mente,"
 Ladies even of the most uneasy virtue
 Prefer a spouse whose age is short of thirty.

LXIII.

"T is a sad thing, I cannot choose but say,
 And all the fault of that indecent sun,
 Who cannot leave alone our helpless clay,
 But will keep baking, broiling, burning on,

That howsoever people fast and pray,
 The flesh 'is frail, and so the soul undone:
 What men call gallantry, and gods adultery,
 Is much more common where the climate's sultry.

LXIV.

Happy the nations of the moral North!
 Where all is virtue, and the winter season
 Sends sin, without a rag on, shivering forth
 ('T was snow that brought St. Anthony to reason);
 Where juries cast up what a wife is worth,
 By laying whate'er sum, in mulct, they please on
 The lover, who must pay a handsome price,
 Because it is a marketable vice.

LXV.

Alfonso was the name of Julia's lord,
 A man well looking for his years, and who
 Was neither much beloved nor yet abhorr'd:
 They lived together as most people do,
 Suffering each other's foibles by accord,
 And not exactly either *one* or *two*;
 Yet he was jealous, though he did not show it,
 For jealousy dislikes the world to know it.

LXVI.

Julia was—yet I never could see why—
 With Donna Inez quite a favourite friend;
 Between their tastes there was small sympathy,
 For not a line had Julia ever penn'd:
 Some people whisper (but, no doubt, they lie,
 For malice still imputes some private end)
 That Inez had, ere Don Alfonso's marriage,
 Forgot with him her very prudent carriage;

LXVII.

And that still keeping up the old connexion,
 Which time had lately render'd much more chaste,
 She took his lady also in affection,
 And certainly this course was much the best:
 She flatter'd Julia with her sage protection,
 And complimented Don Alfonso's taste;
 And if she could not (who can?) silence scandal,
 At least she left it a more slender handle.

LXVIII.

I can't tell whether Julia saw the affair
With other people's eyes, or if her own
Discoveries made, but none could be aware
Of this, at least no symptom e'er was shown ;
Perhaps she did not know, or did not care,
Indifferent from the first, or callous grown :
I'm really puzzled what to think or say,
She kept her counsel in so close a way.

LXIX.

Juan she saw, and, as a pretty child,
Caress'd him often—such a thing might be
Quite innocently done, and harmless styled,
When she had twenty years, and thirteen he ;
But I am not so sure I should have smiled
When he was sixteen, Julia twenty-three ;
These few short years make wondrous alterations,
Particularly amongst sun-burnt nations.

LXX.

Whate'er the cause might be, they had become
Changed ; for the dame grew distant, the youth shy,
Their looks cast down, their greetings almost dumb,
And much embarrassment in either eye :
There surely will be little doubt with some
That Donna Julia knew the reason why,
But as for Juan, he had no more notion
Than he who never saw the sea of ocean.

LXXI.

Yet Julia's very coldness still was kind,
And tremulously gentle her small hand
Withdrew itself from his, but left behind
A little pressure, thrilling, and so bland
And slight, so very slight, that to the mind
'T was but a doubt ; but ne'er magician's wand
Wrought change with all Armida's fairy art
Like what this light touch left on Juan's heart.

LXXII.

And if she met him, though she smiled no more,
She look'd a sadness sweeter than her smile,
As if her heart had deeper thoughts in store
She must not own, but cherish'd more the while

For that compression in its burning core ;
 Even innocence itself has many a wile,
 And will not dare to trust itself with truth,
 And love is taught hypocrisy from youth.

LXXIII.

But passion most dissembles, yet betrays
 Even by its darkness ; as the blackest sky
 Foretells the heaviest tempest, it displays
 Its workings through the vainly guarded eye,
 And in whatever aspect it arrays
 Its self, 't is still the same hypocrisy :
 Coldness or anger, even disdain or hate,
 Are masks it often wears, and still too late.

LXXIV.

Then there were sighs, the deeper for suppression,
 And stolen glances, sweeter for the theft,
 And burning blushes, though for no transgression,
 Tremblings when met, and restlessness when left ;
 All these are little preludes to possession,
 Of which young passion cannot be bereft,
 And merely tend to show how greatly love is
 Embarrass'd at first starting with a novice.

LXXV.

Poor Julia's heart was in an awkward state :
 She felt it going, and resolved to make
 The noblest efforts for herself and mate,
 For honour's, pride's, religion's, virtue's sake.
 Her resolutions were most truly great,
 And almost might have made a Tarquin quake :
 She pray'd the Virgin Mary for her grace,
 As being the best judge of a lady's case.

LXXVI.

She vow'd she never would see Juan more,
 And next day paid a visit to his mother,
 And look'd extremely at the opening door,
 Which, by the Virgin's grace, let in another ;
 Grateful she was, and yet a little sore—
 Again it opens, it can be no other,
 'T is surely Juan now—No ! I'm afraid
 That night the Virgin was no further pray'd

LXXVII.

She now determined that a virtuous woman
 Should rather face and overcome temptation,
 That flight was base and dastardly, and no man
 Should ever give her heart the least sensation;
 *That is to say a thought beyond the common
 Preference, that we must feel upon occasion,
 For people who are pleasanter than others,
 But then they only seem so many brothers.

LXXVIII.

And even if by chance—and who can tell?
 The devil's so very sly—she should discover
 That all within was not so very well,
 And, if still free, that such or such a lover
 Might please perhaps, a virtuous wife can quell
 Such thoughts, and be the better when they're over;
 And if the man should ask, 't is but denial:
 I recommend young ladies to make trial.

LXXIX.

And then there are such things as love divine,
 Bright and immaculate, unmix'd and pure,
 Such as the angels think so very fine,
 And matrons, who would be no less secure,
 Platonic, perfect, "just such love as mine:"
 Thus Julia said—and thought so, to be sure;
 And so I'd have her think, were I the man
 On whom her reveries celestial ran.

LXXX.

Such love is innocent, and may exist
 Between young persons without any danger:
 A hand may first, and then a lip be kist;
 For my part, to such doings I'm a stranger,
 But *hear* these freedoms form the utmost list
 Of all o'er which such love may be a ranger:
 If people go beyond, 't is quite a crime,
 But not my fault—I tell them all in time.

LXXXI.

Love, then, but love within its proper limits,
 Was Julia's innocent determination
 *In young Don Juan's favour, and to him its
 Exertion might be useful on occasion;

And, lighted at too pure a shrine to dim its
 Ethereal lustre, with what sweet persuasion
 He might be taught, by love and her together—
 I really do n't know what, nor Julia either.

LXXXII.

Fraught with this fine intention, and well fenced
 In mail of proof—her purity of soul,
 She, for the future of her strength convinced,
 And that her honour was a rock, or mole,
 Exceeding sagely from that hour dispensed
 With any kind of troublesome control ;
 But whether Julia to the task was equal
 Is that which must be mention'd in the sequel.

LXXXIII.

Her plan she deem'd both innocent and feasible,
 And, surely, with a stripling of sixteen
 Not scandal's fangs could fix on much that 's seizable,
 Or if they did so, satisfied to mean
 Nothing but what was good, her breast was peaceable :
 A quiet conscience makes one so serene !
 Christians have burnt each other, quite persuaded
 That all the Apostles would have done as they did.

LXXXIV.

And if in the mean time her husband died,
 But Heaven forbid that such a thought should cross
 Her brain, though in a dream ! (and then she sigh'd)
 Never could she survive that common loss ;
 But just suppose that moment should betide,
 I only say suppose it—*enter nos.*
 (This should be *entre nous*, for Julia thought
 In French, but then the rhyme would go for nought.)

LXXXV.

I only say, suppose this supposition :
 Juan being then grown up to man's estate
 Would fully suit a widow of condition,
 Even seven years hence it would not be too late ;
 And in the interim (to pursue this vision)
 The mischief, after all, could not be great,
 For he would learn the rudiments of love,
 I mean the seraph way of those above.

LXXXVI.

So much for Julia. Now we'll turn to Juan.
 Poor little fellow! He had no idea
 Of his own case, and never hit the true one;
 In feelings quick as Ovid's Miss Medea,
 He puzzled over what he found a new one,
 But not as yet imagined it could be a
 Thing quite in course, and not at all alarming,
 Which, with a little patience, might grow charming.

LXXXVII.

Silent and pensive, idle, restless, slow,
 His home deserted for the lonely wood,
 Tormented with a wound he could not know,
 His, like all deep grief, plunged in solitude;
 I'm fond myself of solitude or so,
 But then, I beg it may be understood,
 By solitude I mean a Sultan's, not
 A hermit's, with a haram for a grot.

LXXXVIII

"Oh Love! in such a wilderness as this,
 Where transport and security entwine,
 Here is the empire of thy perfect bliss,
 And here thou art a god indeed divine."
 The bard I quote from does not sing amiss,
 With the exception of the second line,
 For that same twining "transport and security"
 Are twisted to a phrase of some obscurity.

LXXXIX.

The poet meant, no doubt, and thus appeals
 To the good sense and senses of mankind,
 The very thing which everybody feels,
 As all have found on trial, or may find,
 That no one likes to be disturb'd at meals
 Or love.—I won't say more about "entwined"
 Or "transport," as we knew all that before,
 But beg "Security" will bolt the door.

XC.

Young Juan wander'd by the glassy brooks,
 Thinking unutterable things; he threw
 Himself at length within the leafy nooks
 Where the wild branch of the cork forest grew;
 VOL. III.

There poets find materials for their books, -
 And every now and then we read them through,
 So that their plan and prosody are eligible,
 Unless, like Wordsworth, they prove unintelligible.

XCI.

He, Juan (and not Wordsworth), so pursued
 His self-communion with his own high soul,
 Until his mighty heart, in its great mood,
 Had mitigated part, though not the whole
 Of its disease ; he did the best he could
 With things not very subject to control,
 And turn'd, without perceiving his condition,
 Like Coleridge, into a metaphysician.

XCII.

He thought about himself, and the whole earth,
 Of man the wonderful, and of the stars,
 And how the deuce they ever could have birth,
 And then he thought of earthquakes, and of wars,
 How many miles the moon might have in girth,
 Of air-balloons, and of the many bars
 To perfect knowledge of the boundless skies ;—
 And then he thought of Donna Julia's eyes.

XCIII.

In thoughts like these true wisdom may discern
 Longings sublime, and aspirations high,
 Which some are born with, but the most part learn
 To plague themselves withal, they know not why :
 'T was strange that one so young should thus concern
 His brain about the action of the sky ;
 If *you* think 't was philosophy that this did,
 I can't help thinking puberty assisted.

XCIV.

He pored upon the leaves, and on the flowers,
 And heard a voice in all the winds ; and then
 He thought of wood-nymphs and immortal bowers,
 And how the goddesses came down to men :
 He miss'd the pathway, he forgot the hours,
 And when he look'd upon his watch again,
 He found how much old Time had been a winner—
 He also found that he had lost his dinner.

XCV.

Sometimes he turn'd to gaze upon his book,
 Boscan, or Garcilasso;—by the wind
 Even as the page is rustled while we look,
 So by the poesy of his own mind
 Over the mystic leaf his soul was shook,
 As if 't were one whereon magicians bind
 Their spells, and give them to the passing gale
 According to some good old woman's tale.

XCVI.

Thus would he while his lonely hours away
 Dissatisfied, nor knowing what he wanted;
 Nor glowing reverie, nor poet's lay,
 Could yield his spirit that for which it panted,
 A bosom whereon he his head might lay,
 And hear the heart beat with the love it granted,
 With—several other things, which I forget,
 Or which, at least, I need not mention yet.

XCVII.

Those lonely walks, and lengthening reveries,
 Could not escape the gentle Julia's eyes;
 She saw that Juan was not at his ease;
 But that which chiefly may, and must surprise,
 Is, that the Donna Inez did not tease
 Her only son with question or surmise;
 Whether it was she did not see, or would not,
 Or, like all very clever people, could not.

XCVIII.

This may seem strange, but yet 't is very common;
 For instance—gentlemen, whose ladies take
 Leave to o'erstep the written rights of woman,
 And break the—Which commandment is 't they break?
 (I have forgot the number, and think no man
 Should rashly quote, for fear of a mistake.)
 I say, when these same gentlemen are jealous,
 They make some blunder, which their ladies tell us.

XCIX.

A real husband always is suspicious,
 But still no less suspects in the wrong place,
 Jealous of some one who had no such wishes,
 Or pandering blindly to his own disgrace,

By harbouring some dear friend extremely vicious ;
 The last indeed 's infallibly the case :
 And when the spouse and friend are gone off wholly,
 He wonders at their vice, and not his folly.

C.

Thus parents also are at times short-sighted ;
 Though watchful as the lynx, they ne'er discover,
 The while the wicked world beholds delighted,
 Young Hopeful's mistress, or Miss Fanny's lover,
 Till some confounded escapade has blighted
 The plan of twenty years, and all is over ;
 And then the mother cries, the father swears,
 And wonders why the devil he got heirs.

CI.

But Inez was so anxious, and so clear
 Of sight, that I must think, on this occasion,
 She had some other motive much more near
 For leaving Juan to this new temptation,
 But what that motive was, I shan't say here ;
 Perhaps to finish Juan's education,
 Perhaps to open Don Alfonso's eyes,
 In case he thought his wife too great a prize.

CII.

It was upon a day, a summer's day ;—
 Summer 's indeed a very dangerous season,
 And so is spring about the end of May ;
 The sun, no doubt, is the prevailing reason ;
 But whatsoe'er the cause is, one may say,
 And stand convicted of more truth than treason,
 That there are months which nature grows more merry
 in,—
 March has its hares, and May must have its heroine.

CIII.

'T was on a summer's day—the sixth of June :—
 I like to be particular in dates,
 Not only of the age, and year, but moon ;
 They are a sort of post-house, where the Fates
 Change horses, making history change its tune,
 Then spur away o'er empires and o'er states,
 Leaving at last not much besides chronology,
 Excepting the post-obits of theology.

CIV.

'T was on the sixth of June, about the hour
 Of half-past six—perhaps still nearer seven—
 When Julia sate within as pretty a bower
 As e'er held houri in that heathenish heaven
 Described by Mahomet, and Anacreon Moore,
 To whom the lyre and laurels have been given,
 With all the trophies of triumphant song—
 He won them well, and may he wear them long!

CV.

She sate, but not alone; I know not well
 How this same interview had taken place,
 And even if I knew, I should not tell—
 People should hold their tongues in any case;
 No matter how or why the thing befell,
 But there were she and Juan, face to face—
 When two such faces are so, 't would be wise,
 But very difficult, to shut their eyes.

CVI.

How beautiful she look'd! her conscious heart
 Glow'd in her cheek, and yet she felt no wrong.
 Oh Love! how perfect is thy mystic art,
 Strengthening the weak, and trampling on the strong!
 How self-deceitful is the sagest part
 Of mortals whom thy lure hath led along!—
 The precipice she stood on was immense,
 So was her creed in her own innocence.

CVII.

She thought of her own strength, and Juan's youth,
 And of the folly of all prudish fears,
 Victorious virtue, and domestic truth,
 And then of Don Alfonso's fifty years:
 I wish these last had not occur'd, in sooth,
 Because that number rarely much endears,
 And through all climes, the snowy and the sunny,
 Sounds ill in love, whate'er it may in money.

CVIII.

When people say, "I've told you *fifty* times,"
 • They mean to scold, and very often do;
 When poets say, "I've written *fifty* rhymes,"
 They make you dread that they'll recite them too;

In gangs of *fifty*, thieves commit their crimes ;
 At *fifty* love for love is rare, 't is true,
 But then, no doubt, it equally 'as true is,
 A good deal may be bought for *fifty* Louis.

CIX.

Julia had honour, virtue, truth, and love
 For Don Alfonso ; and she inly swore,
 By all the vows below to powers above,
 She never would disgrace the ring she wore,
 Nor leave a wish which wisdom might reprove ;
 And while she ponder'd this, besides much more,
 One hand on Juan's carelessly was thrown,
 Quite by mistake—she thought it was her own ;

CX.

Unconsciously she lean'd upon the other,
 Which play'd within the tangles of her hair ;
 And to contend with thoughts she could not smother
 She seem'd, by the distraction of her air.
 'T was surely very wrong in Juan's mother
 To leave together this imprudent pair,
 She who for many years had watch'd her son so—
 I'm very certain *mine* would not have done so.

CXI.

The hand which still held Juan's, by degrees
 Gently but palpably confirm'd its grasp,
 As if it said, " Detain me, if you please ;"
 Yet there's no doubt she only meant to clasp
 His fingers with a pure Platonic squeeze ;
 She would have shrunk as from a toad, or asp,
 Had she imagined such a thing could rouse
 A feeling dangerous to a prudent spouse.

CXII.

I cannot know what Juan thought of this,
 But what he did, is much what you would do ;
 His young lip thank'd it with a grateful kiss,
 And then, abash'd at its own joy, withdrew
 In deep despair, lest he had done amiss,—
 Love is so very timid when 't is new :
 She blush'd, and frown'd not, but she strove to speak,
 And held her tongue, her voice was grown so weak.

CXIII.

The sun set, and up rose the yellow moon :
The devil 's in the moon for mischief ; they
Who call'd her CHASTE, methinks, began too soon
Their nomenclature ; there is not a day,
The longest, not the twenty-first of June,
Sees half the business in a wicked way,
On which three single hours of moonshine smile—
And then she looks so modest all the while.

CXIV.

There is a dangerous silence in that hour,
A stillness, which leaves room for the full soul
To open all itself, without the power
Of calling wholly back its self-control ;
The silver night which, hallowing tree and tower,
Sheds beauty and deep softness o'er the whole,
Breathes also to the heart, and o'er it throws
A loving languor, which is not repose.

CXV.

And Julia sate with Juan, half embraced
And half retiring from the glowing arm,
Which trembled like the bosom where 't was placed ;
Yet still she must have thought there was no harm,
Or else 't were easy to withdraw her waist ;
But then the situation had its charm,
And then——God knows what next—I can't go on ;
I'm almost sorry that I e'er begun.

CXVI.

Oh Plato ! Plato ! you have paved the way,
With your confounded fantasies, to more
Immoral conduct by the fancied sway
Your system reigns o'er the controlless core
Of human hearts, than all the long array
Of poets and romancers :—You're a bore,
A charlatan, a coxcomb—and have been,
At best, no better than a go-between.

CXVII.

And Julia's voice was lost, except in sighs,
Until too late for useful conversation ;
The tears were gushing from her gentle eyes,
I wish, indeed, they had not had occasion ;

But who, alas ! can love, and then be wise ?

Not that remorse did not oppose temptation ;
A little still she strove, and much repented,
And, whispering " I will ne'er consent "—consented.

CKVIII.

'T is said that Xerxes offer'd a reward

To those who could invent him a new pleasure :
Methinks the requisition 's rather hard,

And must have cost his Majesty a treasure :
For my part, I 'm a moderate-minded bard,
Fond of a little love (which I call leisure) ;
I care not for new pleasures, as the old
Are quite enough for me, so they but hold.

CXIX.

Oh Pleasure ; you 're indeed a pleasant thing,

Although one must be damn'd for you, no doubt :
I make a resolution every spring

Of reformation, ere the year run out,
But somehow, this my vestal vow takes wing,
Yet still, I trust, it may be kept throughout :
I 'm very sorry, very much ashamed,
And mean, next winter, to be quite reclaim'd.

CXX.

Here my chaste Muse a liberty must take—

Start not ! still chaster reader—she 'll be nice hence-
Forward, and there is no great cause to quake ;

This liberty is a poetic licence,
Which some irregularity may make
In the design, and as I have a high sense
Of Aristotle and the Rules, 't is fit
To beg his pardon when I err a bit.

CXXI.

This licence is to hope the reader will

Suppose from June the sixth (the fatal day
Without whose epoch my poetic skill

For want of facts would all be thrown away),
But keeping Julia and Don Juan still

In sight, that several months have pass'd ; we 'll say
'T was in November, but I 'm not so sure
About the day—the era 's more obscure,

CXXII.

We'll talk of that anon,—'T is sweet to hear
At midnight on the blue and moonlit deep
The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,
By distance mellow'd, o'er the waters sweep;
•'T is sweet to see the evening star appear;
'T is sweet to listen as the night-winds creep
From leaf to leaf; 't is sweet to view on high
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.

CXXIII.

'T is sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home;
'T is sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come;
'T is sweet to be awaken'd by the lark,
Or lull'd by falling waters; sweet the hum
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,
The lisp of children, and their earliest words.

CXXIV.

Sweet is the vintage, when the showering grapes
In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth,
Purple and gushing; sweet are our escapes
From civic revelry to rural mirth;
Sweet to the miser are his glittering heaps,
Sweet to the father is his first-born's birth,
Sweet is revenge—especially to women,
Pillage to soldiers, prize-money to seamen.

CXXV.

Sweet is a legacy, and passing sweet
The unexpected death of some old lady
Or gentleman of seventy years complete,
Who've made "us youth" wait too—too long already
For an estate, or cash, or country-seat,
Still breaking, but with stamina so steady
That all the Israelites are fit to mob its
•Next owner for their double-damn'd post-obits.

CXXVI.

'T is sweet to win, no matter how, one's laurels,
By blood or ink; 't is sweet to put an end
To strife; 't is sometimes sweet to have our quarrels,
Particularly with a tiresome friend;

Sweet is old wine in bottles, ale in barrels ;
 Dear is the helpless creature we defend
 Against the world ; and dear the schoolboy spot
 We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot.

CXXVII.

But sweeter still than this, than these, than all,
 Is first and passionate love—it stands alone,
 Like Adam's recollection of his fall ;
 The tree of knowledge has been pluck'd—all's known—
 And life needs nothing further to recall
 Worthy of this ambrosial sin, so shown,
 No doubt in fable, as the unforgiven
 Fire which Prometheus filch'd for us from heaven.

CXXVIII.

Man's a strange animal, and makes strange use
 Of his own nature, and the various arts,
 And likes particularly to produce
 Some new experiment to show his parts :
 This is the age of oddities let loose,
 Where different talents find their different marts ;
 You'd best begin with truth, and when you've lost your
 Labour, there's a sure market for imposture.

CXXIX.

What opposite discoveries we have seen !
 (Signs of true genius, and of empty pockets.)
 One makes new noses, one a guillotine,
 One breaks your bones, one sets them in their sockets ;
 But vaccination certainly have been
 A kind antithesis to Congreve's rockets,
 With which the Doctor paid off an old pox,
 By borrowing a new one from an ox.

CXXX.

Bread has been made (indifferent) from potatoes ;
 And galvanism has set some corpses grinning,
 But has not answer'd like the apparatus
 Of the Humane Society's beginning,
 By which men are unsuffocated gratis :
 What wondrous new machines have late been spinning !
 I said the small pox has gone out of late ;
 Perhaps it may be follow'd by the great.

CXXXI.

'T is said the great came from America ;
 Perhaps it may set out on its return,—
 The population there so spreads, they say
 'T is grown high time to thin it in its turn,
 With war, or plague, or famine, any way,
 So that civilisation they may learn ;
 And which in ravage the more loathsome evil is—
 Their real lues, or our pseudo-syphilis?

CXXXII.

This is the patent age of new inventions
 For killing bodies, and for saving souls,
 All propagated with the best intentions ;
 Sir Humphrey Davy's lantern, by which coals
 Are safely mined for in the mode he mentions,
 Tombuctoo travels, voyages to the Poles,
 Are ways to benefit mankind, as true,
 Perhaps, as shooting them at Waterloo.

CXXXIII.

Man's a phenomenon, one knows not what,
 And wonderful beyond all wondrous measure ;
 'T is pity though, in this sublime world, that
 Pleasure's a sin, and sometimes sin's a pleasure ;
 Few mortals know what end they would be at,
 But whether glory, power, or love, or treasure,
 The path is through perplexing ways, and when
 The goal is gain'd, we die, you know—and then——

CXXXIV.

What then?—I do not know, no more do you—
 And so good night.—Return we to our story :
 'T was in November, when fine days are few,
 And the far mountains wax a little hoary,
 And clap a white cape on their mantle blue ;
 And the sea dashes round the promontory,
 And the loud breaker boils against the rock,
 And sober suns must set at five o'clock.

CXXXV.

'T was, as the watchmen say, a cloudy night :
 • No moon, no stars, the wind was low or loud
 By gusts, and many a sparkling hearth was bright
 With the piled wood, round which the family crowd ;

There's something cheerful in that sort of light,
 Even as a summer sky's without a cloud :
 I'm fond of fire, and crickets, and all that,
 A lobster salad, and champagne, and chat.

CXXXVI.

'T was midnight, Donna Julia was in bed,
 Sleeping, most probably,—when at her door
 Arose a clatter might awake the dead,
 If they had never been awoke before,
 And that they have been so we all have read,
 And are to be so, at the least once more :—
 The door was fasten'd, but with voice and fist
 First knocks were heard, then “Madam—Madam—hist !

CXXXVII.

“For God's sake, Madam—Madam—here's my master,
 With more than half the city at his back—
 Was ever heard of such a curst disaster !
 'Tis not my fault—I kept good watch—Alack !
 Do pray undo the bolt a little faster—
 They're on the stair just now, and in a crack
 Will all be here ; perhaps he yet may fly—
 Surely the window's not so *very* high !”

CXXXVIII.

By this time Don Alfonso was arrived,
 With torches, friends, and servants in great number ;
 The major part of them had long been wived,
 And therefore paused not to disturb the slumber
 Of any wicked woman, who contrived
 By stealth her husband's temples to encumber :
 Examples of this kind are so contagious,
 Were *one* not punish'd, *all* would be outrageous.

CXXXIX.

I can't tell how, or why, or what suspicion
 Could enter into Don Alfonso's head ;
 But for a cavalier of his condition
 It surely was exceedingly ill-bred,
 Without a word of previous admonition,
 To hold a levee round his lady's bed,
 And summon lackeys, arm'd with fire and sword,
 To prove himself the thing he most abhorr'd.

CXL.

Poor Donna Julia ! starting as from sleep
(Mind—that I do not say—she had not slept),
Began at once to scream, and yawn, and weep ;
Her maid, Antonia, who was an adept,
Contrived to fling the bed-clothes in a heap,
As if she had just now from out them crept :
I can't tell why she should take all this trouble
To prove her mistress had been sleeping double.

CXLI.

But Julia mistress, and Antonia maid,
Appear'd like two poor harmless women, who
Of goblins, but still more of men afraid,
Had thought one man might be deterr'd by two,
And therefore side by side were gently laid,
Until the hours of absence should run through,
And truant husband should return, and say,
“ My dear, I was the first who came away.”

CXLII.

Now Julia found at length a voice, and cried,
“ In heaven's name, Don Alfonso, what d'ye mean?
Has madness seized you? would that I had died
Ere such a monster's victim I had been !
What may this midnight violence betide,
A sudden fit of drunkenness or spleen?
Dare you suspect me, whom the thought would kill?
Search, then, the room !”—Alfonso said, “ I will.”

CXLIII.

He search'd, *they* search'd, and rummaged everywhere,
Closet and clothes-press, chest and window-seat,
And found much linen, lace, and several pair
Of stockings, slippers, brushes, combs, complete,
With other articles of ladies fair,
To keep them beautiful, or leave them neat :
Arras they prick'd and curtains with their swords,
And wounded several shutters, and some boards.

CXLIV.

Under the bed they search'd, and there they found—
No matter what—it was not that they sought ;
They open'd windows, gazing if the ground
Had signs or footmarks, but the earth said nought ;

And then they stared each other's faces round :
 'Tis odd; not one of all these seekers' thought,
 And seems to me almost a sort of blunder,
 Of looking *in* the bed as well as under.

CXLV.

During this inquisition Julia's tongue
 Was not asleep—"Yes, search and search," she cried,
 "Insult on insult heap, and wrong on wrong !
 It was for this that I became a bride !
 For this in silence I have suffer'd long
 A husband like Alfonso at my side ;
 But now I'll bear no more, nor here remain,
 If there be law or lawyers in all Spain,

CXLVI.

"Yes, Don Alfonso ! husband now no more,
 If ever you indeed deserved the name,
 Is 't worthy of your years?—you have threescore—
 Fifty, or sixty, it is all the same—
 Is 't wise or fitting, causeless to explore
 For facts against a virtuous woman's fame ?
 Ungrateful, perjured, barbarous Don Alfonso,
 How dare you think your lady would go on so ?

CXLVII.

"Is it for this I have disdain'd to hold
 The common privileges of my sex ?
 That I have chosen a confessor so old
 And deaf, that any other it would vex,
 And never once he has had cause to scold,
 But found my very innocence perplex
 So much, he always doubted I was married—
 How sorry you will be when I've miscarried !

CXLVIII.

"Was it for this that no Cortejo e'er
 I yet have chosen from out the youth of Seville ?
 Is it for this I scarce went anywhere,
 Except to bull-fights, mass, play, rout, and revel ?
 Is it for this, whate'er my suitors were,
 I favour'd none—nay, was almost uncivil ?
 *Is it for this that General Count O'Reilly,
 Who took Algiers, declares I used him vilely ?

CXLIX.

"Did not the Italian Musico Cazzani
Sing at my heart six months at least in vain?
Did not his countryman, Count Corniani,
Call me the only virtuous wife in Spain?
Were there not also Russians, English, many?
The Count Strongstroganoff I put in pain,
And Lord Mount Coffeehouse, the Irish peer,
Who kill'd himself for love (with wine) last year.

CL.

"Have I not had two bishops at my feet?
The Duke of Ichar, and Don Fernan Nunez?
And is it thus a faithful wife you treat?
I wonder in what quarter now the moon is:
I praise your vast forbearance not to beat
Me also, since the time so opportune is—
Oh, valiant man! with sword drawn and cock'd trigger,
Now, tell me, do n't you cut a pretty figure?

CLI.

"Was it for this you took your sudden journey,
Under pretence of business indispensable,
With that sublime of rascals your attorney,
Whom I see standing there, and looking sensible
Of having play'd the fool? though both I spurn, he
Deserves the worst, his conduct's less defensible,
Because, no doubt, 't was for his dirty fee,
And not from any love to you nor me.

CLII.

"If he comes here to take a deposition,
By all means let the gentleman proceed;
You've made the apartment in a fit condition:—
There's pen and ink for you, sir, when you need—
Let everything be noted with precision,
I would not you for nothing should be fee'd—
But as my maid's undrest, pray turn your spies out."
"Oh!" sobb'd Antonia, "I could tear their eyes out."

CLIII.

"There is the closet, there the toilet, there
The antechamber—search them under, over;
There is the sofa, there the great arm-chair,
The chimney—which would really hold a lover.

I wish to sleep, and beg you will take care
 And make no further noise, till you discover
 The secret cavern of this lurking treasure—
 And when 't is found, let me, too, have that pleasure.

CLIV.

"And now, Hidalgo ! now that you have thrown
 Doubt upon me, confusion over all,
 Pray have the courtesy to make it known
Who is the man you search for ? how d' ye call
 Him ? what's his lineage ? let him but be shown—
 I hope he's young and handsome—is he tall ?
 Tell me—and be assured, that since you stain
 Mine honour thus, it shall not be in vain.

CLV.

"At least, perhaps, he has not sixty years,
 At that age he would be too old for slaughter,
 Or for so young a husband's jealous fears—
 (Antonia ! let me have a glass of water.)
 I am ashamed of having shed these tears,
 They are unworthy of my father's daughter ;
 My mother dream'd not in my natal hour,
 That I should fall into a monster's power.

CLVI.

"Perhaps 't is of Antonia you are jealous,
 You saw that she was sleeping by my side,
 When you broke in upon us with your fellows ;
 Look where you please—we've nothing, sir, to hide ;
 Only another time, I trust you'll tell us,
 Or for the sake of decency abide
 A moment at the door, that we may be
 Drest to receive so much good company.

CLVII.

"And now, sir, I have done, and say no more ;
 The little I have said may serve to show
 The guileless heart in silence may grieve o'er
 The wrongs to whose exposure it is slow :—
 I leave you to your conscience as before,
 'T will one day ask you, *why* you used me so ?
 God grant you feel not then the bitterest grief !
 Antonia ! where's my pocket-handkerchief ?"

CLVIII.

She ceased, and turn'd upon her pillow ; pale
 She lay, her dark eyes flashing through their tears,
 Like skies that rain and lighten ; as a veil,
 Waved and o'ershading her wan cheek, appears
 Her streaming hair ; the black curls strive, but fail,
 To hide the glossy shoulder, which uprears
 Its snow through all ;—her soft lips lie apart,
 And louder than her breathing beats her heart.

CLIX.

The Senhor Don Alfonso stood confused ;
 Antonia bustled round the ransack'd room,
 And, turning up her nose, with looks abused
 Her master, and his myrmidons, of whom
 Not one, except the attorney, was amused ;
 He, like Achates, faithful to the tomb,
 So there were quarrels, cared not for the cause,
 Knowing they must be settled by the laws.

CLX.

With prying snub-nose, and small eyes, he stood,
 Following Antonia's motions here and there
 With much suspicion in his attitude ;
 For reputations he had little care ;
 So that a suit or action were made good,
 Small pity had he for the young and fair,
 And ne'er believed in negatives, till these
 Were proved by competent false witnesses.

CLXI.

But Don Alfonso stood with downcast looks,
 And, truth to say, he made a foolish figure ;
 When, after searching in five hundred nooks,
 And treating a young wife with so much rigour,
 He gain'd no point, except some self-rebukes,
 Added to those his lady with such vigour
 Had pour'd upon him for the last half-hour
 Quick, thick, and heavy—as a thunder-shower.

CLXII.

At first he tried to hammer an excuse,
 To which the sole reply was tears and sobs,
 And indications of hysterics, whose
 Prologue is always certain throes and throbs,

Gasps, and whatever else the owners choose :

Alfonso saw his wife, and thought of Job's ;
He saw too, in perspective, her relations,
And then he tried to muster all his patience.

CLXIII.

He stood in act to speak, or rather stammer,
But sage Antonia cut him short before
The anvil of his speech received the hammer,
With "Pray, sir, leave the room, and say no more,
Or madam dies."—Alfonso mutter'd, "D—n her,"
But nothing else, the time of words was o'er ;
He cast a rueful look or two, and did,
He knew not wherefore, that which he was bid.

CLXIV.

With him retired his "*posse comitatus*,"
The attorney last, who linger'd near the door
Reluctantly, still tarrying there as late as
Antonia let him—not a little sore
At this most strange and unexplain'd "*hiatus*"
In Don Alfonso's facts, which just now wore
An awkward look ; as he revolved the case,
The door was fasten'd in his legal face.

CLXV.

No sooner was it bolted,—than—Oh shame !
Oh sin ! Oh sorrow ! and Oh womankind !
How can you do such things and keep your fame,
Unless this world, and t' other too, be blind ?
Nothing so dear as an unfilch'd good name !
But to proceed—for there is more behind :
With much heartfelt reluctance be it said,
Young Juan slipp'd, half-smother'd, from the bed.

CLXVI.

He had been hid—I do n't pretend to say
How, nor can I indeed describe the where—
Young, slender, and pack'd easily, he lay,
No doubt in little compass, round or square ;
But, pity him I neither must nor may
His suffocation by that pretty pair ;
T were better, sure, to die so, than be shut
With maudlin Clarence in his Malmsey butt.

CLXVII.

And, secondly, I pity not, because
He had no business to commit a sin,
Forbid by heavenly, fined by human laws,
At least 't was rather early to begin ;
But at sixteen the conscience rarely gnaws
So much as when we call our old debts in
At sixty years, and draw the accompts of evil,
And find a deuced balance with the devil.

CLXVIII.

Of his position I can give no notion :
'T is written in the Hebrew Chronicle,
How the physicians, leaving pill and potion,
Prescribed, by way of blister, a young belle,
When old King David's blood grew dull in motion,
And that the medicine answer'd very well ;
Perhaps 't was in a different way applied,
For David lived, but Juan nearly died.

CLXIX.

What's to be done? Alfonso will be back
The moment he has sent his fools away.
Antonia's skill was put upon the rack,
But no device could be brought into play—
And how to parry the renew'd attack?
Besides, it wanted but few hours of day :
Antonia puzzled, Julia did not speak,
But press'd her bloodless lip to Juan's cheek.

CLXX.

He turn'd his lip to hers, and with his hand
Call'd back the tangles of her wandering hair ;
Even then their love they could not all command,
And half forgot their danger and despair :
Antonia's patience now was at a stand—
"Come, come, 't is no time now for fooling there,"
She whisper'd, in great wrath—"I must deposit
This pretty gentleman within the closet :

CLXXI.

"Pray, keep your nonsense for some luckier night—
Who can have put my master in this mood?
What will become on 't—I'm in such a fright,
The devil's in the urchin, and no good—

Is this a time for giggling? this a plight?
 Why, don't you know that it may end in blood?
 You'll lose your life, and I shall lose my place,
 My mistress all, for that half-girlish face.

CLXXII.

"Had it but been for a stout cavalier
 Of twenty-five or thirty—(come, make haste)
 But for a child, what piece of work is here!
 I really, madam, wonder at your taste—
 (Come, sir, get in)—my master must be near:
 There, for the present, at the least, he's fast,
 And if we can but till the morning keep
 Our counsel—Juan, mind, you must not sleep."

CLXXIII.

Now, Don Alfonso entering, but alone,
 Closed the oration of the trusty maid:
 She loiter'd, and he told her to be gone,
 An order somewhat sullenly obey'd;
 However, present remedy was none,
 And no great good seem'd answer'd if she staid;
 Regarding both with slow and sidelong view,
 She snuff'd the candle, curtsied, and withdrew.

CLXXIV.

Alfonso paused a minute—then begun
 Some strange excuses for his late proceeding:
 He would not justify what he had done,
 To say the best, it was extreme ill-breeding;
 But there were ample reasons for it, none
 Of which he specified in this his pleading:
 His speech was a fine sample, on the whole,
 Of rhetoric which the learn'd call "*rigmarole*."

CLXXV.

Julia said nought; though all the while there rose
 A ready answer, which at once enables
 A matron, who her husband's foible knows,
 By a few timely words to turn the tables,
 Which, if it does not silence, still must pose,—
 Even if it should comprise a pack of fables;
 'T is to retort with firmness, and when he
 Suspects with *one*, do you reproach with *three*.

CLXXVI.

Julia, in fact, had tolerable grounds,—
 Alfonso's loves with Inez were well known ;
 But whether 't was that one's own guilt confounds—
 But that can't be, as has been often shown,
 A lady with apologies abounds ;—
 It might be that her silence sprang alone
 From delicacy to Don Juan's ear,
 To whom she knew his mother's fame was dear.

CLXXVII.

There might be one more motive, which makes two,
 Alfonso ne'er to Juan had alluded,—
 Mention'd his jealousy, but never who
 Had been the happy lover, he concluded,
 Conceal'd amongst his premises ; 't is true,
 His mind the more o'er this its mystery brooded
 To speak of Inez now were, one may say,
 Like throwing Juan in Alfonso's way.

CLXXVIII.

A hint, in tender cases, is enough ;
 Silence is best : besides there is a *fact*—
 (That modern phrase appears to me sad stuff,
 But it will serve to keep my verse compact)—
 Which keeps, when push'd by questions rather rough,
 A lady always distant from the fact :
 The charming creatures lie with such a grace,
 There's nothing so becoming to the face.

CLXXIX.

They blush, and we believe them ; at least I
 Have always done so ; 't is of no great use,
 In any case, attempting a reply,
 For then their eloquence grows quite profuse ;
 And when at length they're out of breath, they sigh,
 And cast their languid eyes down, and let loose
 A tear or two, and then we make it up ;
 And then—and then—and then—sit down and sup.

CLXXX.

Alfonso closed his speech, and begg'd her pardon,
 Which Julia half withheld, and then half granted,
 And laid conditions he thought very hard, on,
 Denying several little things he wanted :

He stood like Adam lingering near his garden,
 With useless penitence perplex'd and haunted,
 Beseeching she no further would refuse,
 When, lo ! he stumbled o'er a pair of shoes.

CLXXXI.

A pair of shoes !—what then ? not much, if they
 Are such as fit with ladies' feet, but these
 (No one can tell how much I grieve to say)
 Were masculine ; to see them, and to seize,
 Was but a moment's act.—Ah ! well-a-day !
 My teeth begin to chatter, my veins freeze—
 Alfonso first examined well their fashion,
 And then flew out into another passion.

CLXXXII.

He left the room for his relinquish'd sword,
 And Julia instant to the closet flew.
 "Fly, Juan, fly ! for heaven's sake—not a word—
 The door is open—you may yet slip through
 The passage you so often have explored—
 Here is the garden-key—Fly—fly—Adieu !
 Haste—haste ! I hear Alfonso's hurrying feet—
 Day has not broke—there's no one in the street."

CLXXXIII.

None can say that this was not good advice,
 The only mischief was, it came too late ;
 Of all experience 't is the usual price,
 A sort of income-tax laid on by fate :
 Juan had reach'd the room-door in a trice,
 And might have done so by the garden-gate,
 But met Alfonso in his dressing-gown,
 Who threaten'd death—so Juan knock'd him down.

CLXXXIV.

Dire was the scuffle, and out went the light ;
 Antonia cried out "Rape !" and Julia "Fire !"
 But not a servant stirr'd to aid the fight.
 Alfonso, pommell'd to his heart's desire,
 Swore lustily he'd be revenged this night ;
 And Juan, too, blasphemed an octave higher ;
 His blood was up ; though young, he was a Tartar,
 And not at all disposed to prove a martyr.

CLXXXV.

Alfonso's sword had dropp'd ere he could draw it,
 And they continued battling hand to hand,
 For Juan very luckily ne'er saw it ;
 His temper not being under great command,
 If at that moment he had chanced to claw it,
 Alfonso's days had not been in the land
 Much longer.—Think of husbands', lovers' lives !
 And how ye may be doubly widows—wives !

CLXXXVI.

Alfonso grappled to detain the foe,
 And Juan throttled him to get away,
 And blood ('t was from the nose) began to flow ;
 At last, as they more faintly wrestling lay,
 Juan contrived to give an awkward blow,
 And then his only garment quite gave way ;
 He fled, like Joseph, leaving it ; but there,
 I doubt, all likeness ends between the pair.

CLXXXVII.

Lights came at length, and men, and maids, who found
 An awkward spectacle their eyes before ;
 Antonia in hysterics, Julia swoon'd,
 Alonso, leaning, breathless, by the door ;
 Some half-torn drapery scatter'd on the ground,
 Some blood, and several footsteps, but no more :
 Juan the gate gain'd, turn'd the key about,
 And liking not the inside, lock'd the out.

CLXXXVIII.

Here ends this canto.—Need I sing, or say,
 How Juan, naked, favour'd by the night,
 Who favours what she should not, found his way,
 And reach'd his home in an unseemly plight ?
 The pleasant scandal which arose next day,
 The nine days' wonder which was brought to light,
 And how Alfonso sued for a divorce,
 Were in the English newspapers, of course.

CLXXXIX.

If you would like to see the whole proceedings,
 • The depositions and the cause at full,
 The names of all the witnesses, the pleadings
 Of counsel to nonsuit, or to annul,

There's more than one edition, and the readings
 Are various, but they none of them are dull;
 The best is that in short-hand 'ta'en by Gurney,
 Who to Madrid on purpose made a journey.

CXC.

But Donna Inez, to divert the train
 Of one of the most circulating scandals
 That had for centuries been known in Spain,
 At least, since the retirement of the Vandals,
 First vow'd (and never had she vow'd in vain)
 To Virgin Mary several pounds of candles;
 And then, by the advice of some old ladies,
 She sent her son to be shipp'd off from Cadiz.

CXCI.

She had resolved that he shou'd travel through
 All European climes, by land or sea,
 To mend his former morals, and get new,
 Especially in France and Italy
 (At least this is the thing most people do).
 Julia was sent into a convent: she
 Grieved, but, perhaps, her feelings may be better
 Shown in the following copy of her Letter:—

CXCI.

"They tell me 't is decided you depart:
 'T is wise—'t is well, but not the less a pain;
 I have no further claim on your young heart,
 Mine is the victim, and would be again:
 To love too much has been the only art
 I used;—I write in haste, and if a stain
 Be on this sheet, 't is not what it appears;
 My eyeballs burn and throb, but have no tears.

CXCI.

"I loved, I love you, for this love have lost
 State, station, heaven, mankind's, my own esteem,
 And yet cannot regret what it hath cost,
 So dear is still the memory of that dream;
 Yet, if I name my guilt, 't is not to boast,
 None can deem harshlier of me than I deem:
 I trace this scrawl because I cannot rest—
 I've nothing to reproach or to request.

CXCIV.

"Man's love is of Man's life a thing apart
 'T is woman's whole existence ; man may range
 The court, camp, church, the vessel, and the mart ;
 Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange
 Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart,
 And few there are whom these cannot estrange ;
 Men have all these resources, we but one,
 To love again, and be again undone.

CXCV.

"You will proceed in pleasure, and in pride,
 Beloved and loving many ; all is o'er
 For me on earth, except some years to hide
 My shame and sorrow deep in my heart's core :
 These I could bear, but cannot cast aside
 The passion which still rages as before,—
 And so farewell—forgive me, love me—No,
 That word is idle now—but let it go.

CXCVI.

"My breast has been all weakness, is so yet ;
 But still I think I can collect my mind ;
 My blood still rushes where my spirit's set,
 As roll the waves before the settled wind ;
 My heart is feminine, nor can forget—
 To all, except one image, madly blind ;
 So shakes the needle, and so stands the pole,
 As vibrates my fond heart to my fix'd soul.

CXCVII.

"I have no more to say, but linger still,
 And dare not set my seal upon this sheet,
 And yet I may as well the task fulfil,
 My misery can scarce be more complete :
 I had not lived till now, could sorrow kill ;
 Death shuns the wretch who fain the blow would meet,
 And I must even survive this last adieu,
 And bear with life, to love and pray for you !"

CXCVIII.

This note was written upon gilt-edged paper
 • With a neat little crow-quill, slight and new ;
 Her small white hand could hardly reach the taper,
 It trembled as magnetic needles do,

And yet she did not let one tear escape her ;
 The seal a sun-flower ; "*Elle vous suit partout*,"
 The motto, cut upon a white cornelian ;
 The wax was superfine, its hue vermillion.

CXCIX.

This was Don Juan's earliest scrape ; but whether
 I shall proceed with his adventures is
 Dependent on the public altogether ;
 We'll see, however, what they say to this,
 Their favour in an author's cap's a feather,
 And no great mischief's done by their caprice ;
 And if their approbation we experience,
 Perhaps they'll have some more about a year hence.

CC.

My poem's epic, and is meant to be •
 Divided in twelve books ; each book containing,
 With love, and war, a heavy gale at sea,
 A list of ships, and captains, and kings reigning,
 New characters ; the episodes are three :
 A panoramic view of hell's in training,
 After the style of Virgil and of Homer,
 So that my name of Epic's no misnomer.

CCI.

All these things will be specified in time,
 With strict regard to Aristotle's rules,
 The *Vad-Mecum* of the true sublime,
 Which makes so many poets, and some fools :
 Prose poets like blank-verse, I'm fond of rhyme,
 Good workmen never quarrel with their tools ;
 I've got new mythological machinery,
 And very handsome supernatural scenery.

CCII.

There's only one slight difference between
 Me and my epic brethren gone before,
 And here the advantage is my own, I ween
 (Not that I have not several merits more,
 But this will more peculiarly be seen) ;
 • They so embellish, that 't is quite a bore
 Their labyrinth of fables to thread through,
 Whereas this story's actually true.

CCIII.

If any person doubt it, I appeal
 To history, tradition, and to facts,
 To newspapers, whose truth all know and feel,
 • To plays in five, and operas in three acts ;
 All these confirm my statement a good deal,
 But that which more completely faith exacts
 Is, that myself, and several now in Seville,
 Saw Juan's last elopement with the devil.

CCIV.

If ever I should condescend to prose,
 I'll write poetical commandments, which
 Shall supersede beyond all doubt all those
 That went before ; in these I shall enrich
 My text with many things that no one knows,
 And carry precept to the highest pitch :
 I'll call the work " Longinus o'er a Bottle,
 Or, Every Poet his *own* Aristotle."

CCV.

Thou shalt believe in Milton, Dryden, Pope ;
 Thou shalt not set up Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey ;
 Because the first is crazed beyond all hope,
 The second drunk, the third so quaint and mouthy :
 With Crabbe it may be difficult to cope,
 And Campbell's Hippocrene is somewhat drouthy :
 Thou shalt not steal from Samuel Rogers, nor
 Commit—flirtation with the muse of Moore.

CCVI.

Thou shalt not covet Mr. Sotheby's Muse,
 His Pegasus, nor anything that's his :
 Thou shalt not bear false witness like " the Blues "
 (There's one, at least, is very fond of this) ;
 Thou shalt not write, in short, but what I choose ;
 This is true criticism, and you may kiss—
 Exactly as you please, or not,—the rod ;
 But if you do n't, I'll lay it on, by G—d !

CCVII.

If any person should presume to assert
 This story is not moral, first, I pray,
 That they will not cry out before they're hurt,
 Then that they'll read it o'er again, and say

(But, doubtless, nobody will be so pert).
 That this is not a moral tale, though gay;
 Besides, in Canto Twelfth, I mean to show
 The very place where wicked people go.

CCVIII. 208

If, after all, there should be some so blind
 To their own good this warning to despise,
 Led by some tortuosity of mind,
 Not to believe my verse and their own eyes,
 And cry that they "the moral cannot find,"
 I tell him, if a clergyman, he lies;
 Should captains the remark, or critics, make,
 They also lie too—under a mistake.

CCIX. 209

The public a probation I expect,
 And beg they 'll take my word about the moral,
 Which I with their amusement will connect
 (So children cutting teeth receive a coral) !
 Meantime they 'll doubtless please to recollect
 My epical pretensions to the laurel :
 For fear some prudish readers should grow skittish,
 I've bribed my grandmother's review—the British.

CCX. 210

I sent it in a letter to the Editor,
 Who thank'd me duly by return of post—
 I'm for a handsome article his creditor;
 Yet, if my gentle Muse he please to roast,
 And break a promise after having made it her,
 Denying the receipt of what it cost,
 And smear his page with gall instead of honey,
 All I can say is—that he had the money.

CCXI. 211

I think that with this holy new alliance
 I may ensure the public, and defy
 All other magazines of art or science,
 Daily, or monthly, or three monthly; I
 Have not essay'd to multiply their clients,
 Because they tell me 't were in vain to try,
 And that the Edinburgh Review and Quarterly
 Treat a dissenting author very martyrlly.

CCXII.

"*Non ego hoc ferrem calida juvenis*

Consule Planco," Horace said, and so

Say I; by which quotation there is meant a

Hint that some six or seven good years ago
(Long ere I dreamt of dating from the Brenta)

I was most ready to return a blow,

And would not brook at all this sort of thing

In my hot youth—when George the Third was King.

CCXIII.

But now at thirty years my hair is gray—

(I wonder what it will be like at forty?

I thought of a peruke the other day—)

My heart is not much greener; and, in short, I

Have squander'd my whole summer while 't was May,

And feel no more the spirit to retort; I

Have spent my life, both interest and principal,

And deem not, what I deem'd, my soul invincible.

CCXIV.

No more—no more—Oh! never more on me

The freshness of the heart can fall like dew,

Which out of all the lovely things we see

Extracts emotions beautiful and new;

Hived in our bosoms like the bag o' the bee.

Think'st thou the honey with those objects grew?

Alas! 't was not in them, but in thy power

To double even the sweetness of a flower.

CCXV.

No more—no more—Oh! never more, my heart,

Canst thou be my sole world, my universe!

Once all in all, but now a thing apart,

Thou canst not be my blessing or my curse;

The illusion's gone for ever, and thou art

Insensible, I trust, but none the worse,

And in thy stead I've got a deal of judgment,

Though heaven knows how it ever found a lodgment.

CCXVI.

My days of love are over; me no more

The charms of maid, wife, and still less of widow,

Can make the fool of which they made before,—

In short, I must not lead the life I did do;

The credulous hope of mutual minds is o'er,
 The copious use of claret is forbid to,
 So for a good old-gentlemanly vice,
 I think I must take up with avarice.

CCXVII. 217

Ambition was my idol, which was broken
 Before the shrines of Sorrow, and of Pleasure;
 And the two last have left me many a token
 O'er which reflection may be made at leisure;
 Now, like Friar Bacon's brazen head, I've spoken,
 "Time is, Time was, Time's past:"—a chymic treasure
 Is glittering youth, which I have spent betimes—
 My heart in passion, and my head on rhymes.

CCXVIII. 218

What is the end of fame? 't is but to fill
 A certain portion of uncertain paper:
 Some liken it to climbing up a hill,
 Whose summit, like all hills, is lost in vapour;
 For this men write, speak, preach, and heroes kill,
 And bards burn what they call their "midnight taper."
 To have, when the original is dust,
 A name, a wretched picture, and worse bust.

CCXIX.

What are the hopes of man? Old Egypt's King
 Cheops erected the first pyramid
 And largest, thinking it was just the thing
 To keep his memory whole, and mummy hid:
 But somebody or other rummaging,
 Burglariously broke his coffin's lid:
 Let not a monument give you or me hopes,
 Since not a pinch of dust remains of Cheops.

CCXX.

But I, being fond of true philosophy,
 Say very often to myself, "Alas!
 All things that have been born were born to die,
 And flesh (which Death mows down to hay) is grass;
 You've pass'd your youth not so unpleasantly,
 And if you had it o'er again—'t would pass—
 So thank your stars that matters are no worse,
 And read your Bible, sir, and mind your purse."

CCXXI. 221

But for the present, gentle reader ! and
 Still gentler purchaser ! the bard—that's I—
 Must, with permission, shake you by the hand,
 And so your humble servant, and good-bye !
 • We meet again, if we should understand
 Each other,* and if not, I shall not try
 Your patience further than by this short sample—
 'T were well if others follow'd my example.

CCXXII. 222

“Go, little book, from this my solitude
 I cast thee on the waters—go thy ways !
 And if, as I believe, thy vein be good,
 The world will find thee after many days.”
 When Southey's read, and Wordsworth understood,
 I can't help putting in my claim to praise—
 The four first rhymes are Southey's, every line :
 For God's sake, reader ! take them not for mine !

CANTO THE SECOND.*

I.

Oh ye ! who teach the ingenuous youth of nations,
 Holland, France, England, Germany, or Spain,
 I pray ye flog them upon all occasions,
 It mends their morals, never mind the pain :
 The best of mothers and of educations
 In Juan's case were but employ'd in vain,
 Since, in a way that's rather of the oddest, he
 Became divested of his native modesty.

II.

Had he but been placed at a public school,
 In the third form, or even in the fourth,
 His daily task had kept his fancy cool,
 At least, had he been nurtured in the north ;
 • Spain may prove an exception to the rule,
 But then exceptions always prove its worth—
 A lad of sixteen causing a divorce
 Puzzled his tutors very much, of course.

• [“*Began at Venice, December 13, 1818,—finished January 20, 1819.*”—B.]

III. 3

I can't say that it puzzles me at all,
 If all things be consider'd ;¹ first, there was
 His lady-mother, mathematical,
 A——never mind ;—his tutor, an old ass ;
 A pretty woman—(that's quite natural,
 Or else the thing had hardly come to pass)
 A husband rather old, not much in unity
 With his young wife—a time, and opportunity.

IV. 4

Well—well ; the world must turn upon its axis,
 And all mankind turn with it, heads or tails,
 And live and die, make love and pay our taxes,
 And as the veering wind shifts, shift our sails ;
 The king commands us, and the doctor quacks us,
 The priest instructs, and so our life exhales,
 A little breath, love, wine, ambition, fame,
 Fighting, devotion, dust,—perhaps a name.

V. 5

I said, that Juan had been sent to Cadiz—
 A pretty town, I recollect it well—
 'T is there the mart of the colonial trade is,
 (Or was, before Peru learn'd to rebel,)
 And such sweet girls—I mean, such graceful ladies,
 Their very walk would make your bosom swell ;
 I can't describe it, though so much it strike,
 Nor liken it—I never saw the like :

VI. 6

An Arab horse, a stately stag, a barb
 New broke, a cameleopard, a gazelle,
 No—none of these will do ;—and then their garb,
 Their veil and petticoat—Alas ! to dwell
 Upon such things would very near absorb
 A canto—then their feet and ankles,—well,
 "Thank Heaven I've got no metaphor quite ready,
 (And so, my sober Muse—come, let's be steady—

VII. 7

Chaste Muse !—well, if you must, you must)—the veil
 Thrown back a moment with the glancing hand,
 While the o'erpowering eye that turns you pale,
 Flashes into the heart :—All sunny land

Of love ! when I forget you, may I fail
 To——say my prayers—but never was there plann'd
 A dress through which the eyes give such a volley,
 Excepting the Venetian Fazzioli.

VIII. &

But to our tale : the Donna Inez sent
 Her son to Cadiz only to embark ;
 To stay there had not answer'd her intent,
 But why ?—we leave the reader in the dark—
 'T was for a voyage the young man was meant,
 As if a Spanish ship were Noah's ark,
 To wean him from the wickedness of earth,
 And send him like a dove of promise forth.

IX. &

Don Juan bade his valet pack his things
 According to direction, then received
 A lecture and some money : for four springs
 He was to travel ; and though Inez grieved
 (As every kind of parting has its stings),
 She hoped he would improve—perhaps believed :
 A letter, too, she gave (he never read it)
 Of good advice—and two or three of credit.

x.

In the mean time, to pass her hours away,
 Brave Inez now set up a Sunday school
 For naughty children, who would rather play
 (Like truant rogues) the devil, or the fool ;
 Infants of three years old were taught that day,
 Dunces were whipt, or set upon a stool :
 The great success of Juan's education
 Spurr'd her to teach another generation.

XI. &

Juan embark'd—the ship got under way,
 The wind was fair, the water passing rough ;
 A devil of a sea rolls in that bay,
 As I, who've cross'd it oft, know well enough ;
 And, standing upon deck, the dashing spray
 Flies in one's face, and makes it weather-tough :
 And there he stood to take, and take again,
 His first—perhaps his last—farewell of Spain.

XII. 12

I can't but say it is an awkward sight
 To see one's native land receding through
 The growing waters; it unmans one quite,
 Especially when life is rather new:
 I recollect Great Britain's coast looks white,
 But almost every other country's blue,
 When gazing on them, mystified by distance,
 We enter on our nautical existence.

XIII. 13

So Juan stood, bewilder'd, on the deck:
 The wind sung, cordage strain'd, and sailors swore,
 And the ship creak'd, the town became a speck,
 From which away so fair and fast they bore:
 The best of remedies is a beef-steak
 Against sea-sickness: try it, sir, before
 You sneer, and I assure you this is true,
 For I have found it answer—so may you.

XIV. 14

Don Juan stood, and, gazing from the stern,
 Beheld his native Spain receding far:
 First partings form a lesson hard to learn,
 Even nations feel this when they go to war;
 There is a sort of unexpressed concern,
 A kind of shock that sets one's heart ajar:
 At leaving even the most unpleasant people
 And places, one keeps looking at the steeple.

XV. 15

But Juan had got many things to leave,
 His mother, and a mistress, and no wife,
 So that he had much better cause to grieve
 Than many persons more advanced in life;
 And if we now and then a sigh must heave
 At quitting even those we quit in strife,
 No doubt we weep for those the heart endears—
 That is, till deeper griefs congeal our tears.

XVI. 16

So Juan wept, as wept the captive Jews
 By Babel's waters, still remembering Sion:
 I'd weep,—but mine is not a weeping Muse,
 And such light griefs are not a thing to die on;

Young men should travel, if but to amuse—
 Themselves; and the next time their servants tie on
 Behind their carriages, their new portmanteau,
 Perhaps it may be lined with this my canto.

XVII. 17

And Juan wept, and much he sigh'd and thought,
 While his salt tears dropp'd into the salt sea,
 "Sweets to the sweet;" (I like so much to quote;
 You must excuse this extract,—'t is where she,
 The Queen of Denmark, for Ophelia brought
 Flowers to the grave;) and, sobbing often, he
 Reflected on his present situation,
 And seriously resolved on reformation.

XVIII. 18

"Farewell, my Spain! a long farewell!" he cried,
 "Perhaps I may revisit thee no more,
 But die, as many an exiled heart hath died,
 Of its own thirst to see again thy shore:
 Farewell, where Guadalquivir's waters glide!
 Farewell, my mother! and, since all is o'er,
 Farewell, too, dearest Julia!"—(here he drew
 Her letter out again, and read it through.)

XIX. 19

"And oh! if e'er I should forget, I swear—
 But that's impossible, and cannot be—
 Sooner shall this blue ocean melt to air,
 Sooner shall earth resolve itself to sea,
 Than I resign thine image, oh, my fair!
 Or think of anything, excepting thee;
 A mind diseased no remedy can physic—
 (Here the ship gave a lurch, and he grew sea-sick.)

XX. 20

"Sooner shall heaven kiss earth—(here he fell sicker)
 Oh, Julia! what is every other woe?—
 (For God's sake let me have a glass of liquor;
 Pedro, Battista, help me down below.)
 Julia, my love—(you rascal, Pedro, quicker)—
 Oh, Julia!—(this curst vessel pitches so)—
 Beloved Julia, hear me still beseeching!"
 (Here he grew inarticulate with retching.)

XXI. 2¹

He felt that chilling heaviness of heart,
 Or rather stomach, which, alas ! attends,
 Beyond the best apothecary's art,
 The loss of love, the treachery of friends,
 Or death of those we dote on, when a part
 Of us dies with them as each fond hope ends.
 No doubt he would have been much more pathetic,
 But the sea acted as a strong emetic.

XXII. 2²

Love's a capricious power : I've known it hold
 Out through a fever caused by its own heat,
 But be much puzzled by a cough and cold,
 And find a quinsy very hard to treat ;
 Against all noble maladies he's bold,
 But vulgar illnesses do n't like to meet,
 Nor that a sneeze should interrupt his sigh,
 Nor inflammations redden his blind eye.

XXIII. 2³

But worst of all is nausea, or a pain
 About the lower region of the bowels ;
 Love, who heroically breathes a vein,
 Shrinks from the application of hot towels,
 And purgatives are dangerous to his reign,
 Sea-sickness death : his love was perfect, how else
 Could Juan's passion, while the billows roar,
 Resist his stomach, ne'er at sea before ?

XXIV. 2¹⁴

The ship, call'd the most holy " Trinidad,"
 Was steering duly for the port Leghorn ;
 For there the Spanish family Moncada
 Were settled long ere Juan's sire was born ;
 They were relations, and for them he had a
 Letter of introduction, which the morn
 Of his departure had been sent him by
 His Spanish friends for those in Italy.

XXV. 2⁵

His suite consisted of three servants and
 A tutor, the licentiate Pedrillo,
 Who several languages did understand,
 But now lay sick and speechless on his pillow,

And, rocking in his hammock, long'd for land,
 His headache being increased by every billow;
 And the waves oozing through the port-hole made
 His berth a little damp, and him afraid.

XXVI. 2⁴

'T was not without some reason, for the wind
 Increased at night, until it blew a gale;
 And though 't was not much to a naval mind,
 Some landsmen would have look'd a little pale,
 For sailors are, in fact, a different kind:
 At sunset they began to take in sail,
 For, the sky show'd it would come on to blow,
 And carry away, perhaps, a mast or so.

XXVII. 2⁵

At one o'clock the wind with sudden shift
 Threw the ship right into the trough of the sea,
 Which struck her aft, and made an awkward rift,
 Started the stern-post, also shatter'd the
 Whole of her stern-frame, and, ere she could lift
 Herself from out her present jeopardy,
 The rudder tore away: 't was time to sound
 The pumps, and there were four feet water found.

XXVIII. 2⁶

One gang of people instantly was put
 Upon the pumps, and the remainder set
 To get up part of the cargo, and what not;
 But they could not come at the leak as yet;
 At last they did get at it really, but
 Still their salvation was an even bet:
 The water rush'd through in a way quite puzzling,
 While they thrust sheets, shirts, jackets, bales of muslin,

XXIX. 2⁷

Into the opening; but all such ingredients
 Would have been vain, and they must have gone down,
 Despite of all their efforts and expedients,
 But for the pumps: I'm glad to make them known
 To all the brother tars who may have need hence,
 For fifty tons of water were upthrown
 By them per hour, and they all had been undone,
 But for the maker, Mr. Mann, of London.

XXX. 30

As day advanced the weather seem'd to abate,
 And then the leak they reckon'd to reduce,
 And keep the ship afloat, though three feet yet
 Kept two hand and one chain pump still in use.
 The wind blew fresh again : as it grew late
 A squall came on, and while some guns broke loose,
 A gust—which all descriptive power transcends—
 Laid with one blast the ship on her beam ends.

XXXI. 31

There she lay, motionless, and seem'd upset :
 The water left the hold, and wash'd the decks,
 And made a scene men do not soon forget ;
 For they remember battles, fires, and wrecks,
 Or any other thing that brings regret,
 Or breaks their hopes, or hearts, or heads, or necks ;
 Thus drownings are much talk'd of by the divers,
 And swimmers, who may chance to be survivors.

XXXII. 32

Immediately the masts were cut away,
 Both main and mizen : first the mizen went,
 The main-mast follow'd ; but the ship still lay
 Like a mere log, and baffled our intent.
 Foremast and bowsprit were cut down, and they
 Eased her at last (although we never meant
 To part with all till every hope was blighted),
 And then with violence the old ship righted.

XXXIII. 33

It may be easily supposed, while this
 Was going on, some people were unquiet,
 That passengers would find it much amiss
 To lose their lives, as well as spoil their diet ;
 That even the able seaman, deeming his
 Days nearly o'er, might be disposed to riot,
 As upon such occasions tars will ask
 For grog, and sometimes drink rum from the cask.

XXXIV. 34

There's nought, no doubt, so much the spirit calms
 As rum and true religion : thus it was,
 Some plunder'd, some drank spirits, some sung psalms,
 The high wind made the treble, and as bass

The hoarse harsh waves kept time; fright cured the
 Of all the luckless landsmen's sea-sick maws: [qualms
 Strange sounds of wailing, blasphemy, devotion,
 Clamour'd in chorus to the roaring ocean.

XXXV. 25

Perhaps more mischief had been done, but for
 Our Juan, who, with sense beyond his years,
 Got to the spirit-room, and stood before
 It with a pair of pistols; and their fears,
 As if Death were more dreadful by his door
 Of fire than water, spite of oaths and tears,
 Kept still aloof the crew, who, ere they sunk,
 Thought it would be becoming to die drunk,

XXXVI. 26

"Give us more grog," they cried, "for it will be
 All one an hour hence." Juan answer'd, "No!
 'T is true that death awaits both you and me,
 But let us die like men, not sink below
 Like brutes:"—and thus his dangerous post kept he,
 And none liked to anticipate the blow;
 And even Pedrillo, his most reverend tutor,
 Was for some rum a disappointed suitor.

XXXVII.

The good old gentleman was quite aghast,
 And made a loud and pious lamentation
 Repented all his sins, and made a last
 Irrevocable vow of reformation;
 Nothing should tempt him more (this peril past)
 To quit his academic occupation,
 In cloisters of the classic Salamanca,
 To follow Juan's wake, like Sancho Panca.

XXXVIII. 28

But now there came a flash of hope once more;
 Day broke, and the wind lull'd: the masts were gone;
 The leak increased; shoals round her, but no shore;
 The vessel swam, yet still she held her own.
 They tried the pumps again, and though before
 Their desperate efforts seem'd all useless grown,
 A glimpse of sunshine set some hands to bale—
 The stronger pump'd, the weaker thrumm'd a sail.

XXXIX. 39

Under the vessel's keel the sail was pass'd,
 And for the moment it had some effect;
 But with a leak, and not a stick of mast,
 Nor rag of canvas, what could they expect?
 But still 't is best to struggle to the last,
 'T is never too late to be wholly wreck'd:
 And though 't is true that man can only die once,
 'T is not so pleasant in the Gulf of Lyons.

XL. 40

There winds and waves had hurl'd them, and from thence,
 Without their will, they carried them away;
 For they were forced with steering to dispense,
 And never had as yet a quiet day
 On which they might repose, or even commence
 A juremast or rudder, or could say,
 The ship would swim an hour, which, by good luck,
 Still swam—though not exactly like a duck.

XLI. 41

The wind, in fact, perhaps, was rather less,
 But the ship labour'd so, they scarce could hope
 To weather out much longer; the distress
 Was also great with which they had to cope
 For want of water, and their solid mess
 Was scant enough: in vain the telescope
 Was used—nor sail nor shore appear'd in sight,
 Nought but the heavy sea, and coming night.

XLII. 42

Again the weather threaten'd,—again blew
 A gale, and in the fore and after hold
 Water appear'd; yet, though the people knew
 All this, the most were patient, and some bold
 'Until the chains and leathers were worn through
 Of all our pumps:—a wreck complete she roll'd,
 At mercy of the waves, whose mercies are
 Like human beings during civil war.

XLIII. 43

Then came the carpenter, at last, with tears
 In his rough eyes, and told the captain, he
 Could do no more: he was a man in years,
 And long had voyaged through many a stormy sea,

And if he wept at length, they were not fears
That made his eyelids as a woman's be,
But he, poor fellow, had a wife and children,
Two things for dying people quite bewildering.

XLIV. 44

The ship was evidently settling now
Fast by the head ; and, all distinction gone,
Some went to prayers again, and made a vow
Of candles to their saints—but there were none
To pay them with ; and some look'd o'er the bow ;
Some hoisted out the boats ; and there was one
That begg'd Pedrillo for an absolution,
Who told him to be damn'd—in his confusion.

XLV. 45

Some lash'd them in their hammocks ; some put on
Their best clothes, as if going to a fair ;
Some cursed the day on which they saw the sun,
And gnash'd their teeth, and howling, tore their hair ;
And others went on as they had begun,
Getting the boats out, being well aware
That a tight boat will live in a rough sea,
Unless with breakers close beneath her lee.

XLVI. 46

The worst of all was, that in their condition,
Having been several days in great distress,
'T was difficult to get out such provision
As now might render their long suffering less :
Men, even when dying, dislike inanition ;
Their stock was damaged by the weather's stress :
Two casks of biscuit, and a keg of butter,
Were all that could be thrown into the cutter.

XLVII. 47

But in the long-boat they contrived to stow
Some pounds of bread, though injured by the wet ;
Water, a twenty-gallon cask or so ;
Six flasks of wine : and they contrived to get
A portion of their beef up from below,
And with a piece of pork, moreover, met,
But scarce enough to serve them for a luncheon—
Then there was rum, eight gallons in a puncheon,

XLVIII.

The other boats, the yawl and pinnace, had
 Been stove in the beginning of the gale ;
 And the long-boat's condition was but bad,
 As there were but two blankets for a sail,
 And one oar for a mast, which a young lad
 Threw in by good luck over the ship's rail ;
 And two boats could not hold, far less be stored,
 To save one half the people then on board.

XLIX.

'T was twilight, and the sunless day went down
 Over the waste of waters ; like a veil,
 Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown
 Of one whose hate is mask'd but to assail.
 Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shown,
 And grimly darkled o'er the faces pale,
 And the dim desolate deep : twelve days had Fear
 Been their familiar, and now Death was here.

L.

Some trial had been making at a raft,
 With little hope in such a rolling sea,
 A sort of thing at which one would have laugh'd,
 If any laughter at such times could be,
 Unless with people who too much have quaff'd,
 And have a kind of wild and horrid glee,
 Half epileptical, and half hysterical :—
 Their preservation would have been a miracle.

LL.

At half-past eight o'clock, booms, hencoops, spars,
 And all things, for a chance, had been cast loose
 That still could keep afloat the struggling tars,
 For yet they strove, although of no great use :
 There was no light in heaven but a few stars,
 The boats put off o'ercrowded with their crews ;
 She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port,
 And, going down head foremost—sunk, in short.

LII.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—
 Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave—
 Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,
 As eager to anticipate their grave ;

And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell;
And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.

LIII.

And first one universal shriek there rush'd,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder ; and then all was hush'd,
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows ; but at intervals there gush'd,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

LIV.

The boats, as stated, had got off before,
And in them crowded several of the crew ;
And yet their present hope was hardly more
Than what it had been, for so strong it blew
There was slight chance of reaching any shore ;
And then they were too many, though so few—
Nine in the cutter, thirty in the boat,
Were counted in them when they got afloat.

LV.

All the rest perish'd ; near two hundred souls
Had left their bodies ; and what 's worse, alas !
When over Catholics the ocean rolls,
They must wait several weeks before a mass
Takes off one peck of purgatorial coals,
Because, till people know what 's come to pass,
They won't lay out their money on the dead—
It costs three francs for every mass that 's said.

LVI.

Juan got into the long-boat, and there
Contrived to help Pedrillo to a place ;
It seem'd as if they had exchanged their care,
For Juan wore the masterial face
Which courage gives, while poor Pedrillo's pair
Of eyes were crying for their owner's case :
Battista, though (a name call'd shortly Tita),
Was lost by getting at some aqua-vitæ.

LVII.

Pedro, his valet, too, he tried to save,
 But the same cause, conducive to his loss,
 Left him so drunk, he jump'd into the wave,
 As o'er the cutter's edge he tried to cross,
 And so he found a wine-and-watery grave ;
 They could not rescue him although so close,
 Because the sea ran higher every minute,
 And for the boat—the crew kept crowding in it.

LVIII.

A small old spaniel—which had been Don José's,
 His father's, whom he loved, as ye may think,
 For on such things the memory reposes
 With tenderness—stood howling on the brink,
 Knowing, (dogs have such intellectual noses !)
 No doubt, the vessel was about to sink ;
 And Juan caught him up, and ere he stepp'd
 Off threw him in, then after him he leap'd.

LIX.

He also stuff'd his money where he could
 About his person, and Pedrillo's too,
 Who let him do, in fact, whate'er he would,
 Not knowing what himself to say, or do,
 As every rising wave his dread renew'd ;
 But Juan, trusting they might still get through,
 And deeming there were remedies for any ill,
 Thus re-embark'd his tutor and his spaniel.

LX.

'T was a rough night, and blew so stiffly yet,
 That the sail was becalm'd between the seas,
 Though on the wave's high top too much to set,
 They dared not take it in for all the breeze :
 Each sea curl'd o'er the stern, and kept them wet,
 And made them bale without a moment's ease,
 So that themselves as well as hopes were damp'd,
 And the poor little cutter quickly swamp'd.

LXI.

Nine souls more went in her : the long-boat still
 Kept above water, with an oar for mast,
 Two blankets stitch'd together, answering ill
 Instead of sail, were to the oar made fast ;

Though every wave roll'd menacing to fill,
And present peril all before surpass'd,
They grieved for those who perish'd with the cutter,
And also for the biscuit-casks and butter.

LXII.

The sun rose red and fiery, a sure sign
Of the continuance of the gale : to run
Before the sea until it should grow fine,
Was all that for the present could be done :
A few tea-spoonfuls of their rum and wine
Were seryed out to the people, who begun
To faint, and damaged bread wet through the bags,
And most of them had little clothes but rags.

LXIII.

They counted thirty, crowded in a space
Which left scarce room for motion or exertion ;
They did their best to modify their case,
One half sate up, though numb'd with the immersion,
While t' other half were laid down in their place,
At watch and watch ; thus, shivering like the tertian
Ague in its cold fit, they fill'd their boat,
With nothing but the sky for a great coat.

LXIV.

'T is very certain the desire of life
Prolongs it : this is obvious to physicians,
When patients, neither plagued with friends nor wife,
Survive through very desperate conditions,
Because they still can hope, nor shines the knife
Nor shears of Atropos before their visions :
Despair of all recovery spoils longevity,
And makes men's miseries of alarming brevity.

LXV.

'T is said that persons living on annuities
Are longer lived than others,—God knows why,
Unless to plague the grantors,—yet so true it is,
That some, I really think, *do* never die ;
Of any creditors the worst a Jew it is,
And *that's* their mode of furnishing supply :
In my young days they lent me cash that way,
Which I found very troublesome to pay.

LXI.

'Tis thus with people in an open boat,
 They live upon the love of life, and bear
 More than can be believed, or even thought,
 And stand like rocks the tempest's wear and tear;
 And hardship still has been the sailor's lot,
 Since Noah's ark went cruising here and there;
 She had a curious crew as well as cargo,
 Like the first old Greek privateer, the Argo.

LXVII.

But man is a carnivorous production,
 And must have meals, at least one meal a day;
 He cannot live, like woodcocks, upon suction,
 But, like the shark and tiger, must have prey;
 Although his anatomical construction
 Bears vegetables, in a grumbling way,
 Your labouring people think beyond all question
 Beef, veal, and mutton better for digestion.

LXVIII.

And thus it was with this our hapless crew;
 For on the third day there came on a calm,
 And though at first their strength it might renew,
 And lying on their weariness like balm,
 Lull'd them like turtles sleeping on the blue
 Of ocean, when they woke they felt a qualm,
 And fell all ravenously on their provision,
 Instead of hoarding it with due precision.

LXIX.

The consequence was easily foreseen—
 They ate up all they had, and drank their wine,
 In spite of all remonstrances, and then
 On what, in fact, next day were they to dine?
 They hoped the wind would rise, these foolish men!
 And carry them to shore; these hopes were fine,
 But as they had but one oar, and that brittle,
 It would have been more wise to save their victual.

LXX.

The fourth day came, but not a breath of air,
 And Ocean slumber'd like an unwean'd child:
 The fifth day, and their boat lay floating there,
 The sea and sky were blue, and clear, and mild—

With their one oar (I wish they'd had a pair)
 What could they do? and hunger's rage grew wild:
 So Juan's spaniel, spite of his entreating,
 Was kill'd, and portion'd out for present eating.

LXXI.

On the sixth day they fed upon his hide,
 And Juan, who had still refused, because
 The creature was his father's dog that died,
 Now feeling all the vulture in his jaws,
 With some remorse received (though first denied)
 As a great favour one of the fore-paws,
 Which he divided with Pedrillo, who
 Devour'd it, longing for the other too.

LXXII.

The seventh day, and no wind—the burning sun,
 Blister'd and scorch'd, and, stagnant on the sea,
 They lay like carcasses; and hope was none,
 Save in the breeze that came not: savagely
 They glared upon each other—all was done,
 Water, and wine, and food,—and you might see
 The longings of the cannibal arise
 (Although they spoke not) in their wolfish eyes.

LXXIII.

At length one whisper'd his companion, who
 Whisper'd another, and thus it went round,
 And then into a hoarser murmur grew,
 An ominous, and wild, and desperate sound;
 And when his comrade's thought each sufferer knew,
 'T was but his own, suppress'd till now, he found:
 And out they spoke of lots for flesh and blood,
 And who should die to be his fellow's food.

LXXIV.

But ere they came to this, they that day shared
 Some leathern caps, and what remain'd of shoes;
 And then they look'd around them, and despair'd,
 And none to be the sacrifice would choose;
 At length the lots were torn up, and prepared,
 But of materials that must shock the Muse—
 Having no paper, for the want of better,
 They took by force from Juan Julia's letter.

LXXV.]

'Then lots were made, and mark'd, and mix'd, and handed
 In silent horror, and their distribution
 Lull'd even the savage hunger which demanded,
 Like the Promethean vulture, this pollution ;
 None in particular had sought or plann'd it,
 'T was nature gnaw'd them to this resolution,
 By which none were permitted to be neuter—
 And the lot fell on Juan's luckless tutor.

LXXVI.

He but requested to be bled to death :
 The surgeon had his instruments, and bled
 Pedrillo, and so gently ebb'd his breath,
 You hardly could perceive when he was dead.
 He died as born, a Catholic in faith,
 Like most in the belief in which they're bred,
 And first a little crucifix he kiss'd,
 And then held out his jugular and wrist.

LXXVII.

The surgeon, as there was no other fee,
 Had his first choice of morsels for his pains ;
 But being thirstiest at the moment, he
 Preferr'd a draught from the fast-flowing veins :
 Part was divided, part thrown in the sea,
 And such things as the entrails and the brains
 Regaled two sharks, who follow'd o'er the billow—
 The sailors ate the rest of poor Pedrillo.

LXXVIII.

The sailors ate him, all save three or four,
 Who were not quite so fond of animal food ;
 To these was added Juan, who, before
 Refusing his own spaniel, hardly could
 Feel now his appetite increased much more ;
 'T was not to be expected that he should,
 Even in extremity of their disaster,
 Dine with them on his pastor and his master.

LXXIX.

'T was better that he did not ; for, in fact,
 The consequence was awful in the extreme ;
 For they who were most ravenous in the act,
 Went raging mad—Lord ! how they did blaspheme !

And foam, and roll, with strange convulsions rack'd,
Drinking salt-water like a mountain-stream ;
Tearing, and grinning, howling, screeching, swearing,
And, with hyæna-laughter, died despairing.

LXXX.

Their numbers were much thinn'd by this infliction,
And all the rest were thin enough, Heaven knows ;
And some of them had lost their recollection,
Happier than they who still perceived their woes ;
But others ponder'd on a new dissection,
As if not warn'd sufficiently by those
Who had already perish'd, suffering madly,
For having used their appetites so sadly.

LXXXI.

And next they thought upon the master's mate,
As fattest ; but he saved himself, because,
Besides being much averse from such a fate,
There were some other reasons : the first was,
He had been rather indisposed of late ;
And that which chiefly proved his saving clause,
Was a small present made to him at Cadiz,
By general subscription of the ladies.

LXXXII.

Of poor Pedrillo something still remain'd,
But was used sparingly,—some were afraid,
And others still their appetites constrain'd,
Or but at times a little supper made ;
All except Juan, who throughout abstain'd,
Chewing a piece of bamboo, and some lead :
At length they caught two boobies, and a noddy,
And then they left off eating the dead body.

LXXXIII.

And if Pedrillo's fate should shocking be,
Remember Ugolino condescends
To eat the head of his arch-enemy
The moment after he politely ends
His tale : if foes be food in hell, at sea
'T is surely fair to dine upon our friends,
When shipwreck's short allowance grows too scanty,
Without being much more horrible than Dante.

LXXXV.

And the same night there fell a shower of rain,
 For which their mouths gaped, like the cracks of earth
 When dried to summer dust ; till taught by pain,
 Men really know not what good water's worth ;
 If you had been in Turkey or in Spain,
 Or with a famish'd boat's-crew had your berth,
 Or in the desert heard the camel's bell,
 You'd wish yourself where Truth is—in a well.

LXXXV.

It pour'd down torrents, but they were no richer,
 Until they found a ragged piece of sheet,
 Which served them as a sort of spongy pitcher,
 And when they deem'd its moisture was complete,
 They wrung it out, and though a thirsty ditcher
 Might not have thought the scanty draught so sweet
 As a full pot of porter, to their thinking
 They ne'er till now had known the joys of drinking.

LXXXVI.

And their baked lips, with many a bloody crack,
 Suck'd in the moisture, which like nectar stream'd ;
 Their throats were ovens, their swoln tongues were black
 As the rich man's in hell, who vainly scream'd
 To beg the beggar, who could not rain back
 A drop of dew, when every drop had seem'd
 To taste of heaven—If this be true, indeed,
 Some Christians have a comfortable creed.

LXXXVII.

There were two fathers in this ghastly crew,
 And with them their two sons, of whom the one
 Was more robust and hardy to the view,
 But he died early ; and when he was gone,
 His nearest messmate told his sire, who threw
 One glance at him, and said, " Heaven's will be done !
 I can do nothing," and he saw him thrown
 Into the deep without a tear or groan.

LXXXVIII.

The other father had a weaklier child,
 Of a soft cheek and aspect delicate ;
 But the boy bore up long, and with a mild
 And patient spirit held aloof his fate ;

Little he said, and now and then he smiled,
As if to win a part from off the weight
He saw increasing on his father's heart,
With the deep deadly thought, that they must part.

LXXXIX.

And o'er him bent his sire, and never raised
His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam
From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed,
And when the wish'd-for shower at length was come,
And the boy's eyes, which the dull film half glazed,
Brighten'd, and for a moment seem'd to roam,
He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain
Into his dying child's mouth—but in vain.

XC.

The boy expired—the father held the clay,
And look'd upon it long, and when at last
Death left no doubt, and the dead burthen lay
Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were past,
He watch'd it wistfully, until away
'T was borne by the rude wave wherein 't was cast;
Then he himself sunk down all dumb and shivering,
And gave no sign of life, save his limbs quivering.

XCI.

Now overhead a rainbow, bursting through
The scattering clouds, shone, spanning the dark sea,
Resting its bright base on the quivering blue;
And all within its arch appear'd to be
Clearer than that without, and its wide hue
Wax'd broad and waving, like a banner free,
Then changed like to a bow that's bent, and then
Forsook the dim eyes of these shipwreck'd men.

XCII.

It changed, of course; a heavenly chameleon,
The airy child of vapour and the sun,
Brought forth in purple, cradled in vermilion,
Baptized in molten gold, and swathed in dun,
Glittering like crescents o'er a Turk's pavilion,
And blending every colour into one,
Just like a black eye in a recent scuffle
(For sometimes we must box without the muffle).

XCIII.

Our shipwreck'd seamen thought it a good omen—
 It is as well to think so, now and then ;
 'T was an old custom of the Greek and Roman,
 And may become of great advantage when
 Folks are discouraged ; and most surely no men
 Had greater need to nerve themselves again
 Than these, and so this rainbow look'd like hope—
 Quite a celestial kaleidoscope.

XCIV.

About this time a beautiful white bird,
 Web-footed, not unlike a dove in size
 And plumage (probably it might have err'd
 Upon its course), pass'd oft before their eyes,
 And tried to perch, although it saw and heard
 The men within the boat, and in this guise
 It came and went, and flutter'd round them till
 Night fell :—this seem'd a better omen still.

XCV.

But in this case I also must remark,
 'T was well this bird of promise did not perch,
 Because the tackle of our shatter'd bark
 Was not so safe for roosting as a church ;
 And had it been the dove from Noah's ark,
 Returning there from her successful search,
 Which in their way that moment chanced to fall,
 They would have eat her, olive-branch and all.

XCVI.

With twilight it again came on to blow,
 But not with violence ; the stars shone out,
 The boat made way ; yet now they were so low,
 They knew not where nor what they were about ;
 Some fancied they saw land, and some said " No !"
 The frequent fog-banks gave them cause to doubt—
 Some swore that they heard breakers, others guns,
 And all mistook about the latter ones.

XCVII.

As morning broke, the light wind died away,
 When he who had the watch sung out and swore,
 If 't was not land that rose with the sun's ray,
 He wish'd that land he never might see more :

And the rest tubb'd their eyes, and saw a bay,
Or thought they saw, and shaped their course for shore;
For shore it was, and gradually grew
Distinct, and high, and palpable to view.

XCVIII.

And then of these some part burst into tears,
And others, looking with a stupid stare,
Could not yet separate their hopes from fears,
And seem'd as if they had no further care;
While a few pray'd—(the first time for some years)—
And at the bottom of the boat three were
Asleep: they shook them by the hand and head,
And tried to awaken them, but found them dead.

XCIX.

The day before, fast sleeping on the water,
They found a turtle of the hawk's-bill kind,
And by good fortune, gliding softly, caught her,
Which yielded a day's life, and to their mind
Proved even still a more nutritious matter,
Because it left encouragement behind:
They thought that in such perils, more than chance
Had sent them this for their deliverance.

C.

The land appear'd a high and rocky coast,
And higher grew the mountains as they drew,
Set by a current, toward it: they were lost
In various conjectures, for none knew
To what part of the earth they had been tost,
So changeable had been the winds that blew;
Some thought it was Mount *Ætna*, some the high-lands
Of *Candia*, *Cyprus*, *Rhodes*, or other islands.

CI.

Meantime the current, with a rising gale,
Still set them onwards to the welcome shore,
Like *Charon's* bark of spectres, dull and pale:
Their living freight was now reduced to four,
And three dead, whom their strength could not avail
To heave into the deep with those before,
Though the two sharks still follow'd them, and dash'd
The spray into their faces as they splash'd.

CII.

Famine, despair, cold, thirst, and heat, had done
 Their work on them by turns, and thinn'd them to
 Such things a mother had not known her son
 Amidst the skeletons of that gaunt crew;
 By night chill'd, by day scorch'd, thus one by one
 They perish'd, until wither'd to these few,
 But chiefly by a species of self-slaughter,
 In washing down Pedrillo with salt water.

CIII.

As they drew nigh the land, which now was seen
 Unequal in its aspect here and there,
 They felt the freshness of its growing green,
 That waved in forest-tops, and smooth'd the air,
 And fell upon their glazed eyes like a screen—
 From glistening waves, and skies so hot and bare—
 Lovely seem'd any object that should sweep
 Away the vast, salt, dread, eternal deep.

CIV.

The shore look'd wild, without a trace of man,
 And girt by formidable waves; but they
 Were mad for land, and thus their course they ran,
 Though right ahead the roaring breakers lay:
 A reef between them also now began
 To show its boiling surf and bounding spray,
 But finding no place for their landing better
 They ran the boat for shore,—and upset her.

CV.

But in his native stream, the Guadalquivir,
 Juan to lave his youthful limbs was wont;
 And having learnt to swim in that sweet river,
 Had often turn'd the art to some account;
 A better swimmer you could scarce see ever,
 He could, perhaps, have pass'd the Hellespont,
 As once (a feat on which ourselves we prided)
 Leander, Mr. Ekenhead, and I did.

CVI.

So here, though faint, emaciated, and stark,
 He buoy'd his boyish limbs, and strove to ply
 With the quick wave, and gain, ere it was dark,
 The beach which lay before him, high and dry:

The greatest danger here was from a shark,
That carried off his neighbour by the thigh;
As for the other two, they could not swim,
So nobody arrived on shore but him.

CVII.

Nor yet had he arrived but for the oar,
Which, providentially for him, was wash'd
Just as his feeble arms could strike no more,
And the hard wave o'erwhelm'd him as 't was dash'd
Within his grasp; he clung to it, and sore
The waters beat while he thereto was lash'd;
At last, with swimming, wading, scrambling, he
Roll'd on the beach, half senseless, from the sea:

CVIII.

There, breathless, with his digging nails he clung
Fast to the sand, lest the returning wave,
From whose reluctant roar his life he wrung,
Should suck him back to her insatiate grave:
And there he lay, full length, where he was flung,
Before the entrance of a cliff-worn cave,
With just enough of life to feel its pain,
And deem that it was saved, perhaps in vain.

CIX.

With slow and staggering effort he arose,
But sunk again upon his bleeding knee
And quivering hand; and then he look'd for those
Who long had been his mates upon the sea;
But none of them appear'd to share his woes,
Save one, a corpse, from out the famish'd three,
Who died two days before, and now had found
An unknown barren beach for burial-ground.

CX.

And as he gazed, his dizzy brain spun fast,
And down he sunk; and as he sunk, the sand
Swam round and round, and all his senses pass'd:
He fell upon his side, and his stretch'd hand
Droop'd dripping on the oar (their jury-mast),
And, like a wither'd lily, on the land,
His slender frame and pallid aspect lay,
As fair a thing as e'er was form'd of clay.

CXI.

How long in his damp trance young Juan lay
 He knew not, for the earth was gone for him,
 And time had nothing more of night nor day
 For his congealing blood, and senses dim;
 And how this heavy faintness pass'd away
 He knew not, till each painful pulse and limb,
 And tingling vein, seem'd throbbing back to life,
 For Death, though vanquish'd, still retired with strife.

CXII.

His eyes he open'd, shut, again unclosed,
 For all was doubt and dizziness; he thought
 He still was in the boat, and had but dozed,
 And felt again with his despair o'erwrought,
 And wish'd it death in which he had reposed,
 And then once more his feelings back were brought,
 And slowly by his swimming eyes was seen
 A lovely female face of seventeen.

CXIII.

'T was bending close o'er his, and the small mouth
 Seem'd almost prying into his for breath;
 And chafing him, the soft warm hand of youth
 Recall'd his answering spirits back from death;
 And, bathing his chill temples, tried to soothe
 Each pulse to animation, till beneath
 Its gentle touch and trembling care, a sigh
 To these kind efforts made a low reply.

CXIV.

Then was the cordial pour'd, and mantle flung
 Around his scarce-clad limbs; and the fair arm
 Raised higher the faint head which o'er it hung;
 And her transparent cheek, all pure and warm,
 Pillow'd his death-like forehead; then she wrung
 His dewy curls, long drench'd by every storm;
 And watch'd with eagerness each throb that drew
 A sigh from his heaved bosom—and hers, too,

CXV.

And lifting him with care into the cave,
 The gentle girl, and her attendant,—one
 Young, yet her elder, and of brow less grave,
 And more robust of figure—then begun

To kindle fire, and as the new flames gaye
Light to the rocks that roof'd them, which the sun
Had never seen, the maid, or whatsoe'er
She was, appear'd distinct, and tall, and fair.

CXVI.

Her brow was overhung with coins of gold,
That sparkled o'er the auburn of her hair,
Her clustering hair, whose longer locks were roll'd
In braids behind; and though her stature were
Even of the highest for a female mould,
They nearly reach'd her heel; and in her air
There was a something which bespoke command,
As one who was a lady in the land.

CXVII.

Her hair, I said, was auburn; but her eyes
Were black as death, their lashes the same hue,
Of downcast length, in whose silk shadow lies
Deepest attraction; for when to the view
Forth from its raven fringe the full glance flies,
Ne'er with such force the swiftest arrow flew;
'Tis as the snake late coil'd, who pours his length,
And hurls at once his venom and his strength.

CXVIII.

Her brow was white and low, her cheek's pure dye
Like twilight rosy yet with the set sun;
Short upper lip—sweet lips! that make us sigh
Ever to have seen such; for she was one
Fit for the model of a statuary
(A race of mere impostors, when all's done—
I've seen much finer women, ripe and real,
Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal).

CXIX.

I'll tell you why I say so, for't is just
One should not rail without a decent cause;
There was an Irish lady, to whose bust
I ne'er saw justice done, and yet she was
A frequent model; and if e'er she must
Yield to stern Time and Nature's wrinkling laws,
They will destroy a face which mortal thought
Ne'er compass'd, nor less mortal chisel wrought.

CXX.

And such was she, the lady of the cave :

Her dress was very different from the Spanish,
Simpler, and yet of colours not so grave ;

For, as you know, the Spanish women banish
Bright hues when out of doors, and yet, while wave
Around them (what I hope will never vanish)

The basquina and the mantilla, they
Seem at the same time mystical and gay.

CXXI.

But with our damsel this was not the case :

Her dress was many-colour'd, finely spun ;
Her locks curl'd negligently round her face,

But through them gold and gems profusely shone :
Her girdle sparkled, and the richest lace

Flow'd in her veil, and many a precious stone
Flash'd on her little hand ; but, what was shocking,
Her small snow feet had slippers, but no stocking.

CXXII.

The other female's dress was not unlike,

But of inferior materials : she
Had not so many ornaments to strike,

Her hair had silver only, bound to be
Her dowry ; and her veil, in form alike,

Was coarser ; and her air, though firm, less free ;
Her hair was thicker, but less long ; her eyes
As black, but quicker, and of smaller size.

CXXIII.

And these two tended him, and cheer'd him both

With food and raiment, and those soft attentions,
Which are—(as I must own)—of female growth,

And have ten thousand delicate inventions :
They made a most superior mess of broth,

A thing which poesy but seldom mentions,
But the best dish that e'er was cook'd since Homer's
Achilles order'd dinner for new comers.

CXXIV.

I'll tell you who they were, this female pair,

Lest they should seem princesses in disguise ;
Besides, I hate all mystery, and that air

Of clap-trap, which your recent poets prize ;

And so, in short, the girls they really were
They shall appear before your curious eyes,
Mistress and maid ; the first was only daughter
Of an old man, who lived upon the water.

CXXV.

A fisherman he had been in his youth,
And still a sort of fisherman was he ;
But other speculations were, in sooth,
Added to his connexion with the sea,
Perhaps not so respectable, in truth :
A little smuggling, and some piracy,
Left him, at last, the sole of many masters
Of an ill-gotten million of piastres.

CXXVI.

A fisher, therefore, was he,—though of men,
Like Peter the Apostle,—and he fish'd
For wandering merchant vessels, now and then,
And sometimes caught as many as he wish'd ;
The cargoes he confiscated, and gain
He sought in the slave market too, and dish'd
Full many a morsel for that Turkish trade,
By which, no doubt, a good deal may be made.

CXXVII.

He was a Greek, and on his isle had built
(One of the wild and smaller Cyclades)
A very handsome house from out his guilt,
And there he lived exceedingly at ease :
Heaven knows what cash he got, or blood he spilt,
A sad old fellow was he, if you please ;
But this I know, it was a spacious building,
Full of barbaric carving, paint, and gilding.

CXXVIII.

He had an only daughter, call'd Haidée,
The greatest heiress of the Eastern Isles ;
Besides, so very beautiful was she,
Her dowry was as nothing to her smiles :
Still in her teens, and like a lovely tree
She grew to womanhood, and between whiles
Rejected several suitors, just to learn
How to accept a better in his turn.

CXXIX.

And walking out upon the beach, below
 The cliff,—towards sunset, on that day she found,
 Insensible,—not dead, but nearly so,—
 Don Juan, almost famish'd, and half drown'd :
 But being naked, she was shock'd, you know,
 Yet deem'd herself in common pity bound,
 As far as in her lay, "to take him in,
 A stranger" dying, with so white a skin.

CXXX.

But taking him into her father's house
 Was not exactly the best way to save,
 But like conveying to the cat the mouse,
 Or people in a trance into their grave ;
 Because the good old man had so much "rouge,"
 Unlike the honest Arab thieves so brave,
 He would have hospitably cured the stranger, •
 And sold him instantly when out of danger.

CXXXI.

And therefore, with her maid, she thought it best
 (A virgin always on her maid relies)
 To place him in the cave for present rest :
 And when, at last, he open'd his black eyes,
 Their charity increased about their guest ;
 And their compassion grew to such a size,
 It open'd half the turnpike gates to heaven—
 (St. Paul says, 't is the toll which must be given).

CXXXII.

They made a fire,—but such a fire as they
 Upon the moment could contrive with such
 Materials as were cast up round the bay,—
 Some broken planks, and oars, that to the touch
 Were nearly tinder, since so long they lay
 A mast was almost crumbled to a crutch ;
 But, by God's grace, here wrecks were in such plenty,
 That there was fuel to have furnish'd twenty.

CXXXIII.

He had a bed of furs and a pelisse,
 For Haidée stripp'd her sables off to make
 His couch ; and, that he might be more at ease,
 And warm, in case by chance he should awake ;

They also gave a petticoat apiece,
She and her maid,—and promised by day-break
To pay him a fresh visit, with a dish
For breakfast, of eggs, coffee, bread, and fish

CXXXIV.

And thus they left him to his lone repose :
Juan slept like a top, or like the dead,
Who sleep at last, perhaps (God only knows),
Just for the present ; and in his lull'd head
Not even a vision of his former woes
Throbb'd in accursed dreams, which sometimes spread
Unwelcome visions of our former years,
Till the eye, cheated, opens thick with tears.

CXXXV.

Young Juan slept all dreamless :—but the maid,
Who smooth'd his pillow, as she left the den
Look'd back upon him, and a moment staid,
And turn'd, believing that he call'd again.
He slumber'd ; yet she thought, at least she said
(The heart will slip, even as the tongue and pen),
He had pronounced her name—but she forgot
That at this moment Juan knew it not.

CXXXVI.

And pensive to her father's house she went,
Enjoining silence strict to Zoe, who
Better than her knew what, in fact, she meant,
She being wiser by a year or two :
A year or two's an age when rightly spent,
And Zoe spent hers, as most women do,
In gaining all that useful sort of knowledge
Which is acquired in Nature's good old college.

CXXXVII.

The morn broke, and found Juan slumbering still
Fast in his cave, and nothing clash'd upon
His rest : the rushing of the neighbouring rill,
And the young beams of the excluded sun,
Troubled him not, and he might sleep his fill ;
And need he had of slumber yet, for none
Had suffer'd more—his hardships were comparative
To those related in my grand-dad's "Narrative."

CXXXVIII.

Not so Haidée : she sadly toss'd and tumbled,
 And started from her sleep, and, turning o'er,
 Dream'd of a thousand wrecks, o'er which she stumbled,
 And handsome corpses strew'd upon the shore ;
 And woke her maid so early that she grumbled,
 And call'd her father's old slaves up, who swore
 In several oaths—Armenian, Turk, and Greek—
 They knew not what to think of such a freak.

CXXXIX.

But up she got, and up she made them get,
 With some pretence about the sun, that makes,
 Sweet skies just when he rises, or is set ;
 And 't is, no doubt, a sight to see when breaks
 Bright Phoebus, while the mountains still are wet
 With mist, and every bird with him awakes,
 And night is flung off like a mourning suit
 Worn for a husband,—or some other brute.

CXL.

I say, the sun is a most glorious sight :
 I've seen him rise full oft, indeed of late
 I have sat up on purpose all the night,
 Which hastens, as physicians say, one's fate ;
 And so all ye, who would be in the right
 In health and purse, begin your day to date
 From daybreak, and when coffin'd at fourscore
 Engrave upon the plate, you rose at four.

CXLI.

And Haidée met the morning face to face ;
 Her own was freshest, though a feverish flush
 Had dyed it with the headlong blood, whose race
 From heart to cheek is curb'd into a blush,
 Like to a torrent which a mountain's base,
 That overpowers some Alpine river's rush,
 Checks to a lake, whose waves in circles spread ;
 Or the Red Sea—but the sea is not red.

CXLII.

And down the cliff the island virgin came,
 And near the cave her quick light footsteps drew,
 While the sun smiled on her with his first flame,
 And young Aurora kiss'd her lips with dew,

Taking her for a sister ; just the same
Mistake you would have made on seeing the two,
Although the mortal, quite as fresh and fair,
Had all the advantage, too, of not being air.

CXLIII.

And when into the cavern Haidée stepp'd
All timidly, yet rapidly, she saw
That like an infant Juan sweetly slept ;
And then she stopp'd, and stood as if in awe
(For sleep is awful), and on tiptoe crept
And wrapt him closer, lest the air, too raw,
Should reach his blood, then o'er him still as death
Bent, with hush'd lips, that drank his scarce-drawn breath.

CXLIV.

And thus like to an angel o'er the dying
Who die in righteousness, she lean'd ; and there
All tranquilly the shipwreck'd boy was lying,
As o'er him lay the calm and stirless air :
But Zoe the mean time some eggs was frying,
Since, after all, no doubt the youthful pair
Must breakfast, and betimes—lest they should ask it,
She drew out her provision from the basket.

CXLV.

She knew that the best feelings must have victual,
And that a shipwreck'd youth would hungry be ;
Besides, being less in love, she yawn'd a little,
And felt her veins chill'd by the neighbouring sea ;
And so, she cook'd their breakfast to a tittle ;
I can't say that she gave them any tea,
But there were eggs, fruit, coffee, bread, fish, honey,
With Scio wine,—and all for love, not money.

CXLVI.

And Zoe, when the eggs were ready, and
The coffee made, would fain have waken'd Juan ;
But Haidée stopp'd her with her quick small hand,
And without word, a sign her finger drew on
Her lip, which Zoe needs must understand ;
And, the first breakfast spoilt, prepared a new one,
Because her mistress would not let her break
That sleep which seem'd as it would ne'er awake.

CXLVII.

For still he lay, and on his thin worn cheek
 A purple hectic play'd like dying day
 On the snow-tops of distant hills; the streak
 Of sufferance yet upon his forehead lay,
 Where the blue veins look'd shadowy, shrunk, and weak :
 And his black curls were dewy with the spray,
 Which weigh'd upon them yet, all damp and salt,
 Mix'd with the stony vapours of the vault.

CXLVIII.

And she bent o'er him, and he lay beneath,
 Hush'd as the babe upon its mother's breast,
 Droop'd as the willow when no winds can breathe,
 Lull'd like the depth of ocean when at rest,
 Fair as the crowning rose of the whole wreath,
 Soft as the callow cygnet in its nest :
 In short, he was a very pretty fellow,
 Although his woes had turn'd him rather yellow.

CXLIX.

He woke and gazed, and would have slept again,
 But the fair face which met his eyes forbade
 Those eyes to close, though weariness and pain
 Had further sleep a further pleasure made ;
 For woman's face was never form'd in vain
 For Juan, so that even when he pray'd
 He turn'd from grisly saints, and martyrs hairy,
 To the sweet portraits of the Virgin Mary.

CL.

And thus upon his elbow he arose,
 And look'd upon the lady, in whose cheek
 The pale contended with the purple rose,
 As with an effort she began to speak ;
 Her eyes were eloquent, her words would pose,
 Although she told him, in good modern Greek,
 With an Ionian accent, low and sweet,
 That he was faint, and must not talk, but eat.

CLI.

Now Juan could not understand a word,
 Being no Grecian ; but he had an ear,
 And her voice was the warble of a bird,
 So soft, so sweet, so delicately clear,

That finer, simpler music ne'er was heard ;,
The sort of sound we echo with a tear,
Without knowing why—an overpowering tone,
Whence melody descends as from a throne.

CLII.

And Juan gazed as one who is awake
By a distant organ, doubting if he be
Not yet a dreamer, till the spell is broke
By the watchman, or some such reality,
Or by one's early valet's cursed knock ;
At least it is a heavy sound to me,
Who like a morning slumber—for the night
Shows stars and women in a better light.

CLIII.

And Juan, too, was help'd out from his dream,
Or sleep, or whatsoe'er it was, by feeling
A most prodigious appetite ; the steam
Of Zoe's cookery no doubt was stealing
Upon his senses, and the kindling beam
Of the new fire, which Zoe kept up, kneeling,
To stir her viands, make him quite awake
And long for food, but chiefly a beef-steak.

CLIV.

But beef is rare within these oxless isles ;
Goat's flesh there is, no doubt, and kid, and mutton,
And, when a holiday upon them smiles,
A joint upon their barbarous spits they put on :
But this occurs but seldom, between whiles,
For some of these are rocks with scarce a hut on ;
Others are fair and fertile, among which
This, though not large, was one of the most rich.

CLV.

I say that beef is rare, and can't help thinking
That the old fable of the Minotaur—
From which our modern morals, rightly shrinking,
Condemn the royal lady's taste who wore
A cow's shape for a mask—was only (sinking
The allegory), a mere type, no more,
That Pasiphae promoted breeding cattle,
To make the Cretans bloodier in battle.

CLVI.

For we all know that English people are
 Fed upon beef—I won't say much of beer,
 Because 't is liquor only, and being far
 From this my subject, has no business here;
 We know, too, they are very fond of war,
 A pleasure—like all pleasures—rather dear;
 So were the Cretans—from which I infer
 That beef and battles both were owing to her.

CLVII.

But to resume. The languid Juan raised
 His head upon his elbow, and he saw
 A sight on which he had not lately gazed,
 As all his latter meals had been quite raw,
 Three or four things, for which the Lord he praised,
 And, feeling still the famish'd vulture gnaw,
 He fell upon whate'er was offer'd, like
 A priest, a shark, an alderman, or pike.

CLVIII.

He ate, and he was well supplied; and she,
 Who watch'd him like a mother, would have fed
 Him past all bounds, because she smiled to see
 Such appetite in one she had deem'd dead:
 But Zoe, being older than Haidée,
 Knew (by tradition, for she ne'er had read)
 That famish'd people must be slowly nurst,
 And fed by spoonfuls, else they always burst.

CLIX.

And so she took the liberty to state,
 Rather by deeds than words, because the case
 Was urgent, that the gentleman, whose fate
 Had made her mistress quit her bed to trace
 The sea-shore at this hour, must leave his plate,
 Unless he wish'd to die upon the place—
 She snatch'd it, and refused another morsel,
 Saying, he had gorged enough to make a horse ill.

CLX.

Next they—he being naked, save a tatter'd
 Pair of scarce decent trowsers—went to work,
 And in the fire his recent rags they scatter'd,
 And dress'd him, for the present, like a Turk,

Or Greek—that is, although it not much matter'd,
Omitting turban, slippers, pistols, dirk,—
They furnish'd him, entire, except some stitches,
With a clean shirt, and very spacious breeches.

CLXI.

And then fair Haidée tried her tongue at speaking,
But not a word could Juan comprehend,
Although he listen'd so that the young Greek in
Her earnestness would ne'er have made an end;
And, as he interrupted not, went eking
Her speech out to her protégé and friend,
Till pausing at the last her breath to take,
She saw he did not understand Romaic.

CLXII.

And then she had recourse to nods, and signs,
And smiles, and sparkles of the speaking eye,
And read (the only book she could) the lines
Of his fair face, and found, by sympathy,
The answer eloquent, where the soul shines
And darts in one quick glance a long reply;
And thus in every look she saw exprest
A world of words, and things at which she guess'd.

CLXIII.

And now, by dint of fingers and of eyes,
And words repeated after her, he took
A lesson in her tongue; but by surmise,
No doubt, less of her language than her look:
As he who studies fervently the skies
Turns oftener to the stars than to his book,
Thus Juan learn'd his alpha beta better
From Haidée's glance than any graven letter.

CLXIV.

'Tis pleasing to be school'd in a strange tongue
By female lips and eyes—that is, I mean,
When both the teacher and the taught are young,
As was the case, at least, where I have been;
They smile so when one's right, and when one's wrong
They smile still more, and then there intervene
Pressure of hands, perhaps even a chaste kiss;—
I learn'd the little that I know by this:

CLXV.

That is, some words of Spanish, Turk, and Greek,
 Italian not at all, having no teachers ;
 Much English I cannot pretend to speak,
 Learning that language chiefly from its preachers,
 Barrow, South, Tillotson, whom every week
 I study, also Blair, the highest reachers
 Of eloquence in piety and prose—
 I hate your poets, so read none of those.

CLXVI.

As for the ladies, I have nought to say,
 A wanderer from the British world of fashion,
 Where I, like other "dogs, have had my day,"
 Like other men, too, may have had my passion—
 But that, like other things, has pass'd away,
 And all her fools whom I *could* lay the lash on :
 Foes, friends, men, women, now are nought to me
 But dreams of what has been, no more to be.

CLXVII.

Return we to Don Juan. He begun
 To hear new words, and to repeat them ; but
 Some feelings, universal as the sun,
 Were such as could not in his breast be shut
 More than within the bosom of a nun :
 He was in love,—as you would be, no doubt,
 With a young benefactress,—so was she,
 Just in the way we very often see.

CLXVIII.

And every day by daybreak—rather early
 For Juan, who was somewhat fond of rest—
 She came into the cave, but it was merely
 To see her bird reposing in his nest ;
 And she would softly stir his locks so curly,
 Without disturbing her yet slumbering guest,
 Breathing all gently o'er his cheek and mouth,
 As o'er a bed of roses the sweet south.

CLXIX.

And every morn his colour fresher came,
 And every day help'd on his convalescence ;
 'T was well, because health in the human frame
 Is pleasant, besides being true love's essence,

For health and idleness to passion's flame ;
Are oil and gunpowder ; and some good lessons
Are also learnt from Ceres and from Bacchus,
Without whom Venus will not long attack us.

CLXX.

While Venus fills the heart (without heart really
Love, though good always, is not quite so good),
Ceres presents a plate of vermicelli,—
For love must be sustain'd like flesh and blood,
While Bacchus pours out wine, or hands a jelly :
Eggs, oysters, too, are amatory food ;
But who is their purveyor from above
Heaven knows,—it may be Neptune, Pan, or Jove.

CLXXI.

When Juan woke he found some good things ready,
A bath, a breakfast, and the finest eyes
That ever made a youthful heart less steady,
Besides her maid's, as pretty for their size ;
But I have spoken of all this already—
And repetition's tiresome and unwise,—
Well—Juan, after bathing in the sea,
Came always back to coffee and Haidée.

CLXXII.

Both were so young, and one so innocent,
That bathing pass'd for nothing ; Juan seem'd
To her, as 't were, the kind of being sent,
Of whom these two years she had nightly dream'd,
A something to be loved, a creature meant
To be her happiness, and whom she deem'd
To render happy : all who joy would win
Must share it,—Happiness was born a twin.

CLXXIII.

It was such pleasure to behold him, such
Enlargement of existence to partake
Nature with him, to thrill beneath his touch,
To watch him slumbering, and to see him wake ;
To live with him for ever were too much ;
But then the thought of parting made her quake :
He was her own, her ocean-treasure, cast
Like a rich wreck—her first love, and her last.

CLXXIV.

And thus a moon roll'd on, and fair Haidée
Paid daily visits to her boy, and took
Such plentiful precautions, that still he
Remain'd unknown within his craggy nook ;
At last her father's prows put out to sea,
For certain merchantmen upon the look,
Not as of yore to carry off an Io,
But three Ragusan vessels bound for Scio.

CLXXV.

Then came her freedom, for she had no mother,
So that, her father being at sea, she was
Free as a married woman, or such other
Female, as where she likes may freely pass,
Without even the encumbrance of a brother,
* The freest she that ever gazed on glass :
I speak of Christian lands in this comparison,
Where wives, at least, are seldom kept in garrison.

CLXXVI.

Now she prolong'd her visits and her talk
(For they must talk), and he had learnt to say
So much as to propose to take a walk,—
For little had he wander'd since the day
On which, like a young flower snapp'd from the stalk,
Drooping and dewy on the beach he lay,—
And thus they walk'd out in the afternoon,
And saw the sun set opposite the moon.

CLXXVII.

It was a wild and breaker-beaten coast,
With cliffs above, and a broad sandy shore,
Guarded by shoals and rocks as by an host,
With here and there a creek, whose aspect wore
A better welcome to the tempest-tost ;
And rarely ceased the haughty billows' roar,
Save on the dead long summer days, which make
The outstretch'd ocean glitter like a lake.

CLXXVIII.

And the small ripple spilt upon the beach
Scarcely o'erpass'd the cream of your champagne
When o'er the brim the sparkling bumpers reach,
That spring-dew of the spirit ! the heart's rain !

Few things surpass old wine ; and they may preach
Who please,—the more because they preach in vain,—
Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter,
Sermons and soda-water the day after.

CLXXIX.

Man, being reasonable, must get drunk ;
The best of life is but intoxication :
Glory, the grape, love, gold, in these are sunk
The hopes of all men, and of every nation ;
Without their sap, how branchless were the trunk
Of life's strange tree, so fruitful on occasion !
But to return,—Get very drunk ; and when
You wake with headache, you shall see what then.

CLXXX.

Ring for your valet—bid him quickly bring
Some hock and soda-water, then you'll know
A pleasure worthy Xerxes the great king ;
For not the blest sherbet, sublimed with snow,
Nor the first sparkle of the desert spring,
Nor Burgundy in all its sunset glow,
After long travel, ennui, love, or slaughter,
Vie with that draught of hock and soda-water.

CLXXXI.

The coast—I think it was the coast that I
Was just describing—Yes, it *was* the coast—
Lay at this period quiet as the sky,
The sands untumbled, the blue waves untost,
And all was stillness, save the sea-bird's cry,
The dolphin's leap, and little billow crost
By some low rock or shelve, that made it fret
Against the boundary it scarcely wet.

CLXXXII.

And forth they wander'd, her sire being gone,
As I have said, upon an expedition ;
And mother, brother, guardian, she had none,
Save Zoe, who, although with due precision
She waited on her lady with the sun,
Thought daily service was her only mission,
Bringing warm water, wreathing her long tresses,
And asking now and then for cast-off dresses.

CLXXXIII.

It was the cooling hour, just when the rounded
 Red sun sinks down behind the azure hill,
 Which then seems as if the whole earth it bounded,
 Circling all nature, hush'd, and dim, and still,
 With the far mountain-crescent half surrounded
 On one side, and the deep sea, calm and chill,
 Upon the other, and the rosy sky,
 With one star sparkling through it like an eye.

CLXXXIV.

And thus they wander'd forth, and hand in hand,
 Over the shining pebbles and the shells,
 Glided along the smooth and harden'd sand,
 And in the worn and wild receptacles
 Work'd by the storms, yet work'd as it were plann'd,
 In hollow halls, with sparry roofs and cells,
 They turn'd to rest; and, each clasp'd by an arm,
 Yielded to the deep twilight's purple charm.

CLXXXV.

They look'd up to the sky, whose floating glow
 Spread like a rosy ocean, vast and bright;
 They gazed upon the glittering sea below,
 Whence the broad moon rose circling into sight;
 They heard the waves' splash, and the wind so low,
 And saw each other's dark eyes darting light
 Into each other—and, beholding this,
 Their lips drew near, and clung into a kiss;

CLXXXVI.

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love,
 And beauty, all concentrating like rays
 Into one focus, kindled from above;
 Such kisses as belong to early days,
 Where heart, and soul, and sense, in concert move,
 And the blood's lava, and the pulse a blaze,
 Each kiss a heart-quake,—for a kiss's strength,
 I think it must be reckon'd by its length.

CLXXXVII.

By length I mean duration; theirs endured
 Heaven knows how long—no doubt they never reckon'd;
 And if they had, they could not have secured
 The sum of their sensations to a second;

They had not spoken ; but they felt allured,
 As if their souls and lips each other beckon'd,
 Which, being join'd, like swarming bees they clung—
 Their hearts the flowers from whence the honey sprung.

CLXXXVIII.

They were alone, but not alone as they
 Who shut in chambers think it loneliness ;
 The silent ocean, and the starlight bay,
 The twilight glow, which momentarily grew less,
 The voiceless sands, and dropping caves, that lay
 Around them, made them to each other press,
 As if there were no life beneath the sky
 Save theirs, and that their life could never die.

CLXXXIX.

They fear'd no eyes nor ears on that lone beach,
 They felt no terrors from the night ; they were
 All in all to each other ; though their speech
 Was broken words, they *thought* a language there,—
 And all the burning tongues the passions teach
 Found in one sigh the best interpreter
 Of nature's oracle—first love,—that all
 Which Eve has left her daughters since her fall.

CXC.

Haidée spoke not of scruples, ask'd no vows,
 Nor offer'd any ; she had never heard
 Of plight and promises to be a spouse,
 Or perils by a loving maid incurr'd ;
 She was all which pure ignorance allows,
 And flew to her young mate like a young bird,
 And never having dreamt of falsehood, she
 Had not one word to say of constancy.

CXCI.

She loved, and was beloved—she adored,
 And she was worshipp'd ; after nature's fashion,
 Their intense souls, into each other pour'd,
 If souls could die, had perish'd in that passion,—
 But by degrees their senses were restored,
 Again to be o'ercome, again to dash on ;
 And, beating 'gainst *his* bosom, Haidée's heart
 Felt as if never more to beat apart.

CXCII.

Alas! they were so young, so beautiful,
 So lonely, loving, helpless, and the hour
 Was that in which the heart is always full,
 And, having o'er itself no further power,
 Prompts deeds eternity cannot annul,
 But pays off moments in an endless shower
 Of hell-fire—all prepared for people giving
 Pleasure or pain to one another living.

CXCIII.

Alas! for Juan and Haidée! they were
 So loving and so lovely—till then never,
 Excepting our first parents, such a pair
 Had run the risk of being damn'd for ever,
 And Haidée, being devout as well as fair,
 Had, doubtless, heard about the Stygian river,
 And hell and purgatory—but forgot
 Just in the very crisis, she should not.

CXCIV.

They look upon each other, and their eyes
 Gleam in the moonlight; and her white arm clasps
 Round Juan's head, and his around her lies
 Half buried in the tresses which it grasps;
 She sits upon his knee, and drinks his sighs,
 He hers, until they end in broken gasps;
 And thus they form a group that's quite antique,
 Half naked, loving, natural, and Greek.

CXCV.

And when those deep and burning moments pass'd,
 And Juan sunk to sleep within her arms,
 She slept not, but all tenderly, though fast,
 Sustain'd his head upon her bosom's charms;
 And now and then her eye to heaven is cast,
 And then on the pale cheek her breast now warms,
 Pillow'd on her o'erflowing heart, which pants
 With all it granted, and with all it grants.

CXCVI.

An infant when it gazes on a light,
 A child the moment when it drains the breast,
 A devotee when soars the Host in sight,
 An Arab with a stranger for a guest,

A sailor when a prize has struck in fight,
A miser filling his most hoarded chest,
Feel rapture ; but not such true joy are reaping
As they who watch o'er what they love while sleeping.

CXC VII.

For there it lies so tranquil, so beloved,
All that it hath of life with us is living ;
So gentle, stirless, helpless, and unmoved,
And all unconscious of the joy 't is giving ;
All it hath felt, inflicted, pass'd, and proved,
Hush'd into depths beyond the watcher's diving ;
There lies the thing we love with all its errors
And all its charms, like death without its terrors.

CXC VIII.

The lady watch'd her lover—and that hour
Of Love's, and Night's, and Ocean's solitude,
O'erflow'd her soul with their united power ;
Amidst the barren sand and rocks so rude
She and her wave-worn love had made their bower,
Where nought upon their passion could intrude,
And all the stars that crowded the blue space
Saw nothing happier than her glowing face.

CXC IX.

Alas ! the love of women ! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing ;
For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,
And, if 't is lost, life hath no more to bring
To them but mockeries of the past alone,
And their revenge is as the tiger's spring,
Deadly, and quick, and crushing ; yet, as real
Torture is theirs, what they inflict they feel.

CC.

They're right ; for man, to man so oft unjust,
Is always so to women ; one sole bond
Awaits them, treachery is all their trust ;
Taught to conceal, their bursting hearts despond
Over their idol, till some wealthier lust
Buys them in marriage—and what rests beyond ?
A thankless husband, next a faithless lover,
Then dressing, nursing, praying, and all's over.

CCI.

Some take a lover, some take drams or prayers.
 Some mind their household, others dissipation,
 Some run away, and but exchange their cares,
 Losing the advantage of a virtuous station;
 Few changes e'er can better their affairs,
 Theirs being an unnatural situation,
 From the dull palace to the dirty hovel:
 Some play the devil, and then write a novel.

CCII.

Haidée was Nature's bride, and knew not this:
 Haidée was Passion's child, born where the sun
 Showers triple light, and scorches even the kiss
 Of his gazelle-eyed daughters; she was *made*
 Made but to love, to feel that she was *here*.
 Who was her chosen: what was said or done
 Elsewhere was nothing. She had nought to fear,
 Hope, care, nor love beyond,—her heart beat *here*.

CCIII.

And oh! that quickening of the heart, that beat!
 How much it costs us! yet each rising throb
 Is in its cause as its effect so sweet,
 That Wisdom, ever on the watch to rob
 Joy of its alchemy, and to repeat
 Fine truths; even Conscience, too, has a tough job
 To make us understand each good old maxim,
 So good—I wonder Castlereagh do n't tax 'em.

CCIV.

And now 't was done—on the lone shore were plighted
 Their hearts; the stars, their nuptial torches, shed
 Beauty upon the beautiful they lighted:
 Ocean their witness, and the cave their bed,
 By their own feelings hallow'd and united,
 Their priest was Solitude, and they were wed:
 And they were happy, for to their young eyes
 Each was an angel, and earth paradise.

CCV.

Oh, Love! of whom great Cæsar was the suitor,
 Titus the master, Antony the slave,
 Horace, Catullus, scholars, Ovid tutor,
 Sappho the sage blue-stockings, in whose grave

All those may leap who rather would be neuter—
 (Leucadia's rock still overlooks the wave)—
 Oh, Love! thou art the very god of evil,
 For, after all, we cannot call thee devil.

CCVI.

Thou mak'st the chaste connubial state precarious,
 And jestest with the brows of mightiest men :
 Cæsar and Pompey, Mahomet, Belisarius,
 Have much employ'd the muse of history's pen :
 Their lives and fortunes were extremely various,
 Such worthies Time will never see again ;
 Yet to these four in three things the same luck holds,
 They all were heroes, conquerors, and cuckolds.

CCVII.

Thou mak'st philosophers ; there's Epicurus
 And Aristippus, a material crew !
 Who to immoral courses would allure us
 By theories quite practicable too ;
 If only from the devil they would insure us,
 How pleasant were the maxim (not quite new),
 " Eat, drink, and love ; what can the rest avail us ?"
 So said the royal sage Sardanapalus.

CCVIII.

But Juan ! had he quite forgotten Julia ?
 And should he have forgotten her so soon ?
 I can't but say it seems to me most truly a
 Perplexing question ; but, no doubt, the moon
 Does these things for us, and whenever newly a
 Strong palpitation rises, 't is her boon,
 Else how the devil is it that fresh features
 Have such a charm for us poor human creatures ?

CCIX.

I hate inconstancy—I loathe, detest,
 Abhor, condemn, abjure the mortal made
 Of such quicksilver clay that in his breast
 No permanent foundation can be laid ;
 Love, constant love, has been my constant guest,
 And yet last night, being at a masquerade,
 I saw the prettiest creature, fresh from Milan,
 Which gave me some sensations like a villain.

CCX.

But soon Philosophy came to my aid,
 And whisper'd, "Think of every sacred tie!"
 "I will, my dear Philosophy!" I said,
 "But then her teeth, and then, oh, Heaven! her eye!
 I'll just inquire if she be wife or maid,
 Or neither—out of curiosity."
 "Stop!" cried Philosophy, with air so Grècian
 (Though she was masqued then as a fair Venetian);

CCXI.

"Stop!" so I stopp'd.—But to return: that which
 Men call inconstancy is nothing more
 Than admiration due where nature's rich
 Profusion with young beauty covers o'er
 Some favour'd object; and as in the niche
 A lovely statue we almost adore,
 This sort of adoration of the real
 Is but a heightening of the "beau ideal."

CCXII.

'T is the perception of the beautiful,
 A fine extension of the faculties,
 Platonic, universal, wonderful,
 Drawn from the stars, and filter'd through the skies,
 Without which life would be extremely dull;
 In short, it is the use of our own eyes,
 With one or two small senses added, just
 To hint that flesh is form'd of fiery dust.

CCXIII.

Yet 't is a painful feeling, and unwilling,
 For surely if we always could perceive
 In the same object graces quite as killing
 As when she rose upon us like an Eve,
 'T would save us many a heart-ache, many a shilling
 (For we must get them any how, or grieve),
 Whereas, if one sole lady pleased for ever,
 How pleasant for the heart, as well as liver!

CCXIV.

The heart is like the sky, a part of heaven,
 But changes night and day, too, like the sky;
 Now o'er it clouds and thunder must be driven,
 And darkness and destruction as on high:

But when it hath been scorch'd, and pierc'd, and riven,
 Its storms expire in water-drops; the eye
 Pours forth at last the heart's blood turn'd to tears,
 Which make the English climate of our years.

n CCXV.

The liver is the lazaret of bile,
 But very rarely executes its function,
 For the first passion stays there such a while
 That all the rest creep in and form a junction,
 Like knots of vipers on a dunghill's soil,
 Rage, fear, hate, jealousy, revenge, compunction,
 So that all mischiefs spring up from this entrail,
 Like earthquakes from the hidden fire call'd "central."

c r CCXVI.

In the mean time, without proceeding more
 In this anatomy, I've finish'd now
 Two hundred and odd stanzas as before,
 That being about the number I'll allow
 Each canto of the twelve, or twenty-four;
 And, laying down my pen, I make my bow,
 Leaving Don Juan and Haidée to plead
 For them and theirs with all who deign to read.

CANTO THE THIRD.

I.

HAIL, Muse! *et cetera*.—We left Juan sleeping,
 Pillow'd upon a fair and happy breast,
 And watch'd by eyes that never yet knew weeping,
 And loved by a young heart, too deeply blest
 To feel the poison through her spirit creeping,
 Or know who rested there, a foe to rest,
 Had soil'd the current of her sinless years,
 And turn'd her pure heart's purest blood to tears!

II.

Oh, Love! what is it in this world of ours
 Which makes it fatal to be loved? Ah why
 With cypress branches hast thou wreathed thy bowers,
 And made thy best interpreter a sigh?

As those who dote on odours pluck the flowers,
 And place them on their breast, but place to die—
 Thus the frail beings we would fondly cherish
 Are laid within our bosoms but to perish.

III.

In her first passion woman loves her lover,
 In all the others all she loves is love,
 Which grows a habit she can ne'er give over,
 And fits her loosely—like an easy shoe,
 As you may find, whene'er you like to love her:
 One man alone at first her heart can move;
 She then prefers him in the plural number,
 Not finding that the additions much enumber.

IV.

I know not if the fault be men's or theirs,
 But one thing's pretty sure; a woman plotted
 (Unless at once she plunge for life in prayer—
 After a decent time must be gallanted;
 Although, no doubt, her first of love affairs
 Is that to which her heart is wholly granted,
 Yet there are some, they say, who have had three,
 But those who have ne'er end with only one.

V.

'Tis melancholy, and a fearful sign
 Of human frailty, folly, also crime,
 That love and marriage rarely can combine,
 Although they both are born in the same climate,
 Marriage from love, like vinegar from wine—
 A sad, sour, sober beverage—by time
 Is sharpen'd from its high celestial flavour,
 Down to a very homely household savour.

VI.

There's something of antipathy, as 't were,
 Between their present and their future state;
 A kind of flattery that's hardly fair
 Is used until the truth arrives too late—
 Yet what can people do, except despair?
 The same things change their names at such a rate,
 For instance—passion in a lover's glorious,
 But in a husband is pronounced uxorious.

VII.

Men grow ashamed of being so very fond ;
 They sometimes also get a little tired
 (But that, of course, is rare), and then despond :
 The same thing cannot always be admired,
 Yet 't is "so nominated in the bond,"
 That both are tied till one shall have expired.
 Sad thought ! to lose the spouse that was adorning
 Our days, and put one's servants into mourning.

VIII.

There's doubtless something in domestic doings
 Which forms, in fact, true love's antithesis ;
 Romances paint at full length people's wooings,
 But only give a bust of marriages ;
 For no one cares for matrimonial cooings,
 There's nothing wrong in a connubial kiss :
 Think you, if Laura had been Petrarch's wife,
 He would have written sonnets all his life ?

IX.

All tragedies are finish'd by a death,
 All comedies are ended by a marriage ;
 The future states of both are left to faith,
 For authors fear description might disparage
 The worlds to come of both, or fall beneath,
 And then both worlds would punish their miscarriage ;
 So leaving each their priest and prayer-book ready,
 They say no more of Death or of the Lady.

X.

The only two that in my recollection
 Have sung of heaven and hell, or marriage, are
 Dante and Milton, and of both the affection
 Was hapless in their nuptials, for some bar
 Of fault or temper ruin'd the connexion
 (Such things, in fact, it do n't ask much to mar) ;
 But Dante's Beatrice and Milton's Eve
 Were not drawn from their spouses, you conceive.

XI.

Some persons say that Dante meant theology
 By Beatrice, and not a mistress—I,
 Although my opinion may require apology,
 Deem this a commentator's phantasy,

Unless indeed it was from his own knowledge he
Decided thus, and show'd good reason why;
I think that Dante's more abstruse ecstasies
Meant to personify the mathematics.

XII.

Haidée and Juan were not married, but
The fault was theirs, not mine: it is not fair,
Chaste reader, then, in any way to put
The blame on me, unless you wish they were;
Then if you'd have them wedded, please to shut
The book which treats of this erroneous pair,
Before the consequences grow too awful;
'Tis dangerous to read of loves unlawful.

XIII.

Yet they were happy,—happy in the illicit
Indulgence of their innocent desires;
But more imprudent grown with every visit,
Haidée forgot the island was her sire's:
When we have what we like, 't is hard to miss it,
At least in the beginning, ere one tires;
Thus she came often, not a moment losing,
Whilst her piratical papa was cruising.

XIV.

Let not his mode of raising cash seem strange,
Although he fleeced the flags of every nation,
For into a prime minister but change
His title, and 't is nothing but taxation;
But he, more modest, took an humbler range
Of life, and in an honest vocation
Pursued o'er the high seas his watery journey,
And merely practised as a sea-attorney.

XV.

The good old gentleman had been detain'd
By winds and waves, and some important captures;
And, in the hope of more, at sea remain'd
Although a squall or two had damp'd his raptures,
By swamping one of the prizes; he had chain'd
His prisoners, dividing them like chapters
In number'd lots; they all had cuffs and collars,
And averaged each from ten to a hundred dollars.

XVI.

Some he disposed of off Cape Matapan,
Among his friends the Mainots ; some he sold
To his Tunis correspondents, save one man
Toss'd overboard unsaleable (being old) :
The rest—save here and there some richer one,
Reserved for future ransom—in the hold,
Were link'd alike, as for the common people he
Had a large order from the Dey of Tripoli.

XVII.

The merchandise was served in the same way,
Pieced out for different marts in the Levant,
Except some certain portions of the prey,
Light classic articles of female want,
French *stuffs*, *lace*, *tweezers*, *toothpicks*, *teapot*, *tray*,
Guitars and *castanets* from Alicant,
All which selected from the spoil he gathers,
Robb'd for his daughter by the best of fathers.

XVIII.

A monkey, a Dutch mastiff, a mackaw,
Two parrots, with a Persian cat and kittens,
He chose from several animals he saw—
A terrier, too, which once had been a Briton's,
Who dying on the coast of Ithaca,
The peasants gave the poor dumb thing a pittance.
These to secure in this strong blowing weather,
He caged in one huge hamper all together.

XIX.

Then having settled his marine affairs,
Despatching single cruisers here and there,
His vessel having need of some repairs,
He shaped his course to where his daughter fair
Continued still her hospitable cares ;
But that part of the coast being shoal and bare,
'And rough with reefs which ran out many a mile,
His port lay on the other side o' the isle.

XX.

And there he went ashore without delay,
Having no custom-house nor quarantine
To ask him awkward questions on the way,
About the time and place where he had been :

He left his ship to be hove down next day,
 With orders to the people to careen;
 So that all hands were busy beyond measure,
 In getting out goods, ballast, guns, and treasure.

XXI.

Arriving at the summit of a hill
 Which overlook'd the white walls of his home,
 He stopp'd.—What singular emotions fill
 Their bosoms who have been induced to roam!
 With fluttering doubts if all be well or ill—
 With love for many, and with fears for some;
 All feelings which o'erleap the years long lost,
 And bring our hearts back to their starting-post.

XXII.

The approach of home to husbands and to sires,
 After long travelling by land or water,
 Most naturally some small doubt inspires—
 A female family's a serious matter;
 (None trusts the sex more, or so much admires—
 But they hate flattery, so I never flatter;)
 Wives in their husbands' absences grow subtler,
 And daughters sometimes run off with the butler.

XXIII.

An honest gentleman at his return
 May not have the good fortune of Ulysses;
 Not all lone matrons for their husbands mourn,
 Or show the same dislike to suitors' kisses;
 The odds are that he finds a handsome urn
 To his memory—and two or three young misses
 Born to some friend, who holds his wife and riches;—
 And that *his* Argus bites him by—the breeches.

XXIV.

If single, probably his plighted fair
 Has in his absence wedded some rich miser;
 But all the better, for the happy pair
 May quarrel, and the lady growing wiser,
 He may resume his amatory care
 As cavalier servente, or despise her;
 And that his sorrow may not be a dumb one,
 Write odes on the Inconstancy of Woman.

XXV.

And oh ! ye gentlemen who have already
Some chaste *liaison* of the kind—I mean
An honest friendship with a married lady—
The only thing of this sort ever seen
To last—of all connexions the most steady,
And the true Hymen, (the first's but a screen)—
Yet for all that keep not too long away ;
I've known the absent wrong'd four times a day.

XXVI.

Lambro, our sea-solicitor, who had
Much less experience of dry land than ocean,
On seeing his own chimney-smoke, felt glad ;
But not knowing metaphysics, had no notion
Of the true reason of his not being sad,
Or that of any other strong emotion ;
He loved his child, and would have wept the loss of her,
But knew the cause no more than a philosopher.

XXVII.

He saw his white walls shining in the sun,
His garden trees all shadowy and green ;
He heard his rivulet's light bubbling run,
The distant dog-bark ; and perceived between
The umbrage of the wood so cool and dun,
The moving figures, and the sparkling sheen
Of arms (in the East all arm)—and various dyes
Of colour'd garbs, as bright as butterflies.

XXVIII.

And as the spot where they appear he nears,
Surprised at these unwonted signs of idling,
He hears—alas ! no music of the spheres,
But an unhallow'd, earthly sound of fiddling ;
A melody which made him doubt his ears,
The cause being past his guessing or unriddling ;
* A pipe, too, and a drum, and shortly after,
A most unoriental roar of laughter.

XXIX.

And still more nearly to the place advancing,
Descending rather quickly the declivity,
Through the waved branches, o'er the green-sward glancing,
'Midst other indications of festivity,

Seeing a troop of his domestics dancing
 Like dervises, who turn as on a pivot, he
 Perceived it was the Pyrrhic dance so martial,
 To which the Levantines are very partial.

XXX.

And further on a group of Grecian girls,
 The first and tallest her white kerchief waving,
 Were strung together like a row of pearls,
 Link'd hand in hand, and dancing : each too having
 Down her white neck long floating auburn curls—
 (The least of which would set ten poets raving) ;
 Their leader sang—and bounded to her song,
 With choral step and voice, the virgin throng.

XXXI.

And here, assembled cross-legg'd round their trays,
 Small social parties just begun to dine ;
 Pilaus and meats of all sorts met the gaze,
 And flasks of Samian and of Chian wine,
 And sherbet cooling in the porous vase ;
 Above them their dessert grew on its vine,
 The orange and pomegranate nodding o'er
 Dropp'd in their laps, scarce pluck'd, their mellow store.

XXXII.

A band of children round a snow-white ram,
 There wreath his venerable horns with flowers ;
 While, peaceful as if still an unwean'd lamb,
 The patriarch of the flock all gently cowers
 His sober head, majestically tame,
 Or eats from out the palm, or playful lowers
 His brow, as if in act to butt, and then
 Yielding to their small hands, draws back again.

XXXIII.

Their classical profiles, and glittering dresses,
 Their large black eyes, and soft seraphic cheeks,
 Crimson as cleft pomegranates, their long tresses,
 The gesture which enchants, the eye that speaks,
 The innocence which happy childhood blesses,
 Made quite a picture of these little Greeks ;
 So that a philosophical beholder
 Sigh'd for their sakes—that they should e'er grow older.

XXXIV.

Afar, a dwarf buffoon stood telling tales
To a sedate grey circle of old smokers,
Of secret treasures found in hidden vales,
Of wonderful replies from Arab jokers,
Of charms to make good gold and cure bad ails,
Of rocks bewitch'd that open to the knockers,
Of magic ladies who, by one sole act,
Transform'd their lords to beasts (but that's a fact).

XXXV.

Here was no lack of innocent diversion
For the imagination or the senses,
Song, dance, wine, music, stories from the Persian,
All pretty pastimes in which no offence is;
But Lambro saw all these things with aversion,
Perceiving in his absence such expenses,
Dreading that climax of all human ills,
The inflammation of his weekly bills.

XXXVI.

Ah! what is man? what perils still environ
The happiest mortals even after dinner!
A day of gold from out an age of iron
Is all that life allows the luckiest sinner;
Pleasure (whene'er she sings, at least)'s a siren;
That lures, to flay alive, the young beginner.
Lambro's reception at his people's banquet
Was such as fire accords to a wet blanket.

XXXVII.

He—being a man who seldom used a word
Too much, and wishing gladly to surprise
(In general he surprised men with the sword)
His daughter—had not sent before to advise
Of his arrival, so that no one stirr'd;
And long he paused to reassure his eyes,
In fact much more astonish'd than delighted,
To find so much good company invited.

XXXVIII.

He did not know (alas! how men will lie!)
That a report (especially the Greeks)
Avouch'd his death (such people never die),
And put his house in mourning several weeks,—

But now their eyes and also lips were dry;
 The bloom, too, had return'd to Haidée's cheeks.
 Her tears, too, being return'd into their fount,
 She now kept house upon her own account.

XXXIX.

Hence all this rice, meat, dancing, wine, and fiddling,
 Which turn'd the isle into a place of pleasure;
 The servants all were getting drunk or idling,
 A life which made them happy beyond measure.
 Her father's hospitality seem'd middling,
 Compared with what Haidée did with his treasure;
 'T was wonderful how things went on improving,
 While she had not one hour to spare from loving.

X.

Perhaps you think, in stumbling on this feast,
 He flew into a passion, and in fact
 There was no mighty reason to be pleased;
 Perhaps you prophesy some sudden act,
 The whip, the rack, or dungeon at the least,
 To teach his people to be more exact,
 And that, proceeding at a very high rate,
 He show'd the royal *penchants* of a pirate.

XII.

You're wrong.—He was the mildest manner'd man
 That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat,
 With such true breeding of a gentleman,
 You never could divine his real thought,
 No courtier could, and scarcely woman can
 Gird more deceit within a petticoat;
 Pity he loved adventurous life's variety,
 He was so great a loss to good society.

XIII.

Advancing to the nearest dinner tray,
 Tapping the shoulder of the highest guest,
 With a peculiar smile, which, by the way,
 Boded no good, whatever it express'd,
 He ask'd the meaning of this holiday;
 The vinous Greek to whom he had address'd
 His question, much too merry to divine
 The questioner, fill'd up a glass of wine,

XLIII.

And without turning his facetious head,
Over his shoulder, with a Bacchant air,
Presented the o'erflowing cup, and said,
"Talking's dry work, I have no time to spare."
A second hiccup'd, "Our old master's dead,
You'd better ask our mistress who's his heir."
"Our mistress!" quoth a third: "Our mistress!—pooh—
You mean our master—not the old, but new."

XLIV.

These rascals, being new comers, knew not whom
They thus address'd—and Lambro's visage fell—
And o'er his eye a momentary gloom
Pass'd, but he strove quite courteously to quell
The expression, and endeavouring to resume
His smile, requested one of them to tell
The name and quality of his new patron,
Who seem'd to have turn'd Haidée into a matron.

XLV.

"I know not," quoth the fellow, "who or what
He is, nor whence he came—and little care;
But this I know, that this roast capon's fat,
And that good wine ne'er wash'd down better fare;
And if you are not satisfied with that,
Direct your questions to my neighbour there;
He'll answer all for better or for worse,
For none likes more to hear himself converse."

XLVI.

I said that Lambro was a man of patience,
And certainly he show'd the best of breeding,
Which scarce even France, the paragon of nations,
E'er saw her most polite of sons exceeding;
He bore these sneers against his near relations,
His own anxiety, his heart, too, bleeding,
The insults, too, of every servile glutton,
Who all the time was eating up his mutton.

XLVII.

Now in a person used to much command—
To bid men come, and go, and come again—
To see his orders done, too, out of hand—
Whether the word was death, or but the chain—

It may seem strange to find his manners bland ;
 Yet such things are, which I cannot explain,
 Though doubtless he who can command himself
 Is good to govern—almost as a Guelf.

XLVIII.

Not that he was not sometimes rash or so,
 But never in his real and serious mood ;
 Then calm, concentrated, and still, and slow,
 He lay coil'd like the boa in the wood ;
 With him it never was a word and blow,
 His angry word once o'er, he shed no blood,
 But in his silence there was much to rue,
 And his *one* blow left little work for *two*.

XLIX.

He ask'd no further questions, and proceeded
 On to the house, but by a private way,
 So that the few who met him hardly heeded,
 So little they expected him that day ;
 If love paternal in his bosom pleaded
 For Haidée's sake, is more than I can say,
 But certainly to one deem'd dead returning,
 This revel seem'd a curious mode of mourning.

L.

If all the dead could now return to life,
 (Which God forbid !) or some, or a great many,
 For instance, if a husband or his wife
 (Nuptial examples are as good as any),
 No doubt whate'er might be their former strife,
 The present weather would be much more rainy—
 Tears shed into the grave of the connexion
 Would share most probably its resurrection.

LI.

He enter'd in the house no more his home,
 A thing to human feelings the most trying,
 And harder for the heart to overcome,
 Perhaps, than even the mental pangs of dying ;
 To find our hearthstone turn'd into a tomb,
 And round its once warm precincts palely lying
 The ashes of our hopes, is a deep grief,
 Beyond a single gentleman's belief.

LII.

He enter'd in the house—his home no more,
For without hearts there is no home;—and felt
The solitude of passing his own door
Without a welcome: *there* he long had dwelt,
There his few peaceful days Time had swept o'er,
There his warm bosom and keen eye would melt
Over the innocence of that sweet child,
His only shrine of feelings undefiled.

LIII.

He was a man of a strange temperament,
Of mild demeanour though of savage mood,
Moderate in all his habits, and content
With temperance in pleasure, as in food,
Quick to perceive, and strong to bear, and meant
For something better, if not wholly good;
His country's wrongs and his despair to save her
Had stung him from a slave to an enslaver.

LIV.

The love of power, and rapid gain of gold,
The hardness by long habitude produced,
The dangerous life in which he had grown old,
The mercy he had granted oft abused,
The sights he was accustom'd to behold,
The wild seas, and wild men with whom he cruised,
Had cost his enemies a long repentance,
And made him a good friend, but bad acquaintance.

LV.

But something of the spirit of old Greece
Flash'd o'er his soul a few heroic rays,
Such as lit onward to the Golden Fleece
His predecessors in the Colchian days;
'Tis true he had no ardent love for peace—
Alas! his country show'd no path to praise:
Hate to the world and war with every nation
He waged, in vengeance of her degradation.

LVI.

Still o'er his mind the influence of the clime
Shed its Ionian elegance, which show'd
Its power unconsciously full many a time,—
A taste seen in the choice of his abode,

A love of music and of scenes sublime,
 A pleasure in the gentle stream that flow'd
 Past him in crystal, and a joy in flowers,
 Bedew'd his spirit in his calmer hours.

LVII.

But whatsoever he had of love reposed
 On that beloved daughter; she had been
 The only thing which kept his heart unclosed
 Amidst the savage deeds he'd done and seen,
 A lonely pure affection unopposed:
 There wanted but the loss of this to wean
 His feelings from all milk of human kindness,
 And turn him like the Cyclops mad with blindness.

LVIII.

The cubless tigress in her jungle raging
 Is dreadful to the shepherd and the flock;
 The ocean when its yeasty war is waging
 Is awful to the vessel near the rock;
 But violent things will sooner bear assuaging,
 Their fury being spent by its own shock,
 Than the stern, single, deep, and wordless ire
 Of a strong human heart, and in a sire.

LIX.

It is a hard although a common case
 To find our children running restive—they
 In whom our brightest days we would retrace,
 Our little selves re-form'd in finer clay,
 Just as old age is creeping on apace,
 And clouds come o'er the sunset of our day,
 They kindly leave us, though not quite alone,
 But in good company—the gout or stone.

LX.

Yet a fine family is a fine thing
 (Provided they do n't come in after dinner):
 'Tis beautiful to see a matron bring
 Her children up (if nursing them do n't thin her);
 Like cherubs round an altar-piece they cling
 To the fire-side (a sight to touch a sinner).
 A lady with her daughters or her nieces
 Shine like a guinea and seven-shilling pieces.

LXI.

Old Lambro pass'd unseen a private gate,
And stood within his hall at eventide ;
Meantime the lady and her lover sate
At wassail in their beauty and their pride :
An ivory inlaid table spread with state
Before them, and fair slaves on every side ;
Gems, gold, and silver, form'd the service mostly,
Mother of pearl and coral the less costly.

LXII.

The dinner made about a hundred dishes ;
Lamb and pistachio nuts—in short, all meats,
And saffron soups, and sweetbreads ; and the fishes
Were of the finest that e'er flounced in nets,
Drest to a Sybarite's most pamper'd wishes ;
The beverage was various sherbets
Of raisin, orange, and pomegranate juice,
Squeezed through the rind, which makes it best for use.

LXIII.

These were ranged round, each in its crystal ewer,
And fruits and date-bread loaves closed the repast,
And Mocha's berry, from Arabia pure,
In small fine China cups, came in at last ;
Gold cups of filigree made to secure
The hand from burning underneath them placed,
Cloves, cinnamon, and saffron too were boil'd
Up with the coffee, which (I think) they spoil'd.

LXIV.

The hangings of the room were tapestry made
Of velvet panels, each of different hue,
And thick with damask flowers of silk inlaid ;
And round them ran a yellow border too ;
The upper border, richly wrought, display'd,
Embroider'd delicately o'er with blue,
Soft Persian sentences, in lilac letters,
From poets, or the moralists their betters.

LXV.

These Oriental writings on the wall,
Quite common in those countries, are a kind
Of monitors adapted to recall,
Like skulls at Memphian banquets, to the mind

The words which shook Belshazzar in his hall,
 And took his kingdom from him : You will find,
 Though sages may pour out their wisdom's treasure,
 There is no sterner moralist than Pleasure.

LXVI.

A beauty at the season's close grown hectic,
 A genius who has drunk himself to death,
 A rake turn'd Methodistic, or Eclectic—
 (For that's the name they like to pray beneath)—
 But most, an alderman struck apoplectic,
 Are things that really take away the breath,—
 And show that late hours, wine, and love are able
 To do not much less damage than the table.

LXVII.

Haidée and Juan carpeted their feet
 On crimson satin, border'd with pale blue ;
 Their sofa occupied three parts complete
 Of the apartment—and appear'd quite new :
 The velvet cushions (for a throne more meet)
 Were scarlet, from whose glowing centre grew
 A sun emboss'd in gold, whose rays of tissue,
 Meridian-like, were seen all light to issue.

LXVIII.

Crystal and marble, plate and porcelain,
 Had done their work of splendour ; India mats
 And Persian carpets, which the heart bled to stain,
 Over the floors were spread ; gazelles and cats,
 And dwarfs and blacks, and such like things that gain
 Their bread as ministers and favourites—(that 's
 To say, by degradation)—mingled there
 As plentiful as in a court or fair.

LXIX.

There was no want of lofty mirrors, and
 The tables, most of ebony inlaid
 With mother of pearl or ivory, stood at hand,
 Or were of tortoise-shell or rare woods made,
 Fretted with gold or silver :—by command,
 The greater part of these were ready spread
 With viands and sherbets in ice—and wine—
 Kept for all comers at all hours to dine.

LXX.

Of all the dresses I select Haidée's :

She wore two jelicks—one was of pale yellow ;
Of azure, pink, and white was her chemise—
'Neath which her breast heaved like a little billow,
With buttons form'd of pearls as large as peas,
All gold and crimson shone her jelick's fellow,
And the striped white gauze baracan that bound her,
Like fleecy clouds about the moon, flow'd round her.

LXXI.

One large gold bracelet clasp'd each lovely arm,
Lockless—so pliable from the pure gold
That the hand stretch'd and shut it without harm,
The limb which it adorn'd its only mould ;
So beautiful—its very shape would charm,
And clinging as if loth to lose its hold,
The purest ore enclosed the whitest skin
That e'er by precious metal was held in.

LXXII.

Around, as princess of her father's land,
A like gold bar above her instep roll'd
Announced her rank ; twelve rings were on her hand ;
Her hair was starr'd with gems ; her veil's fine fold
Below her breast was fasten'd with a band
Of lavish pearls, whose worth could scarce be told ;
Her orange silk full Turkish trousers furl'd
About the prettiest ankle in the world.

LXXIII.

Her hair's long auburn waves down to her heel
Flow'd like an Alpine torrent which the sun
Dyes with his morning light,—and would conceal
Her person if allow'd at large to run
And still they seem'd resentfully to feel
The silken fillet's curb, and sought to shun
Their bonds whene'er some Zephyr caught began
To offer his young pinion as her fan.

LXXIV.

Round her she made an atmosphere of life,
The very air seem'd lighter from her eyes,
They were so soft and beautiful, and rife
With all we can imagine of the skies,

And pure as Psyche ere she grew a wife—
 Too pure even for the purest human ties ;
 Her overpowering presence made you feel
 It would not be idolatry to kneel.

LXXV.

Her eyelashes, though dark as night, were tinged
 (It is the country's custom), but in vain ;
 For those large black eyes were so blackly fringed,
 The glossy rebels mock'd the jetty stain,
 And in their native beauty stood avenged :
 Her nails were touch'd with henna ; but again
 The power of art was turn'd to nothing, for
 They could not look more rosy than before.

LXXVI.

The henna should be deeply dyed to make
 The skin relieved appear more fairly fair ;
 She had no need of this, day will ne'er break
 On mountain-tops more heavenly white than her :
 The eye might doubt if it were well awake,
 She was so like a vision ; I might err,
 But Shakspeare also says, 't is very silly
 "To gild refined gold, or paint the lily."

LXXVII.

Juan had on a shawl of black and gold,
 But a white baracan, and so transparent
 The sparkling gems beneath you might behold,
 Like small stars through the milky way apparent :
 His turban furl'd in many a graceful fold,
 An emerald aigrette with Haidée's hair in 't
 Surmounted, as its clasp, a glowing crescent,
 Whose rays shone ever trembling, but incessant.

LXXVIII.

And now they were diverted by their suite,
 Dwarfs, dancing-girls, black eunuchs, and a poet,
 Which made their new establishment complete ;
 The last was of great fame, and liked to show it ;
 His verses rarely wanted their due feet—
 And for his theme—he seldom sung below it,
 He being paid to satirise or flatter,
 As the psalm says, "inditing a good matter."

LXXIX.

He praised the present, and abused the past,
 Reversing the good custom of old days,
 An Eastern anti-jacobin at last
 He turn'd, preferring pudding to *no* praise—
 For some few years his lot had been o'ercast
 By his seeming independent in his lays,
 But now he sung the Sultan and the Pacha
 With truth like Southey, and with verse like Crashaw.

LXXX.

He was a man who had seen many changes,
 And always changed as true as any needle;
 His polar star being one which rather ranges,
 And not the fix'd—he knew the way to wheedle;
 So vile he escap'd the doom which oft avenges;
 And being fluent (save indeed when fee'd ill),
 He lied with such a fervour of intention—
 There was no doubt he earn'd his laureate pension.

LXXXI.

But he had genius.—When a turncoat has it,
 The “*Vates irritabilis*” takes care
 That without notice few full moons shall pass it;
 Even good men like to make the public stare :—
 But to my subject—let me see—what was it?—
 Oh !—the third canto—and the pretty pair—
 Their loves, and feasts, and house, and dress, and mode
 Of living in their insular abode.

LXXXII.

Their poet, a sad trimmer, but no less
 In company a very pleasant fellow,
 Had been the favourite of full many a mess
 Of men, and made them speeches when half mellow;
 And though his meaning they could rarely guess,
 Yet still they deign'd to hiccup or to bellow
 The glorious meed of popular applause,
 Of which the first ne'er knows the second cause.

LXXXIII.

*But now being lifted into high society,
 And having pick'd up several odds and ends
 Of free thoughts in his travels, for variety,
 He deem'd, being in a lone isle, among friends,

That without any danger of a riot, he
 Might for long lying make himself amends ;
 And singing as he sung in his warm youth,
 Agree to a short armistice with truth.

LXXXIV

He had travell'd 'mongst the Arabs, Turks, and Franks,
 And knew the self-loves of the different nations ;
 And having lived with people of all ranks,
 Had something ready upon most occasions—
 Which got him a few presents and some thanks.
 He varied with some skill his adulations ;
 To "do at Rome as Romans do," a piece
 Of conduct was which he observed in Greece.

LXXXV.

Thus, usually, when he was ask'd to sing,
 He gave the different nations something national ;
 'T was all the same to him—"God save the king,"
 Or "*Ca ira*," according to the fashion all ;
 His muse made increment of anything,
 From the high lyric down to the low rational ;
 If Pindar sang horse-races, what should hinder
 Himself from being as phable as Pindar ?

LXXXVI.

In France, for instance, he would write a chanson ;
 In England a six canto quarto tale ;
 In Spain he'd make a ballad or romance on
 The last war—much the same in Portugal ;
 In Germany, the Pegasus he'd prance on
 Would be old Goethe's—(see what says De Staël),
 In Italy he'd ape the "Trecentisti ;"
 In Greece, he'd sing some sort of hymn like this t' ye :

I.

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece !
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
 Where grew the arts of war and peace,
 Where Dolos rose, and Phœbus sprung !
 Eternal slumber gilds them yet,
 But all, except their sun, is set.

2.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
 The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
 Have found the fame your shores refuse :
 Their place of birth alone is mute
 To sounds which echo further west
 Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

3.

The mountains look on Marathon—
 And Marathon looks on the sea ;
 And musing there an hour alone,
 I dream'd that Greece might still be free ;
 For standing on the Persians' grave,
 I could not deem myself a slave.

4.

A king sate on the rocky brow
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis ;
 And ships, by thousands, lay below,
 And men in nations ;—all were his !
 He counted them at break of day—
 And when the sun set where were they ?

* 5.

And where are they ? and where art thou,
 My country ? On thy voiceless shore
 The heroic lay is tuneless now—
 The heroic bosom beats no more !
 And must thy lyre, so long divine,
 Degenerate into hands like mine ?

6.

'T is something, in the dearth of fame,
 Though lik'd among a fetter'd race,
 To feel at least a patriot's shame,
 Even as I sing, suffuse my face ;
 For what is left the poet here ?
 For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

7.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest ?
 Must *we* but blush ?—Our fathers bled.
 Earth! render back from out thy breast
 A remnant of our Spartan dead !

Of the three hundred grant but 'three,
To make a new Thermopylæ !

8.

What, silent still ? and silent all ?
Ah ! no ;—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, " Let one living head,
But one arise,—we come, we come ! "
'T is but the living who are dumb.

9.

In vain—in vain : strike other chords ;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine !
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine !
Hark ! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold Bacchanal !

10.

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet ;
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone ?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one ?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave ?

11.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
We will not think of themes like these !
It made Anacreon's song divine :
He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant ; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

12.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend ;
That tyrant was Miltiades !
Oh ! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind !
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

13.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore ;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

14.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells ;
In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells :
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.

15.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine ;
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

16.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs weep ;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die :
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine !

LXXXVII.

Thus sung, or would, or could, or should have sung,
The modern Greek, in tolerable verse ;
If not like Orpheus quite, when Greece was young,
Yet in these times he might have done much worse :
His strain display'd some feeling—right or wrong ;
And feeling, in a poet, is the source
Of others' feeling ; but they are such liars,
And take all colours—like the hands of dyers.

LXXXVIII.

But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
 Falling like dew, upon a thought, produces
 That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think;
 'T is strange, the shortest letter which man uses
 Instead of speech, may form a lasting link
 Of ages; to what straits old Time reduces
 Frail man, when paper—even a rag like this,
 Survives himself, his tomb, and all that's his!

LXXXIX.

And when his bones are dust, his grave a blank,
 His station, generation, even his nation,
 Become a thing, or nothing, save to rank
 In chronological commemoration,
 Some dull MS. oblivion long has sank,
 Or graven stone found in a barrack's station
 In digging the foundation of a closet,
 May turn his name up, as a rare deposit.

XC.

And glory long has made the sages smile;
 'T is something, nothing, words, illusion, wind—
 Depending more upon the historian's style
 Than on the name a person leaves behind:
 Troy owes to Homer what whist owes to Hoyle;
 The present century was growing blind
 To the great Mariborough's skill in giving knocks,
 Until his late Life by Archdeacon Coxe.

XCI.

Milton's the prince of poets—so we say;
 A little heavy, but no less divine:
 An independent being in his day—
 Learn'd, pious, temperate in love and wine;
 But his life falling into Johnson's way,
 We're told this great high priest of all the Nine
 Was whipt at college—a harsh sire—odd spouse,
 For the first Mrs. Milton left his house.

XCII.

All these are, *certainly*, entertaining facts,
 Like Shakspeare's stealing deer, Lord Bacon's bribes;
 Like Titus' youth, and Cæsar's earliest acts;
 Like Burns (whom Doctor Currie well describes);

Like Cromwell's pranks ;—but although truth exacts
These amiable descriptions from the scribes,
As most essential to their hero's story,
They do not much contribute to his glory.

XCIII.

All are not moralists, like Southey, when
He prated to the world of "Pantisocracy ;"
Or Wordsworth unexcised, unhired, who then
Season'd his pedlar poems with democracy ;
Or Coleridge, long before his flighty pen
Let to the Morning Post its aristocracy ;
When he and Southey, following the same path,
Espoused two partners (milliners of Bath).

XCIV.

Such names at present cut a convict figure,
The very Botany Bay in moral geography ;
Their loyal treason, renegado rigour,
Are good manure for their more bare biography ;
Wordsworth's last quarto, by the way, is bigger
Than any since the birthday of typography ;
A drowsy frowzy poem, call'd the "Excursion,"
Writ in a manner which is my aversion.

XCV.

He there builds up a formidable dyke
Between his own and others' intellect :
But Wordsworth's poem, and his followers, like
Joanna Southcote's Shiloh, and her sect,
Are things which in this century don't strike
The public mind,—so few are the elect ;
And the new births of both their stale virginities
Have proved but dropsies, taken for divinities.

XCVI.

But let me to my story : I must own,
If I have any fault, it is digression,
Leaving my people to proceed alone,
While I soliloquize beyond expression :
But these are my addresses from the throne,
Which put off business to the ensuing session ;
Forgetting each omission is a loss to
The world, not quite so great as Ariosto.

XCVII.

I know that what our neighbours call "*longueurs*,"
 (We've not so good a *word*, but have the *thing*,
 In that complete perfection which insures
 An epic from Bob Southey every Spring—)
 Form not the true temptation which allures
 The reader; but 't would not be hard to bring
 Some fine examples of the *épopée*,
 To prove its grand ingredient is *ennui*.

XCVIII.

We learn from Horace, "Homer sometimes sleeps;"
 We feel without him, Wordsworth sometimes wakes,—
 To show with what complacency he creeps,
 With his dear "*Waggoners*," around his lakes.
 He wishes for "a boat" to sail the deeps—
 Of ocean?—No, of air; and then he makes
 Another outcry for "a little boat,"
 And drivels seas to set it well afloat.

XCIX.

If he must fain sweep o'er the ethereal plain,
 And Pegasus runs restive in his "*Waggon*,"
 Could he not beg the loan of Charles's Wain?
 Or pray Medea for a single dragon?
 Or if, too classic for his vulgar brain,
 He fear'd his neck to venture such a nag on,
 And he must needs mount nearer to the moon,
 Could not the blockhead ask for a balloon?

C.

"Pedlars," and "Boats," and "Waggoners!" Oh! ye shades
 Of Pope and Dryden, are we come to this?
 That trash of such sort not alone evades
 Contempt, but from the bathos' vast abyss
 Floats scumlike uppermost, and these Jack Cades
 Of sense and song above your graves may hiss—
 The "little boatman" and his "Peter Bell"
 Can sneer at him who drew "*Achitophel*!"

CI.

T' our tale.—The feast was over, the slaves gone,
 The dwarfs and dancing girls had all retired;
 The Arab lore and poet's song were done,
 And every sound of revelry expired;

The lady and her lover, left alone,
The rosy flood of twilight's sky admired ;—
Ave Maria ! o'er the earth and sea,
That heavenliest hour of Heaven is worthiest thee !

CII.

Ave Maria ! blessed be the hour !
The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft
Have felt that moment in its fullest power
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seem'd stirr'd with prayer.

CIII.

Ave Maria ! 't is the hour of prayer !
Ave Maria ! 't is the hour of love !
Ave Maria ! may our spirits dare
Look up to thine and to thy Son's above !
Ave Maria ! oh that face so fair !
Those downcast eyes beneath the Almighty dove—
What though 't is but a pictured image strike,
That painting is no idol,—'t is too like.

CIV.

Some kinder casuists are pleased to say,
In nameless print—that I have no devotion ;
But set those persons down with me to pray,
And you shall see who has the properest notion
Of getting into heaven the shortest way ;
My altars are the mountains and the ocean,
Earth, air, stars,—all that springs from the great Whole,
Who hath produced, and will receive the soul.

CV.

Sweet hour of twilight !—in the solitude
Of the pine forest, and the silent shore
Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,
Rooted where once the Adrian wave flow'd o'er,
To where the last Cæsarean fortress stood,
Evergreen forest ! which Boccaccio's lore
And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me,
How have I loved the twilight hour and thee !

CVI.

The shrill cicalas, people of the pine,
Making their summer lives one ceaseless song,
Were the sole echoes, save my steed's and mine,
And vesper bell's that rose the boughs along ;
The spectre huntsman of Onesti's line,
His hell-dogs, and their chase, and the fair throng
Which learn'd from this example not to fly
From a true lover,—shadow'd my mind's eye.

CVII.

Oh, Hesperus ! thou bringest all good things—
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,
The welcome stall to the o'erlabour'd steer ;
Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,
Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,
Are gather'd round us by thy look of rest ;
Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast.

CVIII.

Soft hour ! which wakes the wish and melts the heart
Of those who sail the seas, on the first day
When they from their sweet friends are torn apart ;
Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way
As the far bell of vesper makes him start,
Seeming to weep the dying day's decay ;
Is this a fancy which our reason scorns ?
Ah ! surely nothing dies but something mourns !

CIX.

When Nero perish'd by the justest doom
Which ever the destroyer yet destroy'd,
Amidst the roar of liberated Rome,
Of nations freed, and the world overjoy'd,
Some hands unseen strew'd flowers upon his tomb ;
Perhaps the weakness of a heart not void
Of feeling for some kindness done, when power
Had left the wretch an uncorrupted hour.

CX.

But I'm digressing ; what on earth has Nero,
Or any such like sovereign buffoons,
To do with the transactions of my hero,
More than such madmen's fellow man—the moon's ?

Sure my invention must be down at zero,
 And I grown one of many "wooden spoons"
 Of verse (the name with which we Cantabs please
 To dub the last of honours in degrees).

CXI.

I feel this tediousness will never do—
 'T is being *too* epic, and I must cut down
 (In copying) this long canto into two ;
 They 'll never find it out, unless I own
 The fact, excepting some experienced few ;
 And then as an improvement 't will be shown :
 I'll prove that such the opinion of the critic is
 From Aristotle *passim*.—See ΠΟΙΗΤΙΚΗΣ.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

I.

NOTHING so difficult as a beginning
 In poesy, unless perhaps the end ;
 For oftentimes when Pegasus seems winning
 The race, he sprains a wing, and down we tend,
 Like Lucifer when hurl'd from heaven for sinning ;
 Our sin the same, and hard as his to mend,
 Being pride, which leads the mind to soar too far,
 Till our own weakness shows us what we are.

II.

But time, which brings all beings to their level,
 And sharp Adversity, will teach at last
 Man,—and, as we would hope,—perhaps the devil,
 That neither of their intellects are vast :
 While youth's hot wishes in our red veins revel,
 We know not this—the blood flows on too fast :
 But as the torrent widens towards the ocean,
 We ponder deeply on each past emotion.

III.

As boy, I thought myself a clever fellow,
 And wish'd that others held the same opinion ;
 They took it up when my days grew more mellow,
 And other minds acknowledged my dominion :

Now my sere fancy, "falls into the yellow
 Leaf," and Imagination droops her pinion,
 And the sad truth which hovers o'er my desk
 Turns what was once romantic to burlesque.

IV.

And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
 'Tis that I may not weep; and if I weep,
 'Tis that our nature cannot always bring
 Itself to apathy, for we must steep
 Our hearts first in the depths of Lethe's spring,
 Ere what we least wish to behold will steep:
 Thetis baptized her mortal son in Styx;
 A mortal mother would on Lethe fix.

V.

Some have accused me of a strange design
 Against the creed and morals of the land,
 And trace it in this poem every line;
 I do n't pretend that I quite understand
 My own meaning when I would be *very* fine;
 But the fact is that I have nothing plann'd,
 Unless it were to be a moment merry,
 A novel word in my vocabulary.

VI.

To the kind reader of our sober clime
 'This way of writing will appear exotic;
 Pulci was sire of the half-serious rhyme,
 Who sang when chivalry was more Quixotic,
 And revell'd in the fancies of the time,
 True knights, chaste dames, huge giants, kings despotic:
 But all these, save the last, being obsolete,
 I chose a modern subject as more meet.

VII.

How I have treated it, I do not know;
 Perhaps no better than they have treated me,
 Who have imputed such designs as show
 Not what they saw, but what they wish'd to see;
 But if it gives them pleasure, be it so,
 This is a liberal age, and thoughts are free;
 Meantime Apollo plucks me by the ear,
 And tells me to resume my story here.

VIII.

Young Juan and his lady-love were left
To their own hearts' most sweet society ;
Even Time the pitiless in sorrow cleft
With his rude scythe such gentle bosoms ; he
Sigh'd to behold them of their hours bereft,
Though foe to love ; and yet they could not be
Meant to grow old, but die in happy spring,
Before one charm or hope had taken wing.

IX.

Their faces were not made for wrinkles, their
Pure blood to stagnate, their great hearts to fail ;
The blank grey was not made to blast their hair,
But like the climes that know nor snow nor hail,
They were all summer ; lightning might assail
And shiver them to ashes, but to trail
A long and snake-like life of dull decay
Was not for them—they had too little clay.

X.

They were alone once more ; for them to be
Thus was another Eden ; they were never
Weary, unless when separate : the tree
Cut from its forest root of years—the river
Damm'd from its fountain—the child from the knee
And breast maternal wean'd at once for ever,—
Would wither less than these two torn apart ;
Alas ! there is no instinct like the heart—

XI.

The heart—which may be broken : happy they !
Thrice fortunate ! who of that fragile mould,
The precious porcelain of human clay,
Break with the first fall : they can ne'er behold
The long year link'd with heavy day on day,
And all which must be borne, and never told ;
While life's strange principle will often lie
Deepest in those who long the most to die.

XII.

" Whom the gods love die young " was said of yore,
And many deaths do they escape by this :
The death of friends, and that which slays even more—
The death of friendship, love, youth, all that is,

Except mere breath ; and since the silent shore
Awaits at last even those who longest miss
The old archer's shafts, perhaps the early grave
Which men weep over may be meant to save.

XIII.

Haidée and Juan thought not of the dead.
The heavens, and earth, and air, seem'd made for them :
They found no fault with Time, save that he fled ;
They saw not in themselves aught to condemn ;
Each was the other's mirror, and but read
Joy sparkling in their dark eyes like a gem,
And knew such brightness was but the reflection
Of their exchanging glances of affection.

XIV.

The gentle pressure, and the thrilling touch,
The least glance better understood than words,
Which still said all, and ne'er could say too much ;
A language, too, but like to that of birds,
Known but to them, at least appearing such
As but to lovers a true sense affords ;
Sweet playful phrases, which would seem absurd
To those who have ceased to hear such, or ne'er heard.

XV.

All these were theirs, for they were children still,
And children still they should have ever been ;
They were not made in the real world to fill
A busy character in the dull scene,
But like two beings born from out a rill,
A nymph and her beloved, all unseen
To pass their lives in fountains and on flowers,
And never know the weight of human hours.

XVI.

Moons changing had roll'd on, and changeless found
Those their bright rise had lighted to such joys
As rarely they beheld throughout their round ;
And these were not of the vain kind which cloy,
For theirs were buoyant spirits, never bound
By the mere senses ; and that which destroys
Most love, possession, unto them appear'd
A thing which each endearment more endear'd.

XVII.

Oh beautiful! and rare as beautiful!

But theirs was love in which the mind delights
To lose itself, when the old world grows dull,

And we are sick of its hack sounds and sights,
Intrigues, adventures of the common school,

Its petty passions, marriages, and flights,
Where Hymen's torch but brands one strumpet more,
Whose husband only knows her not a wh—re.

XVIII.

Hard words; harsh truth; a truth which many know.

Enough.—The faithful and the fairy pair,
Who never found a single hour too slow,

What was it made them thus exempt from care?
Young innate feelings all have felt below,

Which perish in the rest, but in them were
Inherent; what we mortals call romantic,
And always envy, though we deem it frantic.

XIX.

This is in others a factitious state,

An opium dream of too much youth and reading,
But was in them their nature or their fate:

No novels e'er had set their young hearts bleeding,
For Haidée's knowledge was by no means great,

And Juan was a boy of saintly breeding;
So that there was no reason for their loves
More than for those of nightingales or doves.

XX.

They gazed upon the sunset; 't is an hour

Dear unto all, but dearest to *their* eyes,

For it had made them what they were: the power

Of love had first o'erwhelm'd them from such skies,
When happiness had been their only dower,

And twilight saw them link'd in passion's ties;
Charm'd with each other, all things charm'd that brought
The past still welcome as the present thought.

XXI.

I know not why, but in that hour to-night,

Even as they gazed, a sudden tremor came,
And swept, as 't were, across their hearts' delight,
Like the wind o'er a harp-string, or a flame,

When one is shook in sound, and one in sight :
 And thus some boding flash'd through either frame,
 And call'd from Juan's breast a faint low sigh,
 While one new tear arose in Haidée's eye.

XXII.

That large black prophet eye seem'd to dilate
 And follow far the disappearing sun,
 As if their last day of a happy date
 With his broad, bright, and dropping orb were gone.
 Juan gazed on her as to ask his fate—
 He felt a grief, but knowing cause for none,
 His glance inquired of hers for some excuse
 For feelings causeless, or at least abstruse.

XXIII.

She turn'd to him, and smiled, but in that sort
 Which makes not others smile ; then turn'd aside :
 Whatever feeling shook her, it seem'd short,
 And master'd by her wisdom or her pride ;
 When Juan spoke, too—it might be in sport—
 Of this their mutual feeling, she replied—
 "If it should be so,—but—it cannot be—
 Or I at least shall not survive to see."

XXIV.

Juan would question further, but she press'd
 His lip to hers, and silenced him with this,
 And then dismiss'd the omen from her breast,
 Defying augury with that fond kiss ;
 And no doubt of all methods 't is the best ;
 Some people prefer wine—'t is not amiss ;
 I have tried both ; so those who would a part take
 May choose between the headache* and the heartache.

XXV.

One of the two according to your choice,
 Woman or wine, you'll have to undergo ;
 Both maladies are taxes on our joys :
 But which to choose, I really hardly know ;
 And if I had to give a casting voice,
 For both sides I could many reasons show,
 And then decide, without great wrong to either,
 It were much better to have both than neither.

XXVI.

Juan and Haidée gazed upon each other
With swimming looks of speechless tenderness,
Which mix'd all feelings, friend, child, lover, brother;
All that the best can mingle and express
When two pure hearts are pour'd in one another,
And love too much, and yet cannot love less;
But almost sanctify the sweet excess
By the immortal wish and power to bless.

XXVII.

Mix'd in each other's arms, and heart in heart,
Why did they not then die?—they had lived too long
Should an hour come to bid them breathe apart;
Years could but bring them cruel things or wrong;
The world was not for them, nor the world's art
For beings passionate as Sappho's song;
Love was born *with* them, *in* them, so intense,
It was their very spirit—not a sense.

XXVIII.

They should have lived together deep in woods,
Unseen as sings the nightingale; they were
Unfit to mix in these thick solitudes
Call'd social, haunts of Hate, and Vice, and Care;
How lonely every freeborn creature broods!
The sweetest song-birds nestle in a pair;
The eagle soars alone; the gull and crow
Flock o'er their carrion, just like men below.

XXIX.

Now pillow'd cheek to cheek, in loving sleep,
Haidée and Juan their siesta took,
A gentle slumber, but it was not deep,
For ever and anon a something shook
Juan, and shuddering o'er his frame would creep;
And Haidée's sweet lips murmur'd like a brook
A wordless music, and her face so fair
Stirr'd with her dream, as rose-leaves with the air;

XXX.

Or as the stirring of a deep clear stream
Within an Alpine hollow, when the wind
Walks o'er it, was she shaken by the dream,
The mystical usurper of the mind—

O'erpowering us to be whate'er may seem
 Good to the soul which we no more can bind;
 Strange state of being! (for 't is still to be),
 Senseless to feel, and with seal'd eyes to see.

XXXI.

She dream'd of being alone on the sea-shore,
 Chain'd to a rock; she knew not how, but stir
 She could not from the spot, and the loud roar
 Grew, and each wave rose roughly, threatening her;
 And o'er her upper lip they seem'd to pour,
 Until she sobb'd for breath, and soon they were
 Foaming o'er her lone head, so fierce and high—
 Each broke to drown her, yet she could not die.

XXXII.

Anon—she was released, and then she stray'd
 O'er the sharp shingles with her bleeding feet,
 And stumbled almost every step she made;
 And something roll'd before her in a sheet,
 Which she must still pursue howe'er afraid:
 'T was white and indistinct, nor stopp'd to meet
 Her glance nor grasp, for still she gazed and grasp'd,
 And ran, but it escaped her as she clasp'd.

XXXIII.

The dream changed:—in a cave she stood, its walls
 Were hung with marble icicles; the work
 Of ages on its water-fretted halls, [lurk;
 Where waves might wash, and seals might breed and
 Her hair was dripping, and the very balls
 Of her black eyes seem'd turn'd to tears, and mirk
 The sharp rocks look'd below each drop they caught,
 Which froze to marble as it fell,—she thought.

XXXIV.

And wet, and cold, and lifeless at her feet,
 Pale as the foam that froth'd on his dead brow,
 Which she essay'd in vain to clear, (how sweet
 Were once her cares, how idle seem'd they now!)
 Lay Juan, nor could aught renew the beat
 Of his quench'd heart; and the sea dirges low
 Rang in her sad ears like a mermaid's song,
 And that brief dream appear'd a life too long.

XXXV.

And gazing on the dead, she thought his face
Faded, or alter'd into something new—
Like to her father's features, till each trace
More like and like to Lambro's aspect grew—
With all his keen worn look and Grecian grace ;
And starting, she awoke, and what to view ?
Oh ! Powers of Heaven ! what dark eye meets she there ?
'Tis—'tis her father's—fix'd upon the pair.

XXXVI.

Then shrieking, she arose, and shrieking fell,
With joy and sorrow, hope and fear, to see
Him whom she deem'd a habitant where dwell
The ocean-buried, risen from death, to be
Perchance the death of one she loved too well ;
Dear as her father had been to Haidée,
It was a moment of that awful kind——
I have seen such—but must not call to mind.

XXXVII.

Up Juan sprang to Haidée's bitter shriek,
And caught her falling, and from off the wall
Snatch'd down his sabre, in hot haste to wreak
Vengeance on him who was the cause of all ;
Then Lambro, who till now forebore to speak,
Smiled scornfully, and said, " Within my call,
A thousand scimitars await the word ;
Put up, young man, put up your silly sword."

XXXVIII.

And Haidée clung around him ; " Juan, 'tis—
'Tis Lambro—'tis my father ! Kneel with me—
He will forgive us—yes—it must be—yes.
Oh ! dearest father, in this agony
Of pleasure and of pain—even while I kiss
Thy garment's hem with transport, can it be
That doubt should mingle with my filial joy ?
Deal with me as thou wilt, but spare this boy."

XXXIX.

High and inscrutable the old man stood,
Calm in his voice, and calm within his eye—
Not always signs with him of calmest mood :
He look'd upon her, but gave no reply ;

Then turn'd to Juan, in whose cheek the blood
Oft came and went, as there resolved to die :
In arms, at least, he stood, in act to spring
On the first foe whom Lambro's call might bring.

XL.

"Young man, your sword ;" so Lambro once more said :
Juan replied, "Not while this arm is free."
The o'd man's check grew pale, but not with dread,
And drawing from his belt a pistol, he
Replied, "Your blood be then on your own head."
Then look'd close at the flint, as if to see
'T was fresh—for he had lately used the lock—
And next proceeded quietly to cock.

XLI.

It has a strange quick jar upon the ear,
That cocking of a pistol, when you know
A moment more will bring the sight to bear
Upon your person, twelve yards off, or so ;
A gentlemanly distance, not too near,
If you have got a former friend for foe ;
But after being fired at once or twice,
The ear becomes more Irish, and less nice.

XLII.

Lambro presented, and one instant more
Had stopp'd this Canto, and Don Juan's breath,
When Haidée threw herself her boy before ;
Stern as her sire : "On me," she cried, "let death
Descend—the fault is mine ; this fatal shore
He found—but sought not. I have pledged my faith ;
I love him—I will die with him : I knew
Your nature's firmness—know your daughter's too."

XLIII.

A minute past, and she had been all tears,
And tenderness, and infancy ; but now
She stood as one who champion'd human fears.—
Pale, statue-like, and stern, she woo'd the blow ;
And tall beyond her sex, and their compeers,
She drew up to her height, as if to show
A fairer mark ; and with a fix'd eye scann'd
Her father's face—but never stopp'd his hand.

XLIV.

He gazed on her, and she on him ; 't was strange
How like they look'd ! the expression was the same ;
Serenely savage, with a little change
In the large dark eye's mutual-darted flame ;
For she, too, was as one who could avenge,
If cause should be—a lioness, though tame ;
Her father's blood before her father's face
Boil'd up, and proved her truly of his race.

XLV.

I said they were alike, their features and
Their stature, differing but in sex and years :
Even to the delicacy of their hand
There was resemblance, such as true blood wears ;
And now to see them, thus divided, stand
In fix'd ferocity, when joyous tears,
And sweet sensations, should have welcomed both,
Show what the passions are in their full growth.

XLVI.

The father paused a moment, then withdrew
His weapon, and replaced it ; but stood still,
And looking on her, as to look her through,
“ Not *I*,” he said, “ have sought this stranger's ill ;
Not *I* have made this desolation : few
Would bear such outrage, and forbear to kill ;
But I must do my duty—how thou hast
Done thine, the present vouches for the past.

XLVII.

“ Let him disarm ; or, by my father's head,
His own shall roll before you like a ball ! ”
He raised his whistle as the word he said,
And blew ; another answer'd to the call,
And rushing in disorderly, though led,
And arm'd from boot to turban, one and all,
Some twenty of his train came, rank on rank ;
He gave the word, “ Arrest or slay the Frank.”

XLVIII.

Then, with a sudden movement, he withdrew
His daughter ; while compress'd within his clasp,
“ Twixt her and Juan interposed the crew ;
In vain she struggled in her father's grasp—

His arms were like a serpent's coil: then flew
 Upon their prey, as darts an angry asp,
 The file of pirates: save the foremost, who
 Had fallen, with his right shoulder half cut through.

XLIX.

The second had his cheek laid open; but
 The third, a wary, cool old sworder, took
 The blows upon his cutlass, and then put
 His own well in; so well, ere you could look,
 His man was floor'd, and helpless at his foot,
 With the blood running like a little brook
 From two smart sabre gashes, deep and red—
 One on the arm, the other on the head.

L.

And then they bound him where he fell, and bore
 Juan from the apartment: with a sign
 Old Lambro bade them take him to the shore,
 Where lay some ships which were to sail at nine.
 They laid him in a boat, and plied the oar
 Until they reach'd some galliots, placed in line;
 On board of one of these, and under hatches,
 They stow'd him, with strict orders to the watches.

LI.

The world is full of strange vicissitudes,
 And here was one exceedingly unpleasant:
 A gentleman so rich in the world's goods,
 Handsome and young, enjoying all the present,
 Just at the very time when he least broods
 On such a thing, is suddenly to sea sent,
 Wounded and chain'd, so that he cannot move,
 And all because a lady fell in love.

LII.

Here I must leave him, for I grow pathetic,
 Moved by the Chinese nymph of tears, green tea!
 Than whom Cassandra was not more prophetic;
 For if my pure libations exceed three,
 I feel my heart become so sympathetic,
 That I must have recourse to black Bohea:
 'Tis pity wine should be so deleterious,
 For tea and coffee leave us much more serious,

LIII.

Unless when qualified with thee, Cogniac !
Sweet Naiad of the Phlegethonic rill !
Ah ! why the liver wilt thou thus attack,
And make, like other nymphs, thy lovers ill ?
I would take refuge in weak punch, but *rack*
(In each sense of the word), whene'er I fill
My mild and midnight beakers to the brim,
Wakes me next morning with its synonym.

LIV.

I leave Don Juan for the present, safe—
Not sound, poor fellow, but severely wounded ;
Yet could his corporal pangs amount to half
Of those with which his Haidée's bosom bounded !
She was not one to weep, and rave, and chafe,
And then give way, subdued because surrounded ;
Her mother was a Moorish maid from Fez,
Where all is Eden, or a wilderness.

LV.

There the large olive rains its amber store
In marble founts ; there grain, and flour, and fruit,
Gush from the earth until the land runs o'er ;
But there, too, many a poison-tree has root,
And midnight listens to the lion's roar,
And long, long deserts scorch the camel's foot,
Or heaving whelm the helpless caravan ;
And as the soil is, so the heart of man.

LVI.

Afric is all the sun's, and as her earth
Her human clay is kindled ; full of power
For good or evil, burning from its birth,
The Moorish blood partakes the planet's hour,
And like the soil beneath it will bring forth :
Beauty and love were Haidée's mother's dower ;
But her large dark eye show'd deep Passion's force,
Though sleeping like a lion near a source.

LVII.

Her daughter, temper'd with a milder ray,
Like summer clouds all silvery, smooth, and fair,
Till slowly charged with thunder they display
Terror to earth, and tempest to the air,

Had held till now her soft and milky way ;
 But overwrought with passion and despair,
 The fire burst forth from her Numidian veins,
 Even as the Simoom sweeps the blasted plains.

LVIII.

The last sight which she saw was Juan's gore,
 And he himself o'ermaster'd and cut down ;
 His blood was running on the very floor
 Where late he trod, her beautiful, her own ;
 Thus much she view'd an instant and no more,—
 Her struggles ceased with one convulsive groan ;
 On her sire's arm, which until now scarce held
 Her writhing, fell she like a cedar fell'd.

LIX.

A vein had burst, and her sweet lips' pure dyes
 Were dabbled with the deep blood which ran o'er ;
 And her head droop'd, as when the lily lies
 O'ercharged with rain : her summon'd handmaids bore
 Their lady to her couch with gushing eyes ;
 Of herbs and cordials they produced their store,
 But she defied all means they could employ,
 Like one life could not hold, nor death destroy.

LX.

Days lay she in that state unchanged, though chill—
 With nothing livid, still her lips were red ;
 She had no pulse, but death seem'd absent still ;
 No hideous sign proclaim'd her surely dead ;
 Corruption came not in each mind to kill
 All hope ; to look upon her sweet face bred
 New thoughts of life, for it seem'd full of soul—
 She had so much, earth could not claim the whole.

LXI.

The ruling passion, such as marble shows
 When exquisitely chisell'd, still lay there,
 But fix'd as marble's unchanged aspect throws
 O'er the fair Venus, but for ever fair ;
 O'er the Laocoön's all eternal throes,
 And ever-dying Gladiator's air,
 Their energy like life forms all their fame,
 Yet looks not life, for they are still the same.

LXII.

She woke at length, but not as sleepers wake,
Rather the dead, for life seem'd something new,
A strange sensation which she must partake
Perforce, since whatsoever met her view
Struck not on memory, though a heavy ache
Lay at her heart, whose earliest beat still true
Brought back the sense of pain without the cause,
For, for a while, the furies made a pause.

LXIII.

She look'd on many a face with vacant eye,
On many a token without knowing what ;
She saw them watch her without asking why,
And reck'd not who around her pillow sat ;
Not speechless, though she spoke not ; not a sigh
Relieved her thoughts ; dull silence and quick chat
Were tried in vain by those who served ; she gave
No sign, save breath, of having left the grave.

LXIV.

Her handmaids tended, but she heeded not ;
Her father watch'd, she turn'd her eyes away ;
She recognised no being, and no spot,
However dear and cherish'd in their day ;
They changed from room to room, but all forgot,
Gentle, but without memory she lay ;
At length those eyes, which they would fain be weaning
Back to old thoughts, wax'd full of fearful meaning.

LXV.

And then a slave bethought her of a harp ;
The harper came, and tuned his instrument ;
At the first notes, irregular and sharp,
On him her flashing eyes a moment bent,
Then to the wail she turn'd as if to warp
Her thoughts from sorrow through her heart re-sent ;
And he began a long low island song
Of ancient days, ere tyranny grew strong.

LXVI.

Anon her thin wan fingers beat the wall
In time to his old tune ; he changed the theme,
And sung of love ; the fierce name struck through all
Her recollection ; on her flash'd the dream

Of what she was, and is, if ye could call
To be so being ; in a gushing stream
The tears rush'd forth from her o'erclouded brain,
Like mountain mists at length dissolved in rain.

LXVII.

Short solace, vain relief !—thought came too quick,
And whirl'd her brain to madness ; she arose
As one who ne'er had dwelt among the sick,
And flew at all she met, as on her foes ;
But no one ever heard her speak or shriek,
Although her paroxysm drew towards its close ;—
Hers was a phrensy which disdain'd to rave,
Even when they smote her in the hope to save.

LXVIII.

Yet she betray'd at times a gleam of sense ;
Nothing could make her meet her father's face,
Though on all other things with looks intense
She gazed, but none she ever could retrace ;
Food she refused, and raiment ; no pretence
Avail'd for either ; neither change of place,
Nor time, nor skill, nor remedy, could give her
Senses to sleep—the power seem'd gone for ever.

LXIX.

Twelve days and nights she wither'd thus ; at last,
Without a groan, or sigh, or glance, to show
A parting pang, the spirit from her pass'd :
And they who watch'd her nearest could not know,
The very instant, till the change that cast
Her sweet face into shadow, dull and slow,
Glazed o'er her eyes—the beautiful, the black—
Oh ! to possess such lustre—and then lack !

LXX.

She died, but not alone ; she held within
A second principle of life, which might
Have dawn'd a fair and sinless child of sin ;
But closed its little being without light,
And went down to the grave unborn, wherein
Blossom and bough lie wither'd with one blight ;
In vain the dews of Heaven descend above
The bleeding flower and blasted fruit of love.

LXXI.

Thus lived—thus died she ; never more on her
Shall sorrow light, or shame. She was not made
Through years or moons the inner weight to bear,
Which colder hearts endure till they are laid
By age in earth : her days and pleasures were
Brief, but delightful—such as had not staid
Long with her destiny ; but she sleeps well
By the sea-shore, whereon she loved to dwell.

LXXII.

That isle is now all desolate and bare,
Its dwellings down, its tenants pass'd away ;
None but her own and father's grave is there,
And nothing outward tells of human clay ;
Ye could not know there lies a thing so fair,
No stone is there to show, no tongue to say,
What was ; no dirge, except the hollow sea's,
Mourns o'er the beauty of the Cyclades.

LXXIII.

But many a Greek maid in a loving song
Sighs o'er her name ; and many an islander
With her sire's story makes the night less long ;
Valour was his, and beauty dwelt with her ;
If she loved rashly, her life paid for wrong—
A heavy price must all pay who thus err,
In some shape ; let none think to fly the danger,
For soon or late Love is his own avenger.

LXXIV.

But let me change this theme, which grows too sad,
And lay this sheet of sorrows on the shelf ;
I do n't much like describing people mad,
For fear of seeming rather touch'd myself—
Besides, I've no more on this head to add ;
And as my Muse is a capricious elf,
We'll put about, and try another tack
With Juan, left half-kill'd some stanzas back.

LXXV.

Wounded and fetter'd, "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd,"
Some days and nights elapsed before that he
Could altogether call the past to mind ;
And when he did, he found himself at sea,

Sailing six knots an hour before the wind ;
 The shores of Ilion lay beneath their lee—
 Another time he might have liked to see 'em,
 But now was not much pleased with Cape Sigæum.

LXXVI.

There, on the green and village-cotted hill, is
 (Flank'd by the Hellespont, and by the sea)
 Entomb'd the bravest of the brave, Achilles ;
 They say so—(Bryant says the contrary) :
 And further downward, tall and towering still, is
 The tumulus—of whom ? Heaven knows ; 't may be
 Patroclus, Ajax, or Protesilaus ;
 All heroes. who if living still would slay us.

LXXVII.

High barrows, without marble, or a name,
 A vast, untill'd, and mountain-skirted plain,
 And Ida in the distance, still the same,
 And old Scamander (if 't is he), remain ;
 The situation seems still form'd for fame—
 A hundred thousand men might fight again,
 With ease ; but where I sought for Ilion's walls,
 The quiet sheep feeds, and the tortoise crawls ;

LXXVIII.

Troops of untended horses ; here and there,
 Some little lamlets, with new names uncouth ;
 Some shepherds (unlike Paris), led to stare
 A moment at the European youth
 Whom to the spot their school-boy feelings bear ;
 A Turk, with beads in hand, and pipe in mouth,
 Extremely taken with his own religion,
 Are what I found there—but the devil a Phrygian.

LXXIX.

Don Juan, here permitted to emerge
 From his dull cabin, found himself a slave ;
 Forlorn, and gazing on the deep blue surge,
 O'ershadow'd there by many a hero's grave ;
 Weak still with loss of blood, he scarce could urge
 A few brief questions ; and the answers gave
 No very satisfactory information
 About his past or present situation.

LXXX.

He saw some fellow-captives, who appear'd
To be Italians, as they were in fact ;
From them, at least, *their* destiny he heard,
Which was an odd one ; a troop going to act
In Sicily—all singers, duly rear'd
In their vocation ; had not been attack'd
In sailing from Livorno by the pirate,
But sold by the impresario at no high rate.

LXXXI.

By one of these, the buffo of the party,
Juan was told about their curious case ;
For although destined to the Turkish mart, he
Still kept his spirits up—at least his face ;
The little fellow really look'd quite hearty,
And bore him with some gaiety and grace,
Showing a much more reconciled demeanour,
Than did the prima-donna and the tenor.

LXXXII.

In a few words he told their hapless story,
Saying, " Our Machiavelian impresario,
Making a signal off some promontory,
Hail'd a strange brig ; *Corpo di Caio Mario !*
We were transferr'd on board her in a hurry,
Without a single scudo of salario ;
But if the Sultan has a taste for song,
We will revive our fortunes before long.

LXXXIII.

" The prima-donna, though a little old,
And haggard with a dissipated life,
And subject, when the house is thin, to cold,
Has some good notes ; and then the tenor's wife
With no great voice, is pleasing to behold ;
Last carnival she made a deal of strife,
By carrying off Count Cesare Cicogna
From an old Roman princess at Bologna.

LXXXIV.

" And then there are the dancers ; there 's the Nini,
With more than one profession gains by all ;
Then there 's that laughing slut the Pelegrini,
She, too, was fortunate last carnival,

And made at least five hundred good *zecchini*,
 But spends so fast, she has not now a paul;
 And then there's the *Grotesca*—such a dancer!
 Where men have souls or bodies she must answer.

LXXXV.

“As for the *figuranti*, they are like
 The rest of all that tribe; with here and there
 A pretty person, which perhaps may strike,
 The rest are hardly fitted for a fair;
 There's one, though tall and stiffer than a pike,
 Yet has a sentimental kind of air
 Which might go far, but she don't dance with vigour;
 The more's the pity, with her face and figure.

LXXXVI.

“As for the men, they are a middling set;
 The *musico* is but a crack'd old basin,
 But being qualified in one way yet,
 May the *seraglio* do to set his face in,
 And as a servant some preferment get;
 His singing I no further trust can place in:
 From all the Pope makes yearly 't would perplex
 To find three perfect pipes of the *third* sex.

LXXXVII.

“The tenor's voice is spoilt by affectation,
 And for the bass, the beast can only bellow;
 In fact, he had no singing education,
 An ignorant, noteless, timeless, tuneless fellow;
 But being the *prima-donna's* near relation,
 Who swore his voice was very rich and mellow,
 They hired him, though to hear him you'd believe
 An ass was practising recitative.”

LXXXVIII.

“'T would not become myself to dwell upon
 My own merits, and though young—I see, sir—you
 Have got a travell'd air, which speaks you one
 To whom the opera is by no means new:
 You've heard of *Raucocanti*?—I'm the man:
 The time may come when you may hear me too;
 You was not last year at the fair of Lugo,
 But next, when I'm engaged to sing there—do go.

LXXXIX.

"Our baritone I almost had forgot,
A pretty lad, but bursting with conceit ;
With graceful action, science not a jot,
A voice of no great compass, and not sweet,
He always is complaining of his lot,
Forsooth, scarce fit for ballads in the street ;
In lovers' parts his passion more to breathe,
Having no heart to show, he shows his teeth."

XC.

Here Raucocanti's eloquent recital
Was interrupted by the pirate crew,
Who came at stated moments to invite all
The captives back to their sad berths ; each threw
A rueful glance upon the waves, (which bright all
From the blue skies derived a double blue,
Dancing all free and happy in the sun,)
And then went down the hatchway one by one.

XCI.

They heard next day—that in the Dardanelles,
Waiting for his Sublimity's firman,
The most imperative of sovereign spells,
Which everybody does without who can,
More to secure them in their naval cells,
Lady to lady, well as man to man,
Were to be chain'd and lotted out per couple,
For the slave-market of Constantinople.

XCII.

It seems when this allotment was made out,
There chanced to be an odd male, and odd female,
Who (after some discussion and some doubt,
If the soprano might be deem'd to be male,
They placed him o'er the woman as a scout)
Were link'd together, and it happen'd the male
Was Juan, who,—an awkward thing at his age,
Pair'd off with a Bacchante blooming visage.

XCIII.

With Raucocanti lucklessly was chain'd
The tenor ; these two hated with a hate
Found only on the stage, and each more pain'd
With this his tuneful neighbour than his fate ;

Sad strife arose, for they were so cross-grain'd,
 Instead of bearing up without debate,
 That each pull'd different ways with many an oath,
 "Arcades ambo," *id est*—blackguards both.

XCIV.

Juan's companion was a Romagnole,
 But bred within the March of old Ancona,
 With eyes that look'd into the very soul
 (And other chief points of a "bella donna"),
 Bright—and as black and burning as a coal;
 And through her clear brunette complexion shone a
 Great wish to please—a most attractive dower,
 Especially when added to the power.

XCV.

But all that power was wasted upon him,
 For sorrow o'er each sense held stern command;
 Her eye might flash on his, but found it dim;
 And though thus chain'd, as natural her hand
 Touch'd his, nor that—nor any handsome limb
 (And she had some not easy to withstand)
 Could stir his pulse, or make his faith feel brittle;
 Perhaps his recent wounds might help a little.

XCVI.

No matter; we should ne'er too much inquire,
 But facts are facts: no knight could be more true.
 And firmer faith no lady-love desire;
 We will omit the proofs, save one or two:
 'Tis said no one in hand "can hold a fire
 By thought of frosty Caucasus;" but few,
 I really think; yet Juan's then ordeal
 Was more triumphant, and not much less real.

XCVII.

Here I might enter on a chaste description,
 Having withstood temptation in my youth,
 But hear that several people take exception
 At the first two books having too much truth;
 Therefore I'll make Don Juan leave the ship soon,
 Because the publisher declares, in sooth,
 Through needles' eyes it easier for the camel is
 To pass, than those two cantos into families.

XCVIII.

'T is all the same to me ; I'm fond of yielding,
 And therefore leave them to the purer page
 Of Smollett, Prior, Ariosto, Fielding,
 Who say strange things for so correct an age ;
 I once had great alacrity in wielding
 My pen, and liked poetic war to wage,
 And recollect the time when all this cant
 Would have provoked remarks which now it shan't

XCIX.

As boys love rows, my boyhood liked a squabble ;
 But at this hour I wish to part in peace,
 Leaving such to the literary rabble,
 Whether my verse's fame be doom'd to cease
 While the right hand which wrote it still is able,
 Or of some centuries to take a lease ;
 The grass upon my grave will grow as long,
 And sigh to midnight winds, but not to song.

C.

Of poets who come down to us through distance
 Of time and tongues, the foster-babes of Fame,
 Life seems the smallest portion of existence ;
 Where twenty ages gather o'er a name,
 'T is as a snow-ball which derives assistance
 From every flake, and yet rolls on the same,
Even till an iceberg it may chance to grow ;
But, after all, 't is nothing but cold snow.

CI.

And so great names are nothing more than nominal,
 And love of glory's but an airy lust,
 Too often in its fury overcoming all
 Who would as 't were identify their dust
 From out the wide destruction, which, entombing all,
 Leaves nothing till " the coming of the just "—
 Save change : I've stood upon Achilles' tomb,
 And heard Troy doubted ; time will doubt of Rome.

CII.

The very generations of the dead
 Are swept away, and tomb inherits tomb,
 Until the memory of an age is fled,
 And, buried, sinks beneath its offspring's doom :

Where are the epitaphs our fathers read?

Save a few glean'd from the sepulchral gloom
Which once-named myriads nameless lie beneath,
And lose their own in universal death.

CIII.

I canter by the spot each afternoon

Where perish'd in his fame the hero-boy,
Who lived too long for men, but died too soon
For human vanity, the young De Foix!
A broken pillar, not uncouthly hewn,
But which neglect is hastening to destroy,
Records Ravenna's carnage on its face,
While weeds and ordure rankie round the base.

CIV.

I pass each day where Dante's bones are laid:

A little cupola, more neat than solemn,
Protects his dust, but reverence here is paid
To the bard's tomb, and not the warrior's column:
The time must come, when both alike decay'd,
The chieftain's trophy, and the poet's volume,
Will sink where lie the songs and wars of earth,
Before Pelides' death, or Homer's birth.

CV.

With human blood that column was cemented,

With human filth that column is defiled,
As if the peasant's coarse contempt were vented

To show his loathing of the spot he soil'd:
Thus is the trophy used, and thus lamented

Should ever be those blood-hounds, from whose wild
Instinct of gore and glory earth has known
Those sufferings Dante saw in hell alone.

CVI.

Yet there will still be bards: though fame is smoke,
Its fumes are frankincense to human thought;

And the unquiet feelings, which first woke

Song in the world, will seek what then they sought:

As on the beach the waves at last are broke,

Thus to their extreme verge the passions brought
Dash into poetry, which is but passion,
Or at least was so ere it grew a fashion.

CVII.

If in the course of such a life as was
At once adventurous and contemplative,
Men who partake all passions as they pass,
Acquire the deep and bitter power to give
Their images again as in a glass,
And in such colours that they seem to live ;
You may do right forbidding them to show 'em,
But spoil (I think) a very pretty poem.

CVIII.

Oh ! ye, who make the fortune of all books !
Benign Ceruleans of the second sex !
Who advertise new poems by your looks,
Your "imprimatur" will ye not annex ?
What ! must I go to the oblivious cooks,
Those Cornish plunderers of Parnassian wrecks ?
Ah ! must I then the only minstrel be,
Proscribed from tasting your Castalian tea ?

CIX.

What ! can I prove "a lion" then no more ?
A ball-room bard, a foolscap, hot-press darling ?
To bear the compliments of many a bore,
And sigh, "I can't get out," like Yorick's starling ;
Why then I 'll swear, as poet Wordy swore
(Because the world won't read him, always snarling),
That taste is gone, that fame is but a lottery,
Drawn by the blue-coat misses of a coterie.

CX.

Oh ! "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,"
As some one somewhere sings about the sky,
And I, ye learned ladies, say of you ;
They say your stockings are so—(Heaven knows why,
I have examined few pair of that hue) ;
Blue as the garters which serenely lie
Round the patrician left-legs, which adorn
The festal midnight, and the levée morn.

CXI.

Yet some of you are most seraphic creatures—
But times are alter'd since, a rhyming lover,
You read my stanzas, and I read your features :
And—but no matter, all those things are over ;

Still I have no dislike to learned natures,
 For sometimes such a world of virtues cover ;
 I knew one woman of that purple school,
 The loveliest, chastest, best, but—quite a fool.

CXII.

Humboldt, "the first of travellers," but not
 The last, if late accounts be accurate,
 Invented, by some name I have forgot,
 As well as the sublime discovery's date,
 An airy instrument, with which he sought
 To ascertain the atmospheric state,
 By measuring "the *intensity of blue* :"
 Oh, Lady Daphne ! let me measure you !

CXIII.

But to the narrative :—The vessel bound
 With slaves to sell off in the capital,
 After the usual process, might be found
 At anchor under the seraglio wall ;
 Her cargo, from the plague being safe and sound,
 Were landed in the market, one and all,
 And there with Georgians, Russians, and Circassians,
 Bought up for different purposes and passions.

CXIV.

Some went off dearly ; fifteen hundred dollars
 For one Circassian, a sweet girl, were given,
 Warranted virgin ; beauty's brightest colours
 Had deck'd her out in all the hues of heaven :
 Her sale sent home some disappointed bawlers,
 Who bade on till the hundreds reach'd eleven ;
 But when the offer went beyond, they knew
 'T was for the Sultan, and at once withdrew.

CXV.

Twelve negresses from Nubia brought a price
 Which the West Indian market scarce could bring,
 Though Wilberforce, at last, has made it twice
 What 't was ere Abolition ; and the thing
 Need not seem very wonderful, for vice
 Is always much more splendid than a king :
 The virtues, even the most exalted, Charity,
 Are saving—vice spares nothing for a rarity.

CXVI.

But for the destiny of this young troop,
How some were bought by pachas, some by Jews,
How some to burdens were obliged to stoop,
And others rose to the command of crews
As renegadoes; while in hapless group,
Hoping no very old vizier might choose,
The females stood, as one by one they pick'd 'em,
To make a mistress, or fourth wife, or victim:

CXVII.

All this must be reserved for further song;
Also our hero's lot, howe'er unpleasant
(Because this Canto has become too long),
Must be postponed discreetly for the present;
I'm sensible redundancy is wrong,
But could not for the muse of me put less in 't:
And now delay the progress of Don Juan,
Till what is call'd in Ossian the fifth Duan.

CANTO THE FIFTH.

I.

WHEN amatory poets sing their loves
In liquid lines mellifluously bland,
And pair their rhymes as Venus yokes her doves,
They little think what mischief is in hand;
The greater their success the worse it proves,
As Ovid's verse may give to understand;
Even Petrarch's self, if judged with due severity,
Is the Platonic pimp of all posterity.

II.

I therefore do denounce all amorous writing,
Except in such a way as not to attract;
Plain—simple—short, and by no means inviting,
But with a moral to each error tack'd,
Form'd rather for instructing than delighting,
And with all passions in their turn attack'd;
Now, if my Pegasus should not be shod ill,
This poem will become a moral model.

III.

The European with the Asian shore
Sprinkled with palaces ; the Ocean stream
Here and there studded with a seventy-four ;
Sophia's cupola with golden gleam ;
The cypress groves ; Olympus high and hoar ;
The twelve isles, and the more than I could dream,
Far less describe, present the very view
Which charm'd the charming Mary Montagu.

IV.

I have a passion for the name of " Mary,"
For once it was a magic sound to me ;
And still it half calls up the realms of fairy,
Where I beheld what never was to be ;
All feelings changed, but this was last to vary,
A spell from which even yet I am not quite free :
But I grow sad—and let a tale grow cold,
Which must not be pathetically told.

V.

The wind swept down the Euxine, and the wave
Broke foaming o'er the blue Symplegades ;
'T is a grand sight from off " the Giant's Grave "
To watch the progress of those rolling seas
Between the Bosphorus, as they lash and lave
Europe and Asia, you being quite at ease :
There's not a sea the passenger ere pukes in,
Turns up more dangerous breakers than the Euxine.

VI.

'T was a raw day of Autumn's bleak beginning,
When nights are equal, but not so the days :
The Parcæ then cut short the further spinning
Of seamen's fates, and the loud tempests raise
The waters, and repentance for past sinning
In all, who o'er the great deep take their ways :
They vow to amend their lives, and yet they don't ;
Because if drown'd, they can't—if spared, they won't.

VII.

A crowd of shivering slaves of every nation,
And age, and sex, were in the market ranged ;
Each bevy with the merchant in his station :
Poor creatures ! their good looks were sadly changed.

All save the blacks seem'd jaded with vexation,
From friends, and home, and freedom far estranged ;
The negroes more philosophy display'd,—
Used to it, no doubt, as eels are to be flay'd.

VIII.

Juan was juvenile, and thus was full,
As most at his age are, of hope, and health ;
Yet, I must own, he look'd a little dull,
And now and then a tear stole down by stealth ;
Perhaps his recent loss of blood might pull
His spirit down ; and then the loss of wealth,
A mistress, and such comfortable quarters,
To be put up for auction amongst 'Tartars,

IX.

Were things to shake a stoic ; ne'ertheless,
Upon the whole his carriage was serene :
His figure, and the splendour of his dress,
Of which some gilded remnants still were seen,
Drew all eyes on him, giving them to guess
He was above the vulgar by his mien ;
And then, though pale, he was so very handsome ;
And then—they calculated on his ransom.

X.

Like a backgammon board the place was dotted
With whites and blacks, in groups on show for sale,
Though rather more irregularly spotted :
Some bought the jet, while others chose the pale.
It chanced amongst the other people lotted,
A man of thirty, rather stout and hale,
With resolution in his dark grey eye,
Next Juan stood, till some might choose to buy.

XI.

He had an English look ; that is, was square
In make, of a complexion white and ruddy,
Good teeth, with curling rather dark brown hair,
And, it might be from thought, or toil, or study,
An open brow a little mark'd with care :
One arm had on a bandage rather bloody ;
And there he stood with such *sang froid*, that greater
Could scarce be shown even by a mere spectator.

XII.

*But seeing at his elbow a mere lad,
 Of a high spirit evidently, though
 At present weigh'd down by a doom which had
 O'erthrown even men, he soon began to show
 A kind of blunt compassion for the sad
 Lot of so young a partner in the woe,
 Which for himself he seem'd to deem no worse
 Than any other scrape, a thing of course.*

XIII.

"My boy!" said he, "amidst this motley crew
 Of Georgians, Russians, Nubians, and what not,
 All ragamuffins differing but in hue,
 With whom it is our luck to cast our lot,
 The only gentlemen seem I and you;
 So let us be acquainted, as we ought:
 If I could yield you any consolation,
 'T would give me pleasure.—Pray, what is your nation?"

XIV.

When Juan answered—"Spanish!" he replied,
 "I thought, in fact, you could not be a Greek;
 Those servile dogs are not so proudly eyed:
 Fortune has play'd you here a pretty freak,
 But that's her way with all men, till they're tried;
 But never mind,—she'll turn, perhaps, next week;
 She has served me also much the same as you,
 Except that I have found it nothing new."

XV.

"Pray, sir," said Juan, "if I may presume,
What brought you here?"—"Oh! nothing very rare—
 Six Tartars and a drag-chain——"—"To this doom
 But what conducted, if the question's fair,
 Is that which I would learn."—"I served for some
 Months with the Russian army here and there;
 And taking lately, by Suwarrow's bidding,
 A town, was ta'en myself instead of Widdin."

XVI.

"Have you no friends?"—"I had—but, by God's blessing,
 Have not been troubled with them lately. Now
 I have answer'd all your questions without pressing,
 And you an equal courtesy should show."

"Alas!" said Juan, "'t were a tale distressing,
And long besides."—"Oh! if 't is really so,
You're right on both accounts to hold your tongue;
A sad tale saddens doubly when 't is long.

XVII.

"But droop not: Fortune at your time of life,
Although a female moderately fickle,
Will hardly leave you (as she's not your wife)
For any length of days in such a pickle.
To strive, too, with our fate were such a strife
As if the corn-sheaf should oppose the sickle:
Men are the sport of circumstances, when
The circumstances seem the sport of men."

XVIII.

"'T is not," said Juan, "for my present doom
I mourn, but for the past;—I loved a maid:—"
He paused, and his dark eye grew full of gloom;
A single tear upon his eyelash staid
A moment, and then dropp'd; "but to resume,
'T is not my present lot, as I have said,
Which I deplore so much; for I have borne
Hardships which have the hardest overworn,

XIX.

"On the rough deep. But this last blow—" and here
He stopp'd again, and turn'd away his face.
"Ay," quoth his friend, "I thought it would appear
That there had been a lady in the case;
And these are things which ask a tender tear,
Such as I, too, would shed if in your place:
I cried upon my first wife's dying day,
And also when my second ran away:

XX.

"My third——"—"Your third!" quoth Juan, turning
round;
"You scarcely can be thirty: have you three?"
"No—only two at present above ground:
Surely, 't is nothing wonderful to see
One person thrice in holy wedlock bound!"
"Well, then, your third," said Juan; "what did she?
She did not run away, too,—did she, sir?"
"No, faith,"—"What then?"—"I ran away from her,"

XXI.

"You take things coolly, sir," said Juan. "Why,"
 Replied the other, "what can a man do?
 There still are many rainbows in your sky,
 But mine have vanish'd. All, when life is new,
 Commence with feelings warm, and prospects high;
 But time strips our illusions of their hue,
 And one by one in turn, some grand mistake
 Casts off its bright skin yearly like the snake.

XXII.

"'T is true, it gets another bright and fresh,
 Of fresher, brighter; but the year gone through,
 This skin must go the way, too, of all flesh,
 Or sometimes only wear a week or two;—
 Love's the first net which spreads its deadly mesh;
 Ambition, Avarice, Vengeance, Glory, glüe
 The glittering lime-twigs of our latter days,
 Where still we flutter on for pence or praise."

XXIII.

"All this is very fine, and may be true,"
 Said Juan; "but I really do n't see how
 It betters present times with me or you."
 "No?" quoth the other; "yet you will allow
 By setting things in their right point of view,
 Knowledge, at least, is gain'd; for instance, now
 We know what slavery is, and our disasters
 May teach us better to behave when masters."

XXIV.

"Would we were masters now, if but to try
 Their present lessons on our Pagan friends here."
 Said Juan—swallowing a heart-burning sigh: [here!]
 "Heaven help the scholar, whom his fortune sends
 "Perhaps we shall be one day, by and by,"
 Rejoin'd the other, "when our bad luck mends here;
 Meantime (yon old black eunuch seems to eye us)
 I wish to G—d that somebody would buy us!

XXV.

"But after all, what *is* our present state?
 'T is bad, and may be better—all men's lot:
 Most men are slaves, none more so than the great,
 To their own whims and passions, and what not;

Society itself, which should create
Kindness, destroys what little we had got :
To feel for none is the true social art
Of the world's stoics—men without a heart."

XXVI.

Just now a black old neutral personage
Of the third sex stept up, and peering over
The captives, seem'd to mark their looks and age,
And capabilities, as to discover
If they were fitted for the purposed cage :
No lady e'er is ogled by a lover,
Horse by a blackleg, breadcloth by a tailor,
Fee by a counsel, felon by a jailor,

XXVII.

As is a slave by his intended bidder.
"T is pleasant purchasing our fellow-creatures ;
And all are to be sold, if you consider
Their passions, and are dext'rous ; some by features
Are bought up, others by a warlike leader,
Some by a place—as tend their years or natures ;
The most by ready cash—but all have prices,
From crowns to kicks, according to their vices.

XXVIII.

The eunuch, having eyed them o'er with care,
Turn'd to the merchant, and began to bid
First but for one, and after for the pair ;
They haggled, wrangled, swore, too—so they did !
As though they were in a mere Christian fair,
Cheapening an ox, an ass, a lamb, or kid ;
So that their bargain sounded like a battle
For this superior yoke of human cattle.

XXIX.

At last they settled into simple grumbling,
And pulling out reluctant purses, and
Turning each piece of silver o'er, and tumbling
Some down, and weighing others in their hand,
And by mistake sequins with paras jumbling,
Until the sum was accurately scann'd,
And then the merchant giving change, and signing
Receipts in full, began to think of dining.

XXXIX.

But it was all a mystery. Here we are,
 And there we go :—but *where*? five bits of lead,
 Or three, or two, or one, send very far!
 And is this blood, then, form'd but to be shed?
 Can every element our elements mar?
 And air—earth—water—fire live—and we dead?
We, whose minds comprehend all things. No more;
 But let us to the story as before.

XL.

The purchaser of Juan and acquaintance
 Bore off his bargains to a gilded boat,
 Embark'd himself and them, and off they went thence
 As fast as oars could pull and water float;
 They look'd like persons being led to sentence,
 Wond'ring what next, till the caique was brought
 Up in a little creek below a wall
 O'ertopp'd with cypresses, dark-green and tall.

XLI.

Here their conductor tapping at the wicket
 Of a small iron door, 't was open'd, and
 He led them onward, first through a low thicket
 Flank'd by large groves, which tower'd on either hand:
 They almost lost their way, and had to pick it—
 For night was closing ere they came to land.
 The eunuch made a sign to those on board,
 Who row'd off, leaving them without a word.

XLII.

As they were plodding on their winding way
 Through orange bowers, and jasmine, and so forth:
 (Of which I might have a good deal to say,
 There being no such profusion in the North
 Of oriental plants, "et cetera,"
 But that of late your scribblers think it worth
 Their while to rear whole hot-beds in *their* works,
 Because one poet travell'd 'mongst the 'Turks:)

XLIII.

As they were threading on their way, there came
 Into Don Juan's head a thought, which he
 Whisper'd to his companion :—'t was the same
 Which might have then occur'd to you or me.

"Methinks,"—said he,—*"it would be no great shame
If we should strike a stroke to set us free ;
Let's knock that old black fellow on the head,
And march away—'t were easier done than said."*

XLIV.

"Yes," said the other, "and when done, what then ?
How get out ? how the devil got we in ?
And when we once were fairly out, and when
From Saint Bartholomew we have saved our skin,
To-morrow 'd see us in some other den,
And worse off than we hitherto have been ;
Besides, I'm hungry, and just now would take,
Like Esau, for my birthright a beef-steak.

XLV.

"We must be near some place of man's abode ;—
For the old negro's confidence in creeping,
With his two captives, by so queer a road,
Shows that he thinks his friends have not been sleeping ;
A single cry would bring them all abroad :
'T is better therefore looking before leaping—
And there, you see, this turn has brought us through,
By Jove, a noble palace !—lighted too."

XLVI.

It was indeed a wide extensive building
Which open'd on their view, and o'er the front
There seem'd to be besprent a deal of gilding
And various hues, as is the Turkish wont,—
A gaudy taste, for they are little skill'd in
The arts of which these lands were once the font :
Each villa on the Bosphorus looks a screen
New painted, or a pretty opera-scene.

XLVII.

And nearer as they came, a genial savour
Of certain stews, and roast-meats, and pilaus,
Things, which in hungry mortals' eyes find favour,
Made Juan in his harsh intentions pause,
And put himself upon his good behaviour :
His friend, too, adding a new saving clause,
Said, "In Heaven's name let's get some supper now,
And then I'm with you, if you're for a row."

XLVIII.

Some talk of an appeal unto some passion,
 Some to men's feeling, others to their reason;
 The last of these was never much the fashion,
 For reason thinks all reasoning out of season:
 Some speakers whine, and others lay the lash on,
 But more or less continue still to tease on,
 With arguments according to their "forte;"
 But no one ever dreams of being short.—

XLIX.

But I digress: of all appeals,—although
 I grant the power of pathos, and of gold,
 Of beauty, flattery, threats, a shilling,—no
 Method's more sure at moments to take hold
 Of the best feelings of mankind, which grow
 More tender, as we every day behold,
 Than that all-softening, overpowering knell,
 The tocsin of the soul—the dinner bell.

L.

Turkey contains no bells, and yet men dine;
 And Juan and his friend, albeit they heard
 No Christian knoll to table, saw no line
 Of lackeys usher to the feast prepared,
 Yet smelt roast-meat, beheld a huge fire shine,
 And cooks in motion with their clean arms bared,
 And gazed around them to the left and right,
 With the prophetic eye of appetite.

LI.

And giving up all notions of resistance,
 They follow'd close behind their sable guide,
 Who little thought that his own crack'd existence
 Was on the point of being set aside:
 He motion'd them to stop at some small distance,
 And knocking at the gate, 't was open'd wide,
 And a magnificent large hall display'd
 The Asian pomp of Ottoman parade.

LII.

I won't describe; description is my forte,
 But every fool describes in these bright days
 His wondrous journey to some foreign court,
 And spawns his quarto, and demands your praise—

Death to his publisher, to him 't is sport ;
While Nature, tortured twenty thousand ways,
Resigns herself with exemplary patience
To guide-books, rhymes, tours, sketches, illustrations.

LIII.

Along this hall, and up and down, some, squatted
Upon their hams, were occupied at chess ;
Others in monosyllable talk chatted,
And some seem'd much in love with their own dress ;
And divers smoked superb pipes, decorated
With amber mouths of greater price or less ;
And several strutted, others slept, and some
Prepared for supper with a glass of rum.

LIV.

As the black eunuch enter'd with his brace
Of purchased Infidels, some raised their eyes
A moment, without slackening from their pace ;
But those who sate, ne'er stirr'd in any wise :
One or two stared the captives in the face,
Just as one views a horse to guess his price ;
Some nodded to the negro from their station,
But no one troubled him with conversation.

LV.

He leads them through the hall, and, without stopping,
On through a farther range of goodly rooms,
Splendid but silent, save in *one*, where, dropping,
A marble fountain echoes through the glooms
Of night, which robe the chamber, or where popping
Some female head most curiously presumes
To thrust its black eyes through the door or lattice,
As wondering what the devil noise that is.

LVI.

Some faint lamps gleaming from the lofty walls
Gave light enough to hint their farther way,
But not enough to show the imperial halls
In all the flashing of their full array ;
Perhaps there 's nothing—I 'll not say appals,
But saddens more by night as well as day,
Than an enormous room without a soul
To break the lifeless splendour of the whole.

LVII.

Two or three seem so little, *one* seems nothing :
 In deserts, forests, crowds, or by the shore,
 There solitude, we know, has her full growth in
 The spots which were her realms for evermore ;
 But in a mighty hall or gallery, both in
 More modern buildings and those built of yore,
 A kind of death comes o'er us all alone,
 Seeing what's meant for many with but one.

LVIII.

A neat snug study on a winter's night,
 A book, friend, single lady, or a glass
 Of claret, sandwich, and an appetite,
 Are things which make an English evening pass ;
 Though *certes* by no means so grand a sight
 As is a theatre lit up by gas.
 I pass my evenings in long galleries solely,
 And that's the reason I'm so melancholy.

LIX.

Alas ! man makes that great which makes him little :
 I grant you in a church 't is very well :
 What speaks of heaven should by no means be brittle,
 But strong and lasting, till no tongue can tell
 Their names who rear'd it ; but huge houses fit ill —
 And huge tombs worse — mankind, since Adam fell :
 Methinks the story of the tower of Babel
 Might teach them this much better than I'm able.

LX.

Babel was Nimrod's hunting-box, and then
 A town of gardens, walls, and wealth amazing,
 Where Nebuchadonozor, king of men,
 Reign'd, till one summer's day he took to grazing,
 And Daniel tamed the lions in their den,
 The people's awe and admiration raising ;
 'T was famous, too, for Thisbe and for Pyramus,
 And the calumniated queen Semiramis. —

LXI.

That injured Queen, by chroniclers so coarse,
 Has been accused (I doubt not by conspiracy)
 Of an improper friendship for her horse
 (Love, like religion, sometimes runs to heresy) :

This monstrous^a tale had probably its source
(For such exaggerations here and there I see)
In writing "Courser" by mistake for "Courier ;"
I wish the case would come before a jury here.

LXII.

But to resume,—should there be (what may not
Be in these days ?) some infidels who do n't,
Because they can't, find out the very spot
Of that same Babel, or because they won't
(Though Claudius Rich, Esquire, some bricks has got,
And written lately two memoirs upon 't,)
Believe the Jews, those unbelievers, who
Must be believed, though they believe not you,

LXIII.

Yet let them think that Horace has exprest
Short^{ly} and sweetly the masonic folly
Of those, forgetting the great place of rest,
Who give themselves to architecture wholly ;
We know where things and men must end at best :
A moral (like all morals) melancholy,
And "Et sepulchri immemor struis domos"
Shows that we build when we should but entomb us.

LXIV.

At last they reach'd a quarter most retired,
Where echo woke as if from a long slumber ;
Though full of all things which could be desired,
One wonder'd what to do with such a number
Of articles which nobody required ;
Here wealth had done its utmost to encumber
With furniture an exquisite apartment,
Which puzzled Nature much to know what Art meant.

LXV.

It seem'd, however, but to open on
A range or suite of further chambers, which
Might lead to heaven knows where ; but in this one
The moveables were prodigally rich :
Sofas 't was half a sin to sit upon,
So costly were they ; carpets every stitch
Of workmanship so rare, they made you wish
You could glide o'er them like a golden fish.

LXVI.

The black, however, without hardly deigning
 A glance at that which wrapt the slaves in wonder,
 Trampled what they scarce trod for fear of staining,
 As if the milky way their feet was under
 With all its stars ; and with a stretch attaining
 A certain press or cupboard niched in yonder,
 In that remote recess which you may see—
 Or if you do n't, the fault is not in me,—

LXVII.

I wish to be perspicuous ; and the black,
 I say, unlocking the recess, pull'd forth
 A quantity of clothes fit for the back
 Of any Mussulman, whate'er his worth ;
 And of variety there was no lack—
 And yet, though I have said there was no dearth,—
 He chose himself to point out what he thought
 Most proper for the Christians he had bought.

LXVIII.

The suit he thought most suitable to each
 Was, for the elder and the stouter, first
 A Candiot cloak, which to the knee might reach,
 And trousers not so tight that they would burst,
 But such as fit an Asiatic breech ;
 A shawl, whose folds in Cashmire had been nurst,
 Slippers of saffron, dagger rich and handy ;
 In short, all things which form a Turkish dandy.

LXIX.

While he was dressing, Baba, their black friend,
 Hinted the vast advantages which they
 Might probably obtain both in the end,
 If they would but pursue the proper way
 Which Fortune plainly seem'd to recommend ;
 And then he added, that he needs must say,
 " 'T would greatly tend to better their condition,
 If they would condescend to circumcision.

LXX.

"For his own part, he really should rejoice
 To see them true believers, but no less
 Would leave his proposition to their choice."
 The other, thanking him for this excess

Of goodness, in thus leaving them a voice
In such a trifle, scarcely could express
"Sufficiently" (he said) "his approbation
Of all the customs of this polish'd nation.

LXXI.

"For his own share—he saw but small objection
To so respectable an ancient rite ;
And, after swallowing down a slight refection,
For which he own'd a present appetite,
He doubted not a few hours of reflection
Would reconcile him to the business quite."
"Will it?" said Juan, sharply: "Strike me dead,
But they as soon shall circumcise my head !

LXXII.

"Cut off a thousand heads, before——"—"Now, pray,"
Replied the other, "do not interrupt:
You put me out in what I had to say.
Sir!—as I said, as soon as I have supt,
I shall perpend if your proposal may
Be such as I can properly accept ;
Provided always your great goodness still
Remits the matter to our own free-will."

LXXIII.

Baba eyed Juan, and said, "Be so good
As dress yourself—" and pointed out a suit
In which a princess with great pleasure would
Array her limbs ; but Juan standing mute,
As not being in a masquerading mood,
Gave it a slight kick with his Christian foot ;
And when the old negro told him to "Get ready,"
Replied, "Old gentleman, I'm not a lady."

LXXIV.

"What you may be, I neither know nor care,"
Said Baba ; "but pray do as I desire :
I have no more time nor many words to spare."
"At least," said Juan, "sure I may inquire
The cause of this odd travesty?"—"Forbear,"
Said Baba, "to be curious ; 't will transpire,
No doubt, in proper place, and time, and season :
I have no authority to tell the reason."

LXXV.

"Then if I do," said Juan, "I'll be——"—"Hold!"

Rejoin'd the negro, "pray be not provoking;
This spirit's well, but it may wax too bold,
And you will find us not too fond of joking."

"What, sir," said Juan, "shall it e'er be told
That I unsex'd my dress?" But Baba, stroking
The things down, said, "Incense me, and I call
Those who will leave you of no sex at all.

LXXVI.

"I offer you a handsome suit of clothes:

A woman's, true; but then there is a cause [loathes
Why you should wear them."—"What, though my soul

The effeminate garb?"—thus, after a short pause,
Sigh'd Juan, muttering also some slight oaths,

"What the devil shall I do with all this gauze?"
Thus he profanely term'd the finest lace
Which e'er set off a marriage-morning face.

LXXVII.

And then he swore; and, sighing, on he slipp'd

A pair of trousers of flesh-colour'd silk;
Next with a virgin zone he was equipp'd,

Which girt a slight chemise as white as milk;
But tugging on his petticoat, he tripp'd,

Which—as we say—or as the Scotch say, *whilk*,
(The rhyme obliges me to this; sometimes
Monarchs are less imperative than rhymes)—

LXXVIII.

Whilk, which (or what you please), was owing to

His garment's novelty, and his being awkward:
And yet at last he managed to get through

His toilet, though no doubt a little backward:
The negro Baba help'd a little too,

When some untoward part of raiment stuck hard;
And, wrestling both his arms into a gown,
He paused, and took a survey up and down.

LXXIX.

One difficulty still remain'd—his hair

Was hardly long enough; but Baba found
So many false long tresses all to spare,

That soon his head was most completely crown'd,

After the manner then in fashion there ;
And his addition with such gems was bound
As suited the *ensemble* of his toilet,
While Baba made him comb his head and oil it.

LXXX.

And now being femininely all array'd,
With some small aid from scissors, paint, and tweezers,
He look'd in almost all respects a maid,
And Baba smilingly exclaim'd, " You see, sirs,
A perfect transformation here display'd ;
And now, then, you must come along with me, sirs,
That is—the Lady : " clapping his hands twice,
Four blacks were at his elbow in a trice.

LXXXI.

" You, sir," said Baba, nodding to the one,
" Will please to accompany those gentlemen
To supper ; but you, worthy Christian nun,
Will follow me : no trifling, sir ; for when
I say a thing, it must at once be done.
What fear you ? think you this a lion's den ?
Why, 't is a palace ; where the truly wise
Anticipate the Prophet's paradise.

LXXXII.

" You fool ! I tell you no one means you harm."
" So much the better," Juan said. " for them ;
Else they shall feel the weight of this my arm,
Which is not quite so light as you may deem.
I yield thus far ; but soon will break the charm,
If any take me for that which I seem :
So that I trust for everybody's sake,
That this disguise may lead to no mistake."

LXXXIII.

" Blockhead ! come on, and see," quoth Baba ; while
Don Juan, turning to his comrade, who,
Though somewhat grieved, could scarce forbear a smile
Upon the metamorphosis in view,—
" Farewell ! " they mutually exclaim'd : " this soil
Seems fertile in adventures strange and new ;
One's turn'd half Mussulman, and one a maid,
By this old black enchanter's unsought aid."

LXXXIV.

"Farewell!" said Juan: "should we meet no more,
 I wish you a good appetite."—"Farewell!"
 Replied the other; "though it grieves me sore:
 When we next meet, we'll have a tale to tell:
 We needs must follow when Fate puts from shore.
 Keep your good name; though Eve herself once fell."
 "Nay," quoth the maid, "the Sultan's self shan't carry
 Unless his highness promises to marry me." [me.

LXXXV.

And thus they parted, each by separate doors;
 Baba led Juan onward room by room
 Through glittering galleries, and o'er marble floors,
 Till a gigantic portal through the gloom,
 Haughty and huge, along the distance low'ers;
 And wafted far arose a rich perfume:
 It seem'd as though they came upon a shrine;
 For all was vast, still, fragrant, and divine.

LXXXVI.

The giant door was broad, and bright, and high,
 Of gilded bronze, and carved in curious guise;
 Warriors thereon were battling furiously;
 Here stalks the victor, there the vanquish'd lies;
 There captives led in triumph droop the eye,
 And in perspective many a squadron flies:
 It seems the work of times before the line
 Of Rome transplanted fell with Constantine.

LXXXVII.

This massy portal stood at the wide close
 Of a huge hall, and on its either side
 Two little dwarfs, the least you could suppose,
 Were sate, like ugly imps, as if allied
 In mockery to the enormous gate which rose
 O'er them in almost pyramidal pride:
 The gate so splendid was in all its features,
 You never thought about those little creatures,

LXXXVIII.

Until you nearly trod on them, and then
 You started back in horror to survey
 The wondrous hideousness of those small men,
 Whose colour was not black, nor white, nor grey,

But an extraneous mixture, which no pen
Can trace, although perhaps the pencil may ;
They were mis-shapen pigmies, deaf and dumb,—
Monsters, who cost a no less monstrous sum.

LXXXIX.

Their duty was—for they were strong, and though
They look'd so little, did strong things at times—
To ope this door, which they could really do,
The hinges being as smooth as Rogers' rhymes ;
And now and then, with tough strings of the bow,
As is the custom of those Eastern climes,
To give some rebel Pacha a cravat ;
For mutes are generally used for that.

XC.

They spoke by signs—that is, not spoke at all ;
And looking like two incubi, they glared
As Baba with his fingers made them fall
To heaving back the portal folds : it scared
Juan a moment, as this pair so small,
With shrieking serpent optics on him stared ;
It was as if their little looks could poison
Or fascinate whome'er they fix'd their eyes on.

XCI.

Before they enter'd, Baba paused to hint
To Juan some slight lessons as his guide :
"If you could just contrive," he said, "to stint
That somewhat manly majesty of stride,
'T would be as well, and—(though there's not much in 't),
To swing a little less from side to side,
Which has at times an aspect of the oddest ;—
And also could you look a little modest,

XCII.

"'T would be convenient ; for these mutes have eyes
Like needles, which may pierce those petticoats ;
And if they should discover your disguise,
You know how near us the deep Bosphorus floats ;
And you and I may chance, ere morning rise,
To find our way to Marmora without boats,
Stitch'd up in sacks—a mode of navigation
A good deal practised here upon occasion."

XCIII.

With this encouragement, he led the way
Into a room still nobler than the last ;
A rich confusion form'd a disarray
In such sort, that the eye along it cast
Could hardly carry anything away,
Object on object flash'd so bright and fast ;
A dazzling mass of gems, and gold, and glitter,
Magnificently mingled in a litter.

XCIV.

Wealth had done wonders—taste not much ; such things
Occur in Orient palaces, and even
In the more chasten'd domes of Western kings
(Of which I have also seen some six or seven),
Where I can't say or gold or diamond flings
Great lustre, there is much to be forgiven ;
Groups of bad statues, tables, chairs, and pictures,
On which I cannot pause to make my strictures.

XCV.

In this imperial hall, at distance lay
Under a canopy, and there reclined
Quite in a confidential queenly way,
A lady ; Baba stopp'd, and kneeling sign'd
To Juan, who, though not much used to pray,
Kne't down by instinct, wondering in his mind
What all this meant : while Baba bow'd and bended
His head, until the ceremony ended.

XCVI.

The lady rising up with such an air
As Venus rose with from the wave, on them
Bent like an antelope a Paphian pair
Of eyes, which put out each surrounding gem ;
And raising up an arm as moonlight fair,
She sign'd to Baba, who first kiss'd the hem
Of her deep purple robe, and speaking low,
Pointed to Juan, who remain'd below.

XCVII.

Her presence was as lofty as her state ;
Her beauty of that overpowering kind,
Whose force description only would abate :
I'd rather leave it much to your own mind,

Than lessen it by what I could relate
 Of forms and features ; it would strike you blind
 Could I do justice to the full detail ;
 So, luckily for both, my phrases fail.

XCIII.

Thus much however I may add,—her years
 Were ripe, they might make six-and-twenty springs,
 But there are forms which Time to touch forbears,
 And turns aside his scythe to vulgar things :
 Such as was Mary's Queen of Scots ; true—tears
 And love destroy ; and sapping sorrow wrings
 Charms from the charmer, yet some never grow
 Ugly ; for instance—Ninon de l'Enclos.

XCIX.

She spake some words to her attendants, who
 Composed a choir of girls, ten or a dozen,
 And were all clad alike ; like Juan, too,
 Who wore their uniform, by Baba chosen :
 They form'd a very nymph-like looking crew,
 Which might have call'd Diana's chorus "cousin,"
 As far as outward show may correspond ;
 I won't be bail for anything beyond.

C.

They bow'd obeisance and withdrew, retiring,
 But not by the same door through which came in
 Baba and Juan, which last stood admiring,
 At some small distance, all he saw within
 This strange saloon, much fitted for inspiring
 Marvel and praise ; for both or none things win ;
 And I must say, I ne'er could see the very
 Great happiness of the "Nil Admirari."

CI.

"Not to admire is all the art I know
 (Plain truth, dear Murray, needs few flowers of speech)
 To make men happy, or to keep them so ;
 (So take it in the very words of Creech)."
 Thus Horace wrote we all know long ago ;
 And thus Pope quotes the precept to re-teach
 From his translation ; but had *none admired*,
 Would Pope have sung, or Horace been inspired ?

CII.

Baba, when all the damsels were withdrawn,
 Motion'd to Juan to approach, and then
 A second time desired him to kneel down,
 And kiss the lady's foot ; which maxim when
 He heard repeated, Juan with a frown
 Drew himself up to his full height again,
 And said, " It grieved him, but he could not stoop
 To any shoe, unless it shod the Pope."

CIII.

Baba, indignant at this ill-timed pride,
 Made fierce remonstrances, and then a threat
 He mutter'd (but the last was given aside)
 About a bow-string—quite in vain ; not yet
 Would Juan bend, though 't were to Mahomet's bride :
 There's nothing in the world like *etiquette* ;
 In kingly chambers or imperial halls,
 As also at the race and county balls.

CIV.

He stood like Atlas, with a world of words
 About his ears, and nathless would not bend ;
 The blood of all his line's Castilian lords
 Boil'd in his veins, and rather than descend
 To stain his pedigree, a thousand swords
 A thousand times of him had made an end ;
 At length perceiving the "*foot*" could not stand,
 Baba proposed that he should kiss the hand.

CV.

Here was an honourable compromise,
 A half way house of diplomatic rest,
 Where they might meet in much more peaceful guise ;
 And Juan now his willingness exprest
 To use all fit and proper courtesies,
 Adding, that this was commonest and best,
 For through the South, the custom still commands
 The gentleman to kiss the lady's hands.

CVI.

And he advanced, though with but a bad grace,
 Though on more *thorough-bred* or fairer fingers
 No lips e'er left their transitory trace :
 On such as these the lip too fondly lingers,

And for one kiss would fain-imprint a brace,
As you will see, if she you love shall bring hers
In contact ; and sometimes even a fair stranger's
An almost twelvemonth's constancy endangers.

CVII.

The lady eyed him o'er and o'er, and bade
Baba retire, which he obey'd in style,
As if well used to the retreating trade ;
And taking hints in good part all the while,
He whisper'd Juan not to be afraid,
And looking on him with a sort of smile,
Took leave, with such a face of satisfaction,
As good men wear who have done a virtuous action.

CVIII.

When he was gone, there was a sudden change :
I know not what might be the lady's thought,
But o'er her bright brow flash'd a tumult strange,
And into her clear cheek the blood was brought,
Blood-red as sunset summer clouds which range
The verge of Heaven ; and in her large eyes wrought,
A mixture of sensations might be scann'd,
Of half-voluptuousness and half-command.

CIX.

Her form had all the softness of her sex,
Her features all the sweetness of the devil,
When he put on the cherub to perplex
Eve, and paved (God knows how) the road to evil ;
The sun himself was scarce more free from specks
Than she from aught at which the eye could cavil ;
Yet, somehow, there was something somewhere wanting,
As if she rather *order'd* than was *granting*.—

CX.

Something imperial, or imperious, threw
A chain o'er all she did ; that is, a chain
Was thrown as 't were about the neck of you,—
And rapture's self will seem almost a pain
With aught which looks like despotism in view ;
Our souls at least are free, and 't is in vain
We would against them make the flesh obey—
The spirit in the end will have its way.

CXI.

Her very smile was haughty, though so sweet;
 Her very nod was not an inclination:
 There was a self-will even in her small feet,
 As though they were quite conscious of her station—
 They trod as upon necks; and to complete
 Her state (it is the custom of her nation),
 A poniard deck'd her girdle, as the sign
 She was a sultan's bride (thank Heaven, not mine!)

CXII.

"To hear and to obey" had been from birth
 The law of all around her; to fulfil
 All phantasies which yielded joy or mirth,
 Had been her slaves' chief pleasure, as her will;
 Her blood was high, her beauty scarce of earth:
 Judge, then, if her caprices e'er stood still;
 Had she but been a Christian, I've a notion
 We should have found out the "perpetual motion."

CXIII.

Whate'er she saw and coveted was brought;
 Whate'er she did *not* see, if she supposed
 It might be seen, with diligence was sought,
 And when 't was found straightway the bargain closed:
 There was no end unto the things she bought,
 Nor to the trouble which her fancies caused;
 Yet even her tyranny had such a grace,
 The women pardon'd all except her face.

CXIV.

Juan, the latest of her whims, had caught
 Her eye in passing on his way to sale;
 She order'd him directly to be bought,
 And Baba, who had ne'er been known to fail
 In any kind of mischief to be wrought,
 At all such auctions knew how to prevail:
 She had no prudence, but he had; and this
 Explains the garb which Juan took amiss.

CXV.

His youth and features favour'd the disguise,
 And should you ask how she, a sultan's bride,
 Could risk or compass such strange phantasies,
 This I must leave sultanas to decide:

Emperors are only husbands in wives' eyes,
And kings and consorts oft are mystified,
As we may ascertain with due precision,
Some by experience, others by tradition.

CXVI.

But to the main point, where we have been tending :
She now conceived all difficulties past,
And deem'd herself extremely condescending
When, being made her property at last,
Without more preface, in her blue eyes blending
Passion and power, a glance on him she cast,
And merely saying, "Christian, canst thou love?"
Conceived that phrase was quite enough to move.

CXVII.

And so it was, in proper time and place ;
But Juan, who had still his mind o'erflowing
With Haidée's isle and soft Ionian face,
Felt the warm blood, which in his face was glowing,
Rush back upon his heart, which fill'd apace,
And left his cheeks as pale as snow-drops blowing :
These words went through his soul like Arab-spears,
So that he spoke not, but burst into tears.

CXVIII.

She was a good deal shock'd ; not shock'd at tears,
For women shed and use them at their liking ;
But there is something when man's eye appears
Wet, still more disagreeable and striking :
A woman's tear-drop melts, a man's half sears,
Like molten lead, as if you thrust a pike in
His heart to force it out, for (to be shorter)
To them 't is a relief, to us a torture.

CXIX.

And she would have consoled, but knew not how :
Having no equals, nothing which had e'er
Infected her with sympathy till now,
And never having dreamt what 't was to bear
Aught of a serious, sorrowing kind, although
There might arise some pouting petty care
To cross her brow, she wonder'd how so near
Her eyes another's eye could shed a tear.

CXX.

But nature teaches more than power can spoil,
 And, when a *strong* although a strange sensation
 Moves—female hearts are such a genial soil
 For kinder feelings, whatsoe'er their nation,
 They naturally pour the “wine and oil,”
 Samaritans in every situation;
 And thus Gulbeyaz, though she knew not why,
 Felt an odd glistening moisture in her eye.

CXXI.

But tears must stop like all things else; and soon
 Juan, who for an instant had been moved
 To such a sorrow by the intrusive tone
 Of one who dared to ask if “he *had* loved,”
 Call'd back the stoic to his eyes, which shone
 Bright with the very weakness he reproved;
 And although sensitive to beauty, he
 Felt most indignant still at not being free.

CXXII.

Gulbeyaz, for the first time in her days,
 Was much embarrass'd, never having met
 In all her life with aught save prayers and praise;
 And as she also risk'd her life to get
 Him whom she meant to tutor in love's ways,
 Into a comfortable tête-à-tête,
 To lose the hour would make her quite a martyr,
 And they had wasted now almost a quarter.

CXXIII.

I also would suggest the fitting time,
 To gentlemen in any such like case,
 That is to say—in a meridian clime,
 With us there is more law given to the chase,
 But here a small delay forms a great crime:
 So recollect that the extremest grace
 Is just two minutes for your declaration—
 A moment more would hurt your reputation.

CXXIV.

Juan's was good; and might have been still better
 But he had got Haidée into his head:
 However strange, he could not yet forget her,
 Which made him seem exceedingly ill-bred.

Gulbeyaz, who look'd on him as her debtor
 For having had him to her palace led,
 Began to blush up to the eyes, and then
 Grow deadly pale, and then blush back again.

CXXV.

At length, in an imperial way, she laid
 Her hand on his, and bending on him eyes,
 Which needed not an empire to persuade,
 Look'd into his for love, where none replies :
 Her brow grew black, but she would not upbraid,
 That being the last thing a proud woman tries ;
 She rose, and pausing one chaste moment, threw
 Herself upon his breast, and there she grew.

CXXVI.

This was an awkward test, as Juan found,
 But he was steel'd by sorrow, wrath, and pride :
 With gentle force her white arms he unwound,
 And seated her all drooping by his side,
 Then rising haughtily he glanced around,
 And looking coldly in her face, he cried,
 "The prison'd eagle will not pair, nor I
 Serve a sultana's sensual phantasy.

CXXVII.

"Thou ask'st, if I can love? be this the proof
 How much I *have* loved—that I love not *thee* !
 In this vile garb, the distaff, web, and woof,
 Were fitter for me : Love is for the free !
 I am not dazzled by this splendid roof ;
 Whate'er thy power, and great it seems to be,
 Heads bow, knees bend, eyes watch around a throne,
 And hands obey, our hearts are still our own."

CXXVIII.

This was a truth to us extremely trite ;
 Not so to her, who ne'er had heard such things :
 She deem'd her least command must yield delight,
 Earth being only made for queens and kings.
 If hearts lay on the left side or the right
 She hardly knew, to such perfection brings
 Legitimacy its born votaries, when
 Aware of their due royal rights o'er men.

CXXIX.

Besides, as has been said, she was so fair
 As even in a much humbler lot had made
 A kingdom or confusion anywhere;
 And also, as may be presumed, she laid
 Some stress on charms, which seldom are, if e'er,
 By their possessors thrown into the shade:
 She thought hers gave a double "right divine;"
 And half of that opinion's also mine.

CXXX.

Remember, or (if you cannot) imagine,
 Ye! who have kept your chastity when young,
 While some more desperate dowager has been waging
 Love with you, and been in the dog-days stung
 By your refusal, recollect her raging!
 Or recollect all that was said or sung
 On such a subject; then suppose the face
 Of a young downright beauty in this case.

CXXXI.

Suppose,—but you already have supposed,
 The spouse of Potiphar, the Lady Booby,
 Phædra, and all which story has disclosed
 Of good examples; pity that so few by
 Poets and private tutors are exposed,
 To educate—ye youth of Europe—you by!
 But when you have supposed the few we know,
 You can't suppose Gulbeyaz' angry brow.

CXXXII.

A tigress robb'd of young, a lioness,
 Or any interesting beast of prey,
 Are similes at hand for the distress
 Of ladies who cannot have their own way;
 But though my turn will not be served with less,
 These do n't express one half what I should say:
 For what is stealing young ones, few or many,
 To cutting short their hopes of having any?

CXXXIII.

The love of offspring's nature's general law,
 From tigresses and cubs to ducks and ducklings;
 There's nothing whets the beak, or arms the claw,
 Like an invasion of their babes and sucklings;

And all who have seen a human nursery, saw
How mothers love their children's squalls and chuck-
This strong extreme effect (to tire no longer [lings :
Your patience) shows the cause must still be stronger.

CXXXIV.

If I said fire flash'd from Gulbeyaz' eyes,
'T were nothing—for her eyes flash'd always fire ;
Or said her cheeks assumed the deepest dyes,
I should but bring disgrace upon the dyer,
So supernatural was her passion's rise ;
For ne'er till now she knew a check'd desire :
Even ye who know what a check'd woman is
(Enough, God knows!) would much fall short of this.

CXXXV.

Her rage was but a minute's, and 't was well—
A moment's more had slain her ; but the while
It lasted 't was like a short glimpse of hell :
Nought 's more sublime than energetic bile,
Though horrible to see, yet grand to tell,
Like ocean warring 'gainst a rocky isle ,
And the deep passions flashing through her form
Made her a beautiful embodied storm.

CXXXVI.

A vulgar tempest 't were to a typhoon
To match a common fury with her rage,
And yet she did not want to reach the moon,
Like moderate Hotspur on the immortal page ;
Her anger pitch'd into a lower tune,
Perhaps the fault of her soft sex and age—
Her wish was but to "kill, kill, kill," like Lear's,
And then her thirst of blood was quench'd in tears.

CXXXVII.

A storm it raged, and like the storm it pass'd,
Pass'd without words—in fact she could not speak ;
And then her sex's shame broke in at last,
A sentiment till then in her but weak,
But now it flow'd in natural and fast,
As water through an unexpected leak ;
For she felt humbled—and humiliation
Is sometimes good for people in her station.

CXXXVIII.

It teaches them that they are flesh and blood,
 It also gently hints to them that others,
 Although of clay, are yet not quite of mud ;
 That urns and pipkins are but fragile brothers,
 And works of the same pottery, bad or good,
 Though not all born of the same sires and mothers ;
 It teaches—Heaven knows only what it teaches,
 But sometimes it may mend, and often reaches.

CXXXIX.

Her first thought was to cut off Juan's head ;
 Her second, to cut only his—acquaintance ;
 Her third, to ask him where he had been bred ;
 Her fourth, to rally him into repentance ;
 Her fifth, to call her maids and go to bed ;
 Her sixth, to stab herself ; her seventh, to sentence
 The lash to Baba :—but her grand resource
 Was to sit down again, and cry of course.

CXL.

She thought to stab herself, but then she had
 The dagger close at hand, which made it awkward ;
 For Eastern stays are little made to pad,
 So that a poniard pierces if 't is stuck hard :
 She thought of killing Juan—but, poor lad !
 Though he deserved it well for being so backward,
 The cutting off his head was not the art
 Most likely to attain her aim—his heart.

CXLI.

Juan was moved : he had made up his mind
 To be impaled, or quarter'd as a dish
 For dogs, or to be slain with pangs refined,
 Or thrown to lions, or made baits for fish,
 And thus heroically stood resign'd,
 Rather than sin—except to his own wish :
 But all his great preparatives for dying
 Dissolved like snow before a woman crying.

CXLII.

As through his palms Bob Acres' valour oozed.
 So Juan's virtue ebb'd, I know not how ;
 And first he wonder'd why he had refused ;
 And then, if matters could be made up now ;

And next his savage virtue he accused,
 Just as a friar may accuse his vow,
 Or as a dame repents her of her oath,
 Which mostly ends in some small breach of both.

CXLIII.

So he began to stammer some excuses;
 But words are not enough in such a matter,
 Although you borrow'd all that e'er the muses
 Have sung, or even a Dandy's dandiest chatter,
 Or all the figures Castlereagh abuses;
 Just as a languid smile began to flatter
 His peace was making, but before he ventured
 Further, old Baba rather briskly enter'd.

CXLIV.

"Bride of the Sun! and Sister of the Moon!"
 ("T was thus he spake,) "and Empress of the Earth!
 Whose frown would put the spheres all out of tune,
 Whose smile makes all the planets dance with mirth,
 Your slave brings tidings—he hopes not too soon—
 Which your sublime attention may be worth:
 The Sun himself has sent me like a ray,
 To hint that he is coming up this way."

CXLV.

"Is it," exclaim'd Gulbeyaz, "as you say?
 I wish to heaven he would not shine till morning!
 But bid my women form the Milky-way.
 Hence, my old comet! give the stars due warning—
 And, Christian! mingle with them as you may,
 And as you'd have me pardon your past scorning"—
 Here they were interrupted by a humming
 Sound, and then by a cry, "The Sultan's coming!"

CXLVI.

First came her damsels, a decorous file,
 And then his Highness' eunuchs, black and white;
 The train might reach a quarter of a mile:
 His Majesty was always so polite
 As to announce his visits a long while
 Before he came, especially at night;
 For being the last wife of the Emperour,
 She was of course the favourite of the four.

CXLVII.

His Highness was a man of solemn port,
 Shawl'd to the nose, and bearded to the eyes,
 Snatch'd from a prison to preside at court,
 His lately bowstrung brother caused his rise ;
 He was as good a sovereign of the sort
 As any mention'd in the histories
 Of Cantemir, or Knöllës, where few shine
 Save Solyman, the glory of their line.

CXLVIII.

He went to mosque in state, and said his prayers
 With more than " Oriental scrupulosity ;"
 He left to his vizier all state affairs,
 And show'd but little royal curiosity :
 I know not if he had domestic cares—
 No process proved connubial animosity ;
 Four wives and twice five hundred maids, unseen,
 Were ruled as calmly as a Christian queen.

CXLIX.

If now and then there happen'd a slight slip,
 Little was heard of criminal or crime ;
 The story scarcely pass'd a single lip—
 The sack and sea had settled all in time,
 From which the secret nobody could rip :
 The public knew no more than does this rhyme ;
 No scandals made the daily press a curse—
 Morals were better, and the fish no worse.

CL.

He saw with his own eyes the moon was round,
 Was also certain that the earth was square,
 Because he had journey'd fifty miles, and found
 No sign that it was circular anywhere :
 His empire also was without a bound :
 'T is true, a little troubled here and there,
 By rebel pachas, and encroaching giaours,
 But then they never came to " the Seven Towers ;"

CLI.

Except in shape of envoys, who were sent
 To lodge there, when a war broke out, according
 To the true law of nations, which ne'er meant
 Those scoundrels, who have never had a sword in

Their dirty diplomatic hands, to vent
Their spleen in making strife, and safely wording
Their lies, yclept despatches, without risk or
The singeing of a single inky whisker.

CLII.

He had fifty daughters and four dozen sons,
Of whom all such as came of age were stow'd,
The former in a palace, where like nuns
They lived till some Bashaw was sent abroad,
When she, whose turn it was, was wed at once,
Sometimes at six years old—though this seems odd,
'T is true; the reason is, that the Bashaw
Must make a present to his sire in law.

CLIII.

His sons were kept in prison, till they grew
Of years to fill a bowstring or the throne,
One or the other, but which of the two
Could yet be known unto the fates alone;
Meantime the education they went through
Was princely, as the proofs have always shown;
So that the heir-apparent still was found
No less deserving to be hang'd than crown'd.

CLIV.

His Majesty saluted his fourth spouse
With all the ceremonies of his rank,
Who clear'd her sparkling eyes and smooth'd her brows,
As suits a matron who has play'd a prank;
These must seem doubly mindful of their vows,
To save the credit of their breaking bank:
To no men are such cordial greetings given
As those whose wives have made them fit for heaven.

CLV.

His Highness cast around his great black eyes,
And looking, as he always look'd, perceiv'd
Juan amongst the damsels in disguise,
At which he seem'd no whit surprised nor grieved,
But just remark'd with air sedate and wise,
While still a fluttering sigh Gulbeyaz heaved,
"I see you've bought another girl; 't is pity
That a mere Christian should be half so pretty."

CLVI.

This compliment, which drew all eyes upon
The new-bought virgin, made her blush and shake.
Her comrades, also, thought themselves undone :
Oh ! Mahomet ! that his Majesty should take
Such notice of a giaour, while scarce to one
Of them his lips imperial ever spake !
There was a general whisper, toss, and wriggle,
But etiquette forbade them all to giggle.

CLVII.

The Turks do well to shut—at least, sometimes—
The women up—because, in sad reality,
Their chastity in these unhappy climes
Is not a thing of that astringent quality
Which in the north prevents precocious crimes,
And makes our snow less pure than our morality ;
The sun, which yearly melts the polar ice,
Has quite the contrary effect on vice.

CLVIII.

Thus in the East they are extremely strict,
And wedlock and a padlock mean the same ;
Excepting only when the former's pick'd
It ne'er can be replaced in proper frame ;
Spoilt, as a pipe of claret is when prick'd :
But then their own polygamy's to blame ;
Why do n't they knead two virtuous souls for life
Into that moral centaur, man and wife ?

CLIX.

Thus far our chronicle ; and now we pause,
Though not for want of matter ; but 't is time,
According to the ancient epic laws,
To slacken sail, and anchor with our rhyme.
Let this fifth canto meet with due applause,
The sixth shall have a touch of the sublime ;
Meanwhile, as Homer sometimes sleeps, perhaps
You'll pardon to my Muse a few short naps.

PREFACE TO CANTOS VI. VII. AND VIII.

THE details of the siege of Ismail in two of the following cantos (*i.e.* the seventh and eighth) are taken from a French Work, entitled "*Histoire de la Nouvelle Russie.*" Some of the incidents attributed to Don Juan really occurred, particularly the circumstance of his saving the infant, which was the actual case of the late Duc de Richelieu, then a young volunteer in the Russian service, and afterward the founder and benefactor of Odessa, where his name and memory can never cease to be regarded with reverence.

In the course of these cantos, a stanza or two will be found relative to the late Marquis of Londonderry, but written some time before his decease. Had that person's oligarchy died with him, they would have been suppressed; as it is, I am aware of nothing in the manner of his death or of his life to prevent the free expression of the opinions of all whom his whole existence was consumed in endeavouring to enslave. That he was an amiable man in *private* life, may or may not be true: but with this the public have nothing to do; and as to lamenting his death, it will be time enough when Ireland has ceased to mourn for his birth. As a minister, I, for one of millions, looked upon him as the most despotic in intention, and the weakest in intellect, that ever tyrannised over a country. It is the first time indeed since the Normans that England has been insulted by a *minister* (at least) who could not speak English, and that parliament permitted itself to be dictated to in the language of Mrs. Malaprop.

Of the manner of his death little need be said, except that if a poor radical, such as Waddington or Watson, had cut his throat, he would have been buried in a cross-road, with the usual appurtenances of the stake and mallet. But the minister was an elegant lunatic—a sentimental suicide—he merely cut the "carotid artery," (blessings on their learning!) and lo! the pageant, and the Abbey! and "the syllables of dolour yelled forth" by the newspapers—and the harangue of the Coroner, in a eulogy over the bleeding body of the deceased—(an Anthony worthy of such a Cæsar)—and the nauseous and atrocious cant of a degraded crew of conspirators against all that is sincere and honourable. In his death he was necessarily one of two things by the *law**—a felon or a

* I say by the *law* of the *land*—the laws of humanity judge more gently;

madman—and in either case no great subject for panegyric. In his life he was—what all the world knows, and half of it will feel for years to come, unless his death prove a “moral lesson” to the surviving * Sejani of Europe. It may at least serve as some consolation to the nations, that their oppressors are not happy, and in some instances judge so justly of their own actions as to anticipate the sentence of mankind.—Let us hear no more of this man; and let Ireland remove the ashes of her Grattan from the sanctuary of Westminster. Shall the patriot of humanity repose by the Werther of politics!!!

With regard to the objections which have been made on another score to the already published cantos of this poem, I shall content myself with two quotations from Voltaire:—“La pudeur s’est enfuite des cœurs, et s’est réfugiée sur les lèvres.” “Plus les mœurs sont dépravées, plus les expressions deviennent mesurées; on croit regagner en langage ce qu’on a perdu en vertu.”

This is the real fact, as applicable to the degraded and hypocritical mass which leavens the present English generation, and is the only answer they deserve. The hackneyed and lavished title of Blasphemer—which, with Radical, Liberal, Jacobin, Reformer, &c., are the changes which the hirelings are daily ringing in the ears of those who will listen—should be welcome to all who recollect on *whom* it was originally bestowed. Socrates and Jesus Christ were put to death publicly as *blasphemers*, and so have been and may be many who dare to oppose the most notorious abuses of the name of God and the mind of man. But persecution is not refutation, nor even triumph: the “wretched infidel,” as he is called, is probably happier in his prison than the proudest of his assailants. With his opinions I have nothing to do—they may be right or wrong—but he has suffered for them, and that very suffering for conscience’ sake* will make more proselytes to deism than the example of heterodox prelates to Christianity, suicide statesmen to oppression, or overpensioned homicides to the impious alliance which insults the world with the name of “Holy!” I have no wish to trample on the

but as the legitimates have always the *law* in their mouths, let them here make the most of it.

* From this number must be excepted Canning. Canning is a genius, almost a universal one, an orator, a wit, a poet, a statesman; and no man of talent can long pursue the path of his late predecessor, Lord C. If ever man saved his country, Canning *can*; but *will* he? I, for one, hope so.

dishonoured or the dead ; but it would be well if the adherents to the classes from whence those persons sprung should abate a little of the *cant* which is the crying sin of this double-dealing and false-speaking time of selfish spoilers, and—but enough for the present.

PISA, *July*, 1822.

CANTO THE SIXTH.

I.

"THERE is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood,"—you know the rest,
And most of us have found it now and then :
At least we think so, though but few have guess'd
The moment, till too late to come again.
But no doubt everything is for the best—
Of which the surest sign is in the end :
When things are at the worst they sometimes mend.

II.

There is a tide in the affairs of women,
Which, taken at the flood, leads—God knows where
Those navigators must be able seamen
Whose charts lay down its current to a hair ;
Not all the reveries of Jacob Behmen
With its strange whirls and eddies can compare :
Men with their heads reflect on this and that—
But women with their hearts on heaven knows what !

III.

And yet a headlong, headstrong, downright she,
Young, beautiful, and daring—who would risk
A throne, the world, the universe, to be
Beloved in her own way, and rather whisk
The stars from out the sky, than not be free
As are the billows when the breeze is brisk—
Though such a she's a devil (if there be one),
Yet she would make full many a Manichean.

IV.

Thrones, worlds, et cetera, are so oft upset
By commonest ambition, that when passion
O'erthrows the same, we readily forget,
Or at the least forgive, the loving rash one.

If Anthony be well remember'd yet,
 'Tis not his conquests keep his name in fashion,
 But Actium, lost for Cleopatra's eyes,
 Outbalances all Cæsar's victories.

V.

He died at fifty for a queen of forty ;
 I wish their years had been fifteen and twenty,
 For then wealth, kingdoms, worlds are but a sport—I
 Remember when, though I had no great plenty
 Of worlds to lose, yet still, to pay my court, I
 Gave what I had—a heart ; as the world went, I
 Gave what was worth a world ; for worlds could never
 Restore me those pure feelings, gone for ever.

VI.

'T was the boy's "mite," and, like the "widow's," may
 Perhaps be weigh'd hereafter, if not now ;
 But whether such things do or do not weigh,
 All who have loved, or love, will still allow
 Life has nought like it. God is love, they say,
 And Love's a god, or was before the brow
 Of earth was wrinkled by the sins and tears
 Of—but Chronology best knows the years.

VII.

We left our hero and third heroine in
 A kind of state more awkward than uncommon,
 For gentlemen must sometimes risk their skin
 For that sad tempter, a forbidden woman ;
 Sultans too much abhor this sort of sin,
 And do n't agree at all with the wise Roman,
 Heroic, stoic Cato, the sententious,
 Who lent his lady to his friend Hortensius.

VIII.

I know Gulbeyaz was extremely wrong ;
 I own it, I deplore it, I condemn it ;
 But I detest all fiction even in song,
 And so must tell the truth, howe'er you blame it.
 Her reason being weak, her passions strong,
 She thought that her lord's heart (even could she claim it)
 Was scarce enough ; for he had fifty-nine
 Years, and a fifteen-hundredth concubine.

IX.

I am not, like Cassio, "an arithmetician,"
 But by the "bookish theoric" it appears,
 If 't is summ'd up with "feminine precision,
 'That, adding to the account his Highness' years,
 The fair Sultana err'd from inanition ;
 For, were the Sultan just to all his dears,
 She could but claim the fifteen-hundredth part
 Of what should be monopoly—the heart.

X.

It is observed that ladies are litigious
 Upon all legal objects of possession,
 And not the least so when they are religious,
 Which doubles what they think of the transgression :
 With spits and prosecutions they beseech us,
 As the tribunals show through many a session,
 When they suspect that any one goes shares
 In that to which the law makes them sole heirs.

XI.

Now, if this holds good in a Christian land,
 The heathen also, though with lesser latitude,
 Are apt to carry things with a high hand,
 And take, what kings call "an imposing attitude ;"
 And for their rights connubial make a stand,
 When their liege husbands treat them with ingratitude ;
 And as four wives must have quadruple claims,
 The Tigris hath its jealousies like Thames.

XII.

Gulbeyaz was the fourth, and (as I said)
 The favourite ; but what's favour amongst four?
 Polygamy may well be held in dread,
 Not only as a sin, but as a bore :
 Most wise men with *one* moderate woman wed,
 Will scarcely find philosophy for more ;
 And all (except Mahometans) forbear
 To make the nuptial couch a " Bed of Ware."

XIII.

His Highness, the sublimest of mankind,—
 So styled according to the usual forms
 Of every monarch, till they are consign'd
 To those sad hungry jacobins the worms,

Who on the very loftiest kings have dihed,—
 His Highness gazed upon Gulbeyaz' charms,
 Expecting all the welcome of a lover
 (A "Highland welcome" all the wide world over).

XIV.

Now here we should distinguish ; for howe'er
 Kisses, sweet words, embraces, and all that,
 May look like what is—neither here nor there,
 They are put on as easily as a hat,
 Or rather bonnet, which the fair sex wear,
 Trimm'd either heads or hearts to decorate,
 Which form an ornament, but no more part
 Of heads, than their caresses of the heart.

XV.

A slight blush, a soft tremor, a calm kind
 Of gentle feminine delight, and shown
 More in the eyelids than the eyes, resign'd
 Rather to hide what pleases most unknown,
 Are the best tokens (to a modest mind)
 Of love, when seated on his loveliest throne,
 A sincere woman's breast,—for *over-warm*
 Or *over-cold* annihilates the charm.

XVI.

For over-warmth, if false, is worse than truth ;
 If true, 't is no great lease of its own fire ;
 For no one, save in very early youth,
 Would like (I think) to trust all to desire,
 Which is but a precarious bond, in sooth,
 And apt to be transferr'd to the first buyer
 At a sad discount : while your over-chilly
 Women, on t' other hand seem somewhat silly.

XVII.

That is, we cannot pardon their bad taste,
 For so it seems to lovers swift or slow,
 Who fain would have a mutual flame confess'd,
 And see a sentimental passion glow,
 Even were St. Francis' paramour their guest,
 In his monastic concubine of snow ;—
 In short, the maxim for the amorous tribe is
 Horatian, " *Medio tu tutissimus ibis.*"

XVIII.

The "tu"'s *too* much,—but let it stand,—the verse
Requires it, that's to say, the English rhyme,
And not the pink of old hexameters ;
But, after all, there's neither tune nor time
In the last line, which cannot well be worse,
And was thrust in to close the octave's chime :
I own no prosody can ever rate it
As a rule, but *truth* may, if you translate it.

XIX.

If fair Gulbeyaz overdid her part,
I know not—it succeeded, and success
Is much in most things, not less in the heart
Than other articles of female dress.
Self-love in man, too, beats all female art ;
They lie, we lie, all lie, but love no less :
And no one virtue yet, except starvation,
Could stop that worst of vices—propagation.

XX.

We leave this royal couple to repose :
A bed is not a throne, and they may sleep,
Whate'er their dreams be, if of joys or woes :
Yet disappointed joys are woes as deep
As any man's clay mixture undergoes.
Our least of sorrows are such as we weep ;
'Tis the vile daily drop on drop which wears
The soul out (like the stone) with petty cares.

XXI.

A scolding wife, a sullen son, a bill
To pay, unpaid, protested or discounted
At a per-centage ; a child cross, dog ill,
A favourite horse fallen lame just as he's mounted,
A bad old woman making a worse will,
Which leaves you minus of the cash you counted
As certain ;—these are paltry things, and yet
I've rarely seen the man they did not fret.

XXII.

I'm a philosopher ; confound them all !
Bills, beasts, and men, and—no ! *not* womankind !
With one good hearty curse I vent my gall,
And then my stoicism leaves nought behind

Which it can either pain or evil call,¹
 And I can give my whole soul up to mind;
 Though what *is* soul, or mind, their birth or growth,
 Is more than I know—the deuce take them both!

XXIII.

So now all things are d—n'd one feels at ease,
 As after reading Athanasius' curse,
 Which doth your true believer so much please:
 I doubt if any now could make it worse
 O'er his worst enemy when at his knees,
 'T is so sententious, positive, and terse,
 And decorates the Book of Common Prayer,
 As doth a rainbow the just clearing air.

XXIV.

Gulbeyaz and her lord were sleeping, or
 At least one of them!—Oh, the heavy night,
 When wicked wives, who love some bachelor,
 Lie down in dudgeon to sigh for the light
 Of the grey morning, and look vainly for
 Its twinkle through the lattice dusky quite—
 To toss, to tumble, doze, revive, and quake
 Lest their too lawful bed-fellow should wake!

XXV.

These are beneath the canopy of heaven,
 Also beneath the canopy of beds
 Four-posted and silk-curtain'd, which are given
 For rich men and their brides to lay their heads
 Upon, in sheets white as what bards call "driven
 Snow." Well! 't is all hap-hazard when one weds.
 Gulbeyaz was an empress, but had been
 Perhaps as wretched if a *peasant's* *pequan*.

XXVI.

Don Juan in his feminine disguise,
 With all the damsels in their long array,
 Had bow'd themselves before th' imperial eyes,
 And at the usual signal ta'en their way
 Back to their chambers, those long galleries
 In the seraglio, where the ladies lay
 Their delicate limbs; a thousand bosoms there
 Beating for love, as the caged bird's for air.

XXVII.

I love the sex, and sometimes would reverse
The tyrant's wish, "that mankind only had
One neck, which he with one fell stroke might pierce :"
My wish is quite as wide, but not so bad,
And much more tender on the whole than fierce ;
It being (not *now*, but only while a lad)
That womankind had but one rosy mouth,
To kiss them all at once from North to South.

XXVIII.

Oh, enviable Briareus ! with thy hands
And heads, if thou hadst all things multiplied
In such proportion !—But my Muse withstands
The giant thought of being a Titan's bride,
Or travelling in Patagonian lands ;
So let us back to Lilliput, and guide
Our hero through the labyrinth of love
In which we left him several lines above.

XXIX.

He went forth with the lovely Odalisques,
At the given signal join'd to their array ;
And though he certainly ran many risks.
Yet he could not at times keep, by the way,
(Although the consequences of such frisks
Are worse than the worst damages men pay
In moral England, where the thing 's a tax.)
From ogling all their charms from breasts to backs.

XXX.

Still he forgot not his disguise :—along
The galleries from room to room they walk'd,
A virgin-like and edifying throng,
By eunuchs flank'd ; while at their head there stalk'd
A dame who kept up discipline among
The female ranks, so that none stirr'd or talk'd,
Without her sanction on their she-parades ;
Her title was "the Mother of the Maids."

XXXI.

Whether she was a "mother," I know not,
Or whether they were "maids" who call'd her mother ;
But this is her seraglio title, got
I know not how, but good as any other ;

So Cantemir can tell you, or De Toft :
 Her office was to keep aloof or smother
 All bad propensities in fifteen hundred
 Young women, and correct them when they blunder'd.

- XXXII.

A goodly sinecure, no doubt ! but made
 More easy by the absence of all men
 Except his Majesty,—who, with her aid,
 And guards, and bolts, and walls, and now and then,
 A slight example, just to cast a shade
 Along the rest, contrived to keep this den
 Of beauties cool as an Italian convent,
 Where all the passions have, alas ! but one vent.

XXXIII.

And what is that ? Devotion, doubtless ! how
 Could you ask such a question ?—but we will
 Continue. As I said, this goodly row
 Of ladies of all countries at the will
 Of one good man, with stately march and slow,
 Like water-lilies floating down a rill —
 Or rather lake—for *rills* do *not* run *swifely*,—
 Paced on most maiden-like and melancholy.

XXXIV.

But when they reach'd their own apartments, there,
 Like birds, or boys, or bedlamites broke loose,
 Waves at spring tide, or women anywhere
 When freed from bonds (which are of no great use
 After all), or like Irish at a fair,
 Their guards being gone, and as it were a truce
 Establish'd between them and bondage, they
 Began to sing, dance, chatter, smile, and play.

XXXV.

Their talk, of course, ran most on the new comer ;
 Her shape, her hair, her air, her everything :
 Some thought her dress did not so much become her,
 Or wonder'd at her ears without a ring ;
 Some said her years were getting nigh their summer,
 Others contended they were but in spring ;
 Some thought her rather masculine in height,
 While others wish'd that she had been so quite.

XXXVI.

But no one doubted on the whole, that she
Was what her dress bespoke, a damsel fair,
And fresh, and "beautiful exceedingly,"
Who with the brightest Georgians might compare:
'They wonder'd how Gulbeyaz, too, could be
So silly as to buy slaves who might share
(If that his Highness wearied of his bride)
Her throne and power, and everything beside.

XXXVII.

But what was strangest in this virgin crew,
Although her beauty was enough to vex,
After the first investigating view,
They all found out as few, or fewer, specks
In the fair form of their companion new,
Than is the custom of the gentle sex,
When they survey, with Christian eyes or Heathen,
In a new face "the ugliest creature breathing."

XXXVIII.

And yet they had their little jealousies,
Like all the rest; but upon this occasion,
Whether there are such things as sympathies
Without our knowledge or our approbation,
Although they could not see through his disguise,
All felt a soft kind of concatenation,
Like magnetism, or devilism, or what
You please—we will not quarrel about that:

XXXIX.

But certain 't is they all felt for their new
Companion something newer still, as 't were
A sentimental friendship through and through,
Extremely pure, which made them all concur
In wishing her their sister, save a few
Who wish'd they had a brother just like her,
Whom, if they were at home in sweet Cucassia,
They would prefer to Padisha or Pacha.

XL.

Of those who had most genius for this sort
Of sentimental friendship, there were three,
Lolah, Katinka, and Dudù; in short
(To save description), fair as fair can be

Were they, according to the best report,
 Though differing in stature and degree,
 And clime and time, and country and complexion;
 They all alike admired their new connexion.

XLI.

Lolah was dusk as India and as warm;
 Katinka was a Georgian, white and red,
 With great blue eyes, a lovely hand and arm,
 And feet so small they scarce seem'd made to tread,
 But rather skim the earth; while Dudù's form
 Look'd more adapted to be put to bed,
 Being somewhat large, and languishing, and lazy,
 Yet of a beauty that would drive you crazy.

XLII.

A kind of sleepy Venus seem'd Dudù,
 Yet very fit to "murder sleep" in those
 Who gazed upon her cheek's transcendent hue,
 Her Attic forehead, and her Phidian nose:
 Few angles were there in her form, 't is true,
 Thinner she might have been, and yet scarce lose:
 Yet, after all, 't would puzzle to say where
 It would not spoil some separate charm to *pare*.

XLIII.

She was not violently lively, but
 Stole on your spirit like a May-day breaking;
 Her eyes were not too sparkling, yet, half-shut,
 They put beholders in a tender taking;
 She look'd (this simile's quite new) just cut
 From marble, like Pygmalion's statue waking,
 The mortal and the marble still at strife,
 And timidly expanding into life.

XLIV.

Lolah demanded the new damsel's name—
 "Juanna,"—Well, a pretty name enough.
 Katinka ask'd her also whence she came— [such stuff,
 "From Spain."—"But where *is* Spain?"—"Do n't ask
 Nor show your Georgian ignorance—for shame!"
 Said Lolah, with an accent rather rough,
 To poor Katinka: "Spain's an island near
 Morocco, betwixt Egypt and Tangier."

XLV.

Dudù said nothing, but sat down beside
Juanna, playing with her veil or hair;
And looking at her stedfastly, she sigh'd,
As if she pitied her for being there,
A pretty stranger, without friend or guide,
And all abash'd, too, at the general stare
Which welcomes hapless strangers in all places,
With kind remarks upon their mien and faces.

XLVI.

But here the Mother of the Maids drew near,
With "Ladies, it is time to go to rest :
I'm puzzled what to do with you, my dear,"
She added to Juanna, their new guest :
"Your coming has been unexpected here,
And every couch is occupied ; you had best
Partake of mine ; but by to-morrow early
We will have all things settled for you fairly."

XLVII.

Here Lolah interposed—"Mamma, you know
You do n't sleep soundly, and I cannot bear
That anybody should disturb you so ;
I'll take Juanna ; we're a slenderer pair
Than you would make the half of ;—do n't say no ;
And I of your young charge will take due care."
But here Katinka interfered, and said,
"She also had compassion and a bed."

XLVIII.

"Besides, I hate to sleep alone," quoth she. [ghosts,"
The matron frown'd : "Why so ?"—"For fear of
Replied Katinka ; "I am sure I see
A phantom upon each of the four posts :
And then I have the worst dreams that can be,
Of Guebres, Giaours, and Ginns, and Ghouls in hosts."
The dame replied, "Between your dreams and you,
I fear Juanna's dreams would be but few.

XLIX.

"You, Lolah, must continue still to lie
Alone, for reasons which do n't matter ; you
The same, Katinka, until by and by :
And I shall place Juanna with Dudù,

Who's quiet, inoffensive, silent, shy,
 And will not toss and chatter the night through.
 What say you, child?"—Dudù said nothing, as
 Her talents were of the more silent class ;

L.

But she rose up, and kiss'd the matron's brow
 Between the eyes, and Lolah on both cheeks,
 Katinka too ; and with a gentle bow
 (Curt'sies are neither used by Turks nor Greeks)
 She took Juanna by the hand to show
 Their place of rest, and left to both their piques,
 The others pouting at the matron's preference
 Of Dudù, though they held their tongues from deference.

LI.

It was a spacious chamber (Oda is
 The Turkish title), and ranged round the wall
 Were couches, toilets—and much more than this
 I might describe, as I have seen it all,
 But it suffices—little was amiss ;
 'T was on the whole a nobly furnish'd hall,
 With all things ladies want, save one or two,
 And even those were nearer than they knew.

LII.

Dudù, as has been said, was a sweet creature,
 Not very dashing, but extremely winning,
 With the most regulated charms of feature,
 Which painters cannot catch like faces sinning
 Against proportion—the wild strokes of nature
 Which they hit off at once in the beginning,
 Full of expression, right or wrong, that strike,
 And pleasing, or unpleasing, still are like.

LIII.

But she was a soft landscape of mild earth,
 Where all was harmony, and calm, and quiet,
 Luxuriant, budding ; cheerful without mirth,
 Which, if not happiness, is much more nigh it
 Than are your mighty passions and so forth,
 Which some call "the sublime:" I wish they'd try it :
 I've seen your stormy seas and stormy women,
 And pity lovers rather more than seamen.

LIV.

But she was pensive more than melancholy,
 And serious more than pensive, and serene,
 It may be, more than either—not unholy
 Her thoughts, at least till now, appear to have been.
 The strangest thing was, beauteous, she was wholly
 Unconscious, albeit turn'd of quick seventeen,
 That she was fair, or dark, or short, or tall;
 She never thought about her-self at all.

LV.

And ther fore was she kind and gentle as
 The Age of Gold (when gold was yet unknown,
 By which its nomenclature came to pass;
 This most appropriately has been shown
 "Iucus à *non* lucendo," *not* what *was*,
 But what *was not*; a sort of style that's grown
 Extremely common in this age, whose metal
 The devil may decompose, but never settle:

LVI.

I think it may be of "Corinthian Brass,"
 Which was a mixture of all metals, but
 The brazen uppermost). Kind reader! pass
 This long parenthesis: I could not shut
 It sooner for the soul of me, and less
 My faults even with your own: which meaneth, Put
 A kind construction upon them and me:
 But *that* you won't—then don't—I am not less free.

LVII.

'Tis time we should return to plain narration,
 And thus my narrative proceeds:—Dudù,
 With every kindness short of ostentation,
 Show'd Juan, or Juanna, through and through
 This labyrinth of females, and each station
 Described—what's strange—in words extremely few:
 I have but one simile, and that's a blunder,
 For wordless woman, which is *silent thunder*.

LVIII.

And next she gave her (I say *her*, because
 The gender still was epicene, at least
 In outward show, which is a saving clause,
 An outline of the customs of the East,

With all their chaste integrity of laws,
 By which the more a harem is increased,
 The stricter doubtless grow the vestal duties
 Of any supernumerary beauties.

LIX.

And then she gave Juanna a chaste kiss :
 Duddù was fond of kissing—which I'm sure
 That nobody can ever take amiss,
 Because 't is pleasant, so that it be pure,
 And between females means no more than this—
 That they have nothing better near, or newer.
 " Kiss " rhymes to " bliss " in fact as well as verse—
 I wish it never led to something worse.

LX.

In perfect innocence she then unmade
 Her toilet, which cost little, for she was
 A child of Nature careless sly array'd :
 If fond of a chance ogle at her glass,
 'T was like the fawn, which, in the lake display'd,
 Beholds her own shy, shadowy image pass,
 When first she starts, and then returns to peep,
 Admiring this new native of the deep.

LXI.

And one by one her articles of dress
 Were laid aside ; but not before she offer'd
 Her aid to fair Juanna, whose excess
 Of modesty declined the assistance proffer'd :
 Which pass'd well off—as she could do no less ;
 Though by this politesse she rather suffer'd,
 Pricking her fingers with those cursed pins,
 Which surely were invented for our sins,—

LXII.

Making a woman like a porcupine,
 Not to be rashly touch'd. But still more dread,
 Oh, ye ! whose fate it is, as once 't was mine,
 In early youth, to turn a lady's maid ;—
 I did my very boyish best to shine
 In tricking her out for a masquerade :
 The pins were placed sufficiently, but not
 Stuck all exactly in the proper spot.

LXIII.

But these are foolish things to all the wise,
And I love wisdom more than she loves me;
My tendency is to philosophise
On most things, from a tyrant to a tree;
But still the spouseless virgin *Knowledge* flies.
What are we? and whence came we? what shall be
Our *ultimate* existence? what's our present?
Are questions answerless, and yet incessant.

LXIV.

There was deep silence in the chamber: dim
And distant from each other burn'd the lights,
And slumber hover'd o'er each lovely limb
Of the fair occupants: if there be sprites,
They should have walk'd there in their sprightliest trim,
By way of change from their sepulchral sites,
And shown themselves as ghosts of better taste
Than haunting some old ruin or wild waste.

LXV.

Many and beautiful lay those around,
Like flowers of different hue, and clime, and root,
In some exotic garden sometimes found,
With cost, and care, and warmth, induced to shoot.
One with her auburn tresses lightly bound,
And fair brows gently drooping, as the fruit
Nods from the tree, was slumbering with soft breath,
And lips apart, which show'd the pearls beneath.

LXVI.

One with her flush'd cheek laid on her white arm,
And raven ringlets gather'd in dark crowd
Above her brow, lay dreaming soft and warm;
And smiling through her dream, as through a cloud
The moon breaks half-unveil'd each further charm,
As, slightly stirring in her snowy shroud,
Her beauties seized the unconscious hour of night
All bashfully to struggle into light.

LXVII.

This is no bull, although it sounds so; for
'T was night, but there were lamps, as hath been said.
A third's all pallid aspect offer'd more
The traits of sleeping sorrow, and betray'd

Through the heaved breast the dream of some far shore
 Beloved and deplored ; while slowly stray'd
 (As night-dew, on a cypress glittering, tinges
 The black bough) tear-drops through her eyes' dark fringes.

LXVIII.

A fourth as marble, statue-like and still,
 Lay in a breathless, hush'd, and stony sleep ;
 White, cold, and pure, as looks a frozen rill,
 Or the snow minaret on an Alpine steep,
 Or Lot's wife done in salt,—or what you will ;—
 My similes are gather'd in a heap,
 So pick and choose—perhaps you'll be content
 With a carved lady on a monument.

LXIX.

And lo ! a fifth appears ;—and what is she ?
 A lady of a "certain age," which means
 Certainly aged—what her years might be
 I know not, never counting past their teens ;
 But there she slept, not quite so fair to see,
 As ere that awful period intervenes
 Which lays both men and women on the shelf,
 To meditate upon their sins and self.

LXX.

But all this time how slept, or dream'd, Dudù ?
 With strict inquiry I could ne'er discover,
 And scorn to add a syllable untrue ;
 But ere the middle watch was hardly over,
 Just when the fading lamps waned dim and blue,
 And phantoms hover'd, or might seem to hover,
 To those who like their company, about
 The apartment, on a sudden she scream'd out :

LXXI.

And that so loudly, that upstart'd all
 The Oda, in a general commotion :
 Matron and maids, and those whom you may call
 Neither, came crowding like the waves of ocean,
 One on the other, throughout the whole hall,
 All trembling, wondering, without the least notion
 More than I have myself of what could make
 The calm Dudù so turbulently wake.

LXXII.

But wide awake she was, and round her bed,
With floating draperies and with flying hair,
With eager eyes, and light but hurried tread,
And bosoms, arms, and ankles glancing bare,
And bright as any meteor ever bred
By the North Pole,—they sought her cause of care,
For she seem'd agitated, flush'd, and frighten'd,
Her eye dilated, and her colour heighten'd.

LXXIII.

But what is strange—and a strong proof how great
A blessing is sound sleep—Juanna lay
As fast as ever husband by his mate
In holy matrimony snores away.
Not all the clamour broke her happy state
Of slumber, ere they shook her, —so they say
At least,—and then she, too, unclosed her eyes,
And yawn'd a good deal with discreet surprise.

LXXIV.

And now commenced a strict investigation,
Which, as all spoke at once, and more than once
Conjecturing, wondering, asking a narration,
Alike might puzzle either wit or dunce
To answer in a very clear oration.
Dudu had never pass'd for wanting sense,
But being “no orator as Brutus is,”
Could not at first expound what was amiss.

LXXV.

At length she said, that in a slumber sound
She dream'd a dream, of walking in a wood—
A “wood obscure” like that where Dante found
Himself in at the age when all grow good ;
Life's half-way house, where dames with virtue crown'd
Run much less risk of lovers turning rude :
And that this wood was full of pleasant fruits,
And trees of goodly growth and spreading roots ;

LXXVI.

And in the midst a golden apple grew,—
A most prodigious pippin—but it hung
Rather too high and distant ; that she threw
Her glances on it, and then, longing, flung

Stones and whatever she could pick up, to
 Bring down the fruit, which still perversely clung
 To its own bough, and dangled yet in sight,
 But always at a most provoking height ;—

LXXVII.

That on a sudden, when she least had hope,
 It fell down of its own accord before
 Her feet ; that her first movement was to stoop
 And pick it up, and bite it to the core ;
 That just as her young lip began to ope
 Upon the golden fruit the vision bore,
 A bee flew out, and stung her to the heart,
 And so—she woke with a great scream and start.

LXXVIII.

All this she told with some confusion and
 Dismay, the usual consequence of dreams
 Of the unpleasant kind, with none at hand
 To expound their vain and visionary gleams.
 I've known some odd ones which seem'd really plann'd
 Prophetically, or that which one deems
 A "strange coincidence," to use a phrase
 By which such things are settled now-a-days.

LXXIX.

The damsels, who had thoughts of some great harm,
 Began, as is the consequence of fear,
 To scold a little at the false alarm
 That broke for nothing on their sleeping ear.
 The matron, too, was wroth to leave her warm
 Bed for the dream she had been obliged to hear,
 And chafed at poor Dudù, who only sigh'd,
 And said, that she was sorry she had cried.

LXXX.

"I've heard of stories of a cock and bull ;
 But visions of an apple and a bee,
 To take us from our natural rest, and pull
 The whole Oda from their beds at half-past three,
 Would make us think the moon is at its full.
 You surely are unwell, child ! we must see,
 To-morrow, what his Highness's physician
 Will say to this hysteric of a vision.

LXXXI.

“And poor Juanna, too, the child’s first night
Within these walls, to be broke in upon
With such a clamour—I had thought it right
That the young stranger should not lie alone,
And, as the quietest of all, she might
With you, Dudù, a good night’s rest have known:
But now I must transfer her to the charge
Of Lolah—though her couch is not so large.”

LXXXII.

Lolah’s eyes sparkled at the proposition;
But poor Dudù, with large drops in her own,
Resulting from the scolding or the vision,
Implored that present pardon might be shown
For this first fault, and that on no condition
(She added in a soft and piteous tone)
Juanna should be taken from her, and
Her future dreams should be all kept in hand.

LXXXIII.

She promised never more to have a dream,
At least to dream so loudly as just now;
She wonder’d at herself how she could scream—
’T was foolish, nervous, as she must allow,
A fond hallucination, and a theme
For laughter—but she felt her spirits low,
And begg’d they would excuse her; she’d get over
This weakness in a few hours, and recover.

LXXXIV.

And here Juanna kindly interposed,
And said she felt herself extremely well
Where she then was, as her sound sleep disclosed,
When all around rang like a tocsin bell;
She did not find herself the least disposed
To quit her gentle partner, and to dwell
Apart from one who had no sin to show,
Save that of dreaming once “mal-à-propos.”

LXXXV.

As thus Juanna spoke, Dudù turn’d round
And hid her face within Juanna’s breast:
Her neck alone was seen, but that was found
The colour of a budding rose’s crest.

I can't tell why she blush'd, nor can expound
 The mystery of this rupture of their rest ;
 All that I know is, that the facts I state
 Are true as truth has ever been of late.

LXXXVI.

And so good night to them—or, if you will,
 Good morrow—for the cock had crown, and light
 Began to clothe each Asiatic hill,
 And the mosque crescent struggled into sight
 Of the long caravan, which in the chill
 Of dewy dawn wound slowly round each height
 That stretches to the stony belt, which girds
 Asia, where Kaff looks down upon the Kurds.

LXXXVII.

With the first ray, or rather grey of morn,
 Gulbeyaz rose from restlessness ; and pale
 As Passion rises, with its bosom worn,
 Array'd herself with mantle, gem, and veil.
 The nightingale that sings with the deep thorn,
 Which table places in her breast of wail,
 Is lighter far of heart and voice than those
 Whose headlong passions form their proper woes.

LXXXVIII.

And that's the moral of this composition,
 If people would but see its real drift ;—
 But *that* they will not do without suspicion,
 Because all gentle readers have the gift
 Of closing 'gainst the light their orbs of vision ;
 While gentle writers also love to lift
 Their voices 'gainst each other, which is natural,
 The numbers are too great for them to flatter all.

LXXXIX.

Rose the sultana from a bed of splendour,
 Softer than the soft Sybarite's, who cried
 Aloud because his feelings were too tender
 To brook a ruffled rose-leaf by his side,—
 So beautiful that art could little mend her,
 Though pale with conflicts between love and pride ;—
 So agitated was she with her error,
 She did not even look into the mirror.

XC.

Also arose about the self-same time,
Perhaps a little later, her great lord,
Master of thirty kingdoms so sublime,
And of a wife by whom he was abhorr'd ;
A thing of much less import in that clime—
At least to those of incomes which afford
The filling up their whole connubial cargo—
Than where two wives are under an embargo.

XCI.

He did not think much on the matter, nor
Indeed on any other : as a man
He liked to have a handsome paramour
At hand, as one may like to have a fan,
And therefore of Circassians had good store,
As an amusement after the Divan ;
Though an unusual fit of love, or duty,
Had made him lately bask in his bride's beauty.

XCII.

And now he rose ; and after due ablutions
Exacted by the customs of the East,
And prayers and other pious evolutions,
He drank six cups of coffee at the least,
And then withdrew to hear about the Russians,
Whose victories had recently increased
In Catherine's reign, whom glory still adores,
As greatest of all sovereigns and w——s.

XCIII.

But oh, thou grand legitimate Alexander !
Her son's son, let not this last phrase offend
Thine ear, if it should reach—and now rhymes wander
Almost as far as Petersburg, and lend
A dreadful impulse to each loud meander
Of murmuring Liberty's wide waves, which blend
Their roar even with the Baltic's—so you be
Your father's son, 't is quite enough for me.

XCIV.

To call men love-begotten, or proclaim
Their mothers as the antipodes of Timon,
That hater of mankind, would be a shame,
A libel, or whate'er you please to rhyme on :

But people's ancestors are history's gaine ;
 And if one lady's slip could leave a crime on
 All generations, I should like to know
 What pedigree the best would have to show ?

• XCV.

Had Catherine and the sultan understood
 Their own true interests, which kings rarely know,
 Until 't is taught by lessons rather rude,
 There was a way to end their strife, although
 Perhaps precarious, had they but thought good,
 Without the aid of prince or plenipo :
 She to dismiss her guards and he his harem,
 And for their other matters, meet and share 'em.

XCVI.

But as it was, his Highness had to hold
 His daily council upon ways and means
 How to encounter with this martial scold,
 This modern Amazon and queen of queans ;
 And the perplexity could not be told
 Of all the pillars of the state, which leans
 Sometimes a little heavy on the backs
 Of those who cannot lay on a new tax.

XCVII.

Meantime Gulbeyaz, when her king was gone,
 Retired into her boudoir, a sweet place
 For love or breakfast ; private, pleasing, lone,
 And rich with all contrivances which grace
 Those gay recesses :—many a precious stone
 Sparkled along its roof, and many a vase
 Of porcelain held in the fetter'd flowers,
 Those captive soothers of a captive's hours.

XCVIII.

Mother of pearl, and porphyry, and marble,
 Vied with each other on this costly spot ;
 And singing birds without were heard to warble ;
 And the stain'd glass which lighted this fair groat
 Varied each ray ;—but all descriptions garble
 The true effect, and so we had better not
 Be too minute ; an outline is the best,—
 A lively reader's fancy does the rest.

XCIX.

And here she summon'd Baba, and required
 Don Juan at his hands, and information
 Of what had pass'd since all the slaves retired,
 And whether he had occupied their station :
 If matters had been managed as desired,
 And his disguise with due consideration
 Kept up ; and above all, the where and how
 He had pass'd the night, was what she wish'd to know.

C.

Baba, with some embarrassment, replied
 To this long catechism of questions, ask'd
 More easily than answer'd,—that he had tried
 His best to obey in what he had been task'd ;
 But there seem'd something that he wish'd to hide,
 Which hesitation more betray'd than mask'd ;
 He scratch'd his ear, the infallible resource
 To which embarrass'd people have recourse.

CI.

Gulleyaz was no model of true patience,
 Nor much disposed to wait in word or deed ;
 She liked quick answers in all conversations :
 And when she saw him stumbling like a steed
 In his replies, she puzzled him for fresh ones ;
 And as his speech grew still more broken-kneed,
 Her cheek began to flush, her eyes to sparkle,
 And her proud brow's blue veins to swell and darkle.

CII.

When Baba saw these symptoms, which he knew
 To bode him no great good, he deprecated
 Her anger, and beseech'd she'd hear him through—
 He could not help the thing which he related :
 Then out it came at length, that to Dudù
 Juan was given in charge, as hath been stated ;
 But not by Baba's fault, he said, and swore on
 The holy camel's hump, besides the Koran.

CIII.

The chief dame of the Oda, upon whom
 The discipline of the whole harem bore,
 As soon as they reënter'd their own room,
 For Baba's function stopt short at the door

Had settled all; nor could he then presume
 (The aforesaid Baba) just then to do more,
 Without exciting such suspicion as
 Might make the matter still worse than it was.

CIV.

He hoped, indeed he thought, he could be sure,
 Juan had not betray'd himself; in fact
 'T was certain that his conduct had been pure,
 Because a foolish or imprudent act
 Would not alone have made him insecure,
 But ended in his being found out and *sack'd*,
 And thrown into the sea.—Thus Baba spoke
 Of all save Dudù's dream, which was no joke.

CV.

This he discreetly kept in the back ground,
 And talk'd away—and might have talk'd till now,
 For any further answer that he found,
 So deep an anguish wrung Gulbeyaz' brow:
 Her cheek turn'd ashes, ears rung, brain whirl'd round,
 As if she had received a sudden blow,
 And the heart's dew of pain sprang fast and chilly
 O'er her fair front, like Morning's on a lily.

CVI.

Although she was not of the fainting sort,
 Baba thought she would faint, but there he err'd—
 It was but a convulsion, which though short
 Can never be described; we all have heard,
 And some of us have felt thus "*a l' amert*,"
 When things beyond the common have occur'd;—
 Gulbeyaz proved in that brief agony
 What she could ne'er express—then how should I?

CVII.

She stood a moment as a Pythoness
 Stands on her tripod, agonised, and full
 Of inspiration gather'd from distress,
 When all the heart-strings like wild horses pull
 The heart asunder;—then, as more or less
 Their speed abated or their strength grew dull,
 She sunk down on her seat by slow degrees,
 And bow'd her throbbing head o'er trembling knees.

CVIII.

Her face declined and was unseen ; her hair
Fell in long tresses like the weeping willow,
Sweeping the marble underneath her chair,
Or rather sofa (for it was all pillow,
A low, soft ottoman), and black despair
Stirr'd up and down her bosom like a billow,
Which rushes to some shore whose shingles check
Its farther course, but must receive its wreck.

CIX.

Her head hung down, and her long hair in stooping
Conceal'd her features bitter than a veil ;
And one hand o'er the ottoman lay drooping,
White, waxen, and as alabaster pale :
Would that I were a painter ! to be grouping
All that a poet drags into detail !
Oh that my words were colours ! but their tints
May serve perhaps as outlines or slight hints.

CX.

Baba, who knew by experience when to talk
And when to hold his tongue, now held it till
This passion might blow o'er, nor dared to balk
Gulbeyaz' taciturn or speaking will.
At length she rose up, and began to walk
Slowly along the room, but silent still,
And her brow clear'd, but not her troubled eye ;
The wind was down, but still the sea ran high.

CXI.

She stopp'd, and raised her head to speak—but paused,
And then moved on again with rapid pace ;
Then slacken'd it, which is the march most caused
By deep emotion :—you may sometimes trace
A feeling in each footstep, as disclosed
By Sallust in his Catiline, who, chased
By all the demons of all passions, show'd
Their work even by the way in which he trode.

CXII.

Gulbeyaz stopp'd and beckon'd Baba :—"Slave !
Bring the two slaves !" she said in a low tone,
But one which Baba did not like to brave,
And yet he shudder'd, and seem'd rather prone

To prove reluctant, and begg'd leave to crave
 (Though he well knew the meaning) to be shown
 What slaves her highness wish'd to indicate,
 For fear of any error, like the late.

CXIII.

"The Georgian and her paramour," replied
 The imperial pride—and added, "Let the boat
 Be ready by the secret portal's side :
 You know the rest." The words stuck in her throat,
 Despite her injured love and fiery pride ;
 And of this Baba willingly took note,
 And begg'd by every hair of Mahomet's beard,
 She would revoke the order he had heard.

CXIV.

"To hear is to obey," he said ; "but still,
 Sultana, think upon the consequence :
 It is not that I shall not all fulfil
 Your orders, even in their severest sense ;
 But such precipitation may end ill,
 Even at your own imperative expense :
 I do not mean destruction and exposure,
 In case of any premature disclosure ;

CXV.

"But your own feelings. Even should all the rest
 Be hidden by the rolling waves, which hide
 Already many a once love-beaten breast
 Deep in the caverns of the deadly tide —
 You love this boyish, new, seraglio guest,
 And if this violent remedy be tried—
 Excuse my freedom, when I here assure you,
 That killing him is not the way to cure you."

CXVI.

"What dost thou know of love or feeling !—Wretch !
 Begone !" she cried, with kindling eyes—"and do
 My bidding !" Baba vanish'd, for to stretch
 His own remonstrance further he well knew
 Might end in acting as his own "Jack Ketch ;"
 And though he wish'd extremely to get through
 This awkward business without harm to others,
 He still preferr'd his own neck to another's.

CXVII.

Away he went then upon his commission,
Growling and grumbling in good Turkish phrase
Against all women of whate'er condition,
Especially sultanas and their ways ;
Their obstinacy, pride, and indecision,
Their never knowing their own mind two days,
The trouble that they gave, their immorality,
Which made him daily bless his own neutrality.

CXVIII.

And then he call'd his brethren to his aid,
And sent one on a summons to the pair,
That they must instantly be well array'd,
And above all be comb'd even to a hair,
And brought before the empress, who had made
Inquiries after them with kindest care :
At which Dudu look'd strange, and Juan silly ;
But go they must at once, and woe I—nill I.

CXIX.

And here I leave them at their preparation
For the imperial presence, wherein whether
Gulbeyaz show'd them both commiseration,
Or got rid of the parties altogether,
Like other angry ladies of her nation,—
Are things the turning of a hair or feather
May settle : but far be't from me to anticipate
In what way feminine caprice may dissipate.

CXX.

I leave them for the present with good wishes,
Though doubts of their well doing, to arrange
Another part of history ; for the dishes
Of this our banquet we must sometimes change ;
And trusting Juan may escape the fishes,
Although his situation now seems strange,
And scarce secure, as such digressions *are* fair,
The Muse will take a little touch at warfare.

CANTO THE SEVENTH.

I.

O LOVE! O Glory! what are you who fly
 Around us ever, rarely to alight?
 There's not a meteor in the Polar sky
 Of such transcendent and more fleeting flight.
 Chill, and chain'd to cold earth, we lift on high
 Our eyes in search of either lovely light;
 A thousand and a thousand colours they
 Assume, then leave us on our freezing way.

II.

And such as they are, such my present tale is,
 A nondescript and ever-varying rhyme,
 A versified Aurora Borealis,
 Which flashes o'er a waste and icy clime.
 When we know what all are, we must bewail us,
 But ne'ertheless I hope it is no crime
 To laugh at *all* things—for I wish to know
What, after *all*, are *all* things—but a *show*?

III.

They accuse me—*Me*—the present writer of
 The present poem—o!—I know not what—
 A tendency to under-rate and scoff
 At human power and virtue, and all that;
 And this they say in language rather rough.
 Good God! I wonder what they would be at!
 I say no more than hath been said in Dante's
 Verse, and by Solomon and by Cervantes;

IV.

By Swift, by Machiavel, by Rochefoucault,
 By Fénelon, by Luther, and by Plato;
 By Tillotson, and Wesley, and Rousseau,
 Who knew this life was not worth a potato.
 'Tis not their fault, nor mine, if this be so,—
 For my part, I pretend not to be Cato,
 Nor even Diogenes—We live and die,
 But which is best, you know no more than I.

V.

Socrates said, our only knowledge was

“To know that nothing could be known ;” a pleasant
Science enough, which levels to an ass

Each man of wisdom, future, past, or present.
Newton (that proverb of the mind), alas !

Declared, with all his grand discoveries recent,
That he himself felt only “like a youth
Picking up shells by the great ocean—Truth.”

VI.

Ecclesiastes said, “that all is vanity”—

Most modern preachers say the same, or show it
By their examples of true Christianity :

In short, all know, or very soon may know it ;
And in this scene of all-confess'd inanity,

By saint, by sage, by preacher, and by poet,
Must I restrain me, through the fear of strife,
From holding up the nothingness of life ?

VII.

Dogs, or men !—for I flatter you in saying

That ye are dogs—your betters far—ye may
Read, or read not, what I am now es-aying

To show ye what ye are in every way.
As little as the moon stops for the baying

Of wolves, will the bright Muse withdraw one ray
From out her skies—then howl your idle wrath !
While she still silvers o'er your gloomy path.

VIII.

“Fierce loves and faithless wars”—I am not sure

If this be the right reading—'t is no matter ;
The fact's about the same, I am secure ;

I sing them both, and am about to batter
A town which did a famous siege endure,

And was beleaguer'd both by land and water
By Souvaroff, or Anglicè Suwarrow,
Who loved blood as an alderman loves marrow.

IX.

The fortress is call'd Ismail, and is placed

Upon the Danube's left branch and left bank,
With buildings in the Oriental taste,

But still a fortress of the foremost rank,

Or was at least, unless 't is since defaced,
 Which with your conquerors is a common prank.
 It stands some eighty versts from the high sea,
 And measures round of toises thousands three.

X.

Within the extent of this fortification
 A borough is comprised along the height
 Upon the left, which from its loftier station
 Commands the city, and upon its site
 A Greek had raised around this elevation
 A quantity of palisades *upright*,
 So placed as to *impede* the fire of those
 Who held the place, and to *assist* the foe's.

XI.

This circumstance may serve to give a notion
 Of the high talents of this new Vauban :
 But the town ditch below was deep as ocean,
 The rampart higher than you'd wish to hang:
 But then there was a great want of precaution
 (Prithee, excuse this engineering slang),
 Nor work advanced, nor cover'd way was there,
 To hint at least "Here is no thoroughfare."

XII.

But a stone bastion, with a narrow gorge,
 And walls as thick as most skulls born as yet ;
 Two batteries, cap-à-pie, as our St. George,
 Casemated one, and t' other "à barbette,"
 Of Danube's bank took formidable charge ;
 While two-and-twenty cannon duly set
 Rose over the town's right side, in bristling tier,
 Forty feet high, upon a cavalier.

XIII.

But from the river the town's open quite,
 Because the Turks could never be persuaded
 A Russian vessel e'er would heave in sight ;
 And such their creed was till they were invaded,
 When it grew rather late to set things right :
 But as the Danube could not well be waded,
 They look'd upon the Muscovite flotilla,
 And only shouted "Allah !" and "Bis Millah !"

XIV.

The Russians now were ready to attack ;
But oh, ye goddesses of war and glory !
How shall I spell the name of each Cossacque
Who were immortal, could one tell their story ?
Alas ! what to their memory can lack ?
Achilles' self was not more grim and gory
Than thousands of this new and polish'd nation,
Whose names want nothing but—pronunciation.

XV.

Still I'll record a few, if but to increase
Our euphony : there was Strongenoff, and Strokonoſſ,
Meknop, Serge Low, Arsnew of modern Greece,
And Tschitsshakoff, and Roguenoff, and Chokenoff,
And others of twelve consonants apiece ;
And more might be found out, if I could poke enough
Into gazettes ; but Fame (capricious strumpet),
It seems, has got an ear as well as trumpet,

XVI.

And cannot tune those discords of narration,
Which may be names at Moscow, into rhyme ;
Yet there were several worth commemoration,
As e'er was virgin of a nuptial chime ;
Soft words, too, fitted for the peroration
Of Londonderry drawling against time,
Ending in " ischskin," " ousskin," " ifiskchy," " ouski "
Of whom we can insert but Rousamouski,

XVII.

Scherematoff and Chrematoff, Kokloſhti,
Koclobski, Kourakin, and Mouskin Pouskin,
All proper men of weapons, as e'er scoff'd high
Against a foe, or ran a sabre through skin :
Little cared they for Mahomet or Mufti,
Unless to make their kettle-drums a new skin
Out of their hides, if parchment had grown dear,
And no more handy substitute been near.

XVIII.

Then there were foreigners of much renown,
Of various nations, and all volunteers ;
Not fighting for their country or its crown,
But wishing to be one day brigadiers ;

Also to have the sacking of a town ;
 A pleasant thing to young men at their years.
 'Mongst them were several Englishmen of pith,
 Sixteen call'd Thomson, and nineteen named Smith.

. XIX.

Jack Thomson and Bill Thomson ;—all the rest
 Had been call'd "*Jemmy*," after the great bard ;
 I do n't know whether they had arms or crest,
 But such a godfather's as good a card.
 Three of the Smiths were Peters ; but the best
 Amongst them all, hard blows to inflict or ward,
 Was *he*, since so renown'd "in country quarters
 At Halifax ;" but now he served the Tartars.

XX.

The rest were Jacks and Gills and Wills and Bills,
 But when I've added that the elder Jack Smith
 Was born in Cumberland among the hills,
 And that his father was an honest blacksmith,
 I've said all I know of a name that fills
 Three lines of the despatch in taking "*Schmacksmith*,"
 A village of Moldavia's waste, wherein
 He fell, immortal in a bulletin.

XXI.

I wonder (although Mars no doubt's a god I
 Praise) if a man's name in a *bulletin*
 May make up for a *bullet* in his body ?
 I hope this little question is no sin,
 Because, though I am but a simple noddy,
 I think one Shakspeare puts the same thought in
 The mouth of some one in his plays so doting,
 Which many people pass for wits by quoting.

XXII.

Then there were Frenchmen, gallant, young, and gay ;
 But I'm too great a patriot to record
 Their Gallic names upon a glorious day ;
 I'd rather tell ten lies than say a word
 Of truth ;—such truths are treason ; they betray
 Their country ; and as traitors are abhorr'd,
 Who name the French in English, save to show
 How Peace should make John Bull the Frenchman's foe.

XXIII.

The Russians, having built two batteries on
An isle near Ismail, had two ends in view ;
The first was to bombard it, and knock down
The public buildings and the private too,
No matter what poor souls might be undone.
The city's shape suggested this, 't is true ;
Form'd like an amphitheatre, each dwelling
Presented a fine mark to throw a shell in.

XXIV.

The second object was to profit by
The moment of the general consternation,
To attack the 'Turks' flotilla, which lay nigh,
Extremely tranquil, anchor'd at its station :
But a third motive was as probably
To frighten them into capitulation ;
A phantasy which sometimes seizes warriors,
Unless they are game as bull-dogs and fox-terriers.

XXV.

A habit rather blameable, which is
That of despising those we combat with,
Common in many cases, was in this
The cause of killing Tchitchitzkoff and Smith ;
One of the valorous "Smiths" whom we shall miss
Out of those nineteen who late rhymed to pith ; "
But 't is a name so spread o'er "Sir" and "Madam,"
That one would think the first who bore it "Adam."

XXVII.

The Russian batteries were incomplete,
Because they were constructed in a hurry ;
Thus the same cause which makes a verse want feet,
And throws a cloud o'er Longman and John Murray,
When the sale of new books is not so fleet
As they who print them think is necessary,
May likewise put off for a time what story
Sometimes calls "murder," and at others "glory."

XXVII.

Whether it was their engineer's stupidity,
Their haste, or waste, I neither know nor care,
Or some contractor's personal cupidity,
Saving his soul by cheating in the ware

Of homicide, but there was no solidity
In the new batteries erected there ;
They either miss'd, or they were never miss'd,
And added greatly to the missing list.

XXVIII.

A sad miscalculation about distance
Made all their naval matters incorrect ;
Three fireships lost their amiable existence
Before they reach'd a spot to take effect ;
The match was lit too soon, and no assistance
Could remedy this lumberly defect ;
They blew up in the middle of the river,
While, though 't was dawn, the Turks slept fast as ever.

XXIX.

At seven they rose, however, and survey'd
The Russ flotilla getting under way ;
'T was nine, when still advancing undismay'd,
Within a cable's length their vessels lay
Off Ismail, and commenced a cannonade,
Which was return'd with interest, I may say,
And by a fire of musketry and grape,
And shells and shot of every size and shape.

XXX.

For six hours bore they without intermission
The Turkish fire, and, aided by their own
Land batteries, work'd their guns with great precision ;
At length they found mere cannonade alone
By no means would produce the town's submission,
And made a signal to retreat at one.
One bark blew up, a second near the works
Running aground, was taken by the Turks.

XXXI.

The Moslem, too, had lost both ships and men ;
But when they saw the enemy retire,
Their Delhis mann'd some boats, and sail'd again,
And gall'd the Russians with a heavy fire,
And tried to make a landing on the main ;
But here the effect fell short of their desire :
Count Damas drove them back into the water
Pell-mell, and with a whole gazette of slaughter.

XXXII.

"If" (says the historian here) "I could report
 All that the Russians did upon this day,
 I think that several volumes would fall short,
 And I should still have many things to say ;"
 And so he says no more—but pays his court
 To some distinguish'd strangers in that fray ;
 The Prince de Ligne, and Langeron, and Damas,
 Names great as any that the roll of Fame has.

XXXIII.

This being the case, may show us what Fame *is* :
 For out of these three "*preux Chevaliers*," how
 Many of common readers give a guess
 That such existed? (and they may live now
 For aught we know.) Renown's all hit or miss ;
 There's fortune even in fame, we must allow.
 'Tis true, the Memoirs of the Prince de Ligne
 Have half withdrawn from *him* oblivion's screen.

XXXIV.

But here are men who fought in gallant actions
 As gallantly as ever heroes fought,
 But buried in the heap of such transactions
 Their names are rarely found, nor oft'n sought.
 Thus even good fame may suffer sad contractions,
 And is extinguish'd sooner than she ought :
 On all our modern battles, I will bet
 You can't repeat nine names from each Gazette.

XXXV.

In short, this last attack, though rich in glory,
 Show'd that *somewhere, somehow*, there was a fault,
 And Admiral Ribas (known in Russian story)
 Most strongly recommended an assault ;
 In which he was opposed by young and hoary,
 Which made a long debate ; but I must halt,
 For it I wrote down every warrior's speech,
 I doubt few readers e'er would mount the breach.

XXXVI.

There was a man, if that he was a man,
 Not that his manhood could be call'd in question,
 For had he not been Hercules, his span
 Had been as short in youth as indigestion

Made his last illness, when, all worn and wan,
He died beneath a tree, as much unblest on
The soil of the green province he had wasted,
As e'er was locust on the land it blasted.

• XXXVII.

This was Potemkin—a great thing in days
When homicide and harlotry made great;
If stars and titles could entail long praise,
His glory might half equal his estate.
This fellow, being six foot high, could raise
A kind of phantasy proportionate
In the then sovereign of the Russian people,
Who measured men as you would do a steuple.

XXXVIII.

While things were in abeyance, Ribas sent
A courier to the prince, and he succeeded
In ordering matters after his own bent;
I cannot tell the way in which he pleaded,
But shortly he had cause to be content.
In the mean time the batteries proceeded,
And fourscore cannon on the Danube's border
Were briskly fired and answer'd in due order.

XXXIX.

But on the thirteenth, when already part
Of the troops were embark'd, the siege to raise,
A courier on the spur inspired new heart
Into all panthers for newspaper praise,
As well as dilettanti in war's art,
By his despatches couch'd in pithy phrase;
Announcing the appointment of that lover of
Battles to the command, Field-Marshal Souvaroff.

XI.

The letter of the prince to the same marshal
Was worthy of a Spartan, had the cause
Been one to which a good heart could be partial—
Defence of freedom, country, or of laws;
But as it was mere lust of power to o'er-arch all
With its proud brow, it merits slight applause,
Save for its style, which said, all in a trice,
"You will take Ismail at whatever price."

XLI.

"Let there be light!" said God, "and there was light!"

"Let there be blood!" says man, and there's a sea!
The fiat of this spoil'd child of the Night
(For Day ne'er saw his merits) could decree
More evil in an hour, than thirty bright
Summers could renovate, though they should be
Lovely as those which ripen'd Eden's fruit;
For war cuts up not only branch, but root.

XLII.

Our friends, the Turks, who with loud "Allahs" now
Began to signalise the Russ retreat,
Were damnably mistaken; few are slow
In thinking that their enemy is beat,
(Or *beaten*, if you insist on grammar, though
I never think about it in a heat.)
But here I say the Turks were much mistaken,
Who hating hogs, yet wish'd to save their bacon.

XLIII.

For, on the sixteenth, at full gallop, drew
In sight two horsemen, who were deem'd Cossacques
For some time, till they came in nearer view.
They had but little baggage at their backs,
For there were but three shirts between the two;
But on they rode upon two Ukraine hacks,
Till, in approaching, were at length descried
In this plain pair, Suwarrow and his guide.

XLIV.

"Great joy to London now!" says some great fool,
When London had a grand illumination,
Which to that bottle-conjuror, John Bull,
Is of all dreams the first hallucination;
So that the streets of colour'd lamps are full,
That sage (*said* John) surrenders at discretion
His purse, his soul, his sense, and even his non-sense,
To gratify, like a huge moth, this *one* sense.

XLV.

'T is strange that he should further "Damn his eyes,"
For they are damn'd; that once all-famous oath
Is to the devil now no further prize,
Since John has lately lost the use of both.

Debt he calls wealth, and taxes Paradise ;
 And Famine, with her gaunt and bony growth,
 Which stare him in the face, he won't examine,
 Or swears that Ceres hath begotten Famine.

XLVI.

But to the tale ;—great joy unto the camp !
 To Russian, Tartar, English, French, Cosaque,
 O'er whom Suwarrow shone like a gas lamp,
 Presaging a most luminous attack ;
 Or like a wisp along the marsh so damp,
 Which leads beholders on a boggy walk,
 He flitted to and fro a dancing light,
 Which all who saw it follow'd, wrong or right.

XLVII.

But certes matters took a different face ;
 There was enthusiasm and much applause,
 The fleet and camp saluted with great grace,
 And all presaged good fortune to their cause.
 Within a cannon-shot length of the place
 They drew, constructed ladders, repair'd flaws
 In former works, made new, prepared fascines,
 And all kinds of benevolent machines.

XLVIII.

'T is thus the spirit of a single mind
 Makes that of multitudes take one direction,
 As roil the waters to the breathing wind,
 Or roams the herd beneath the bull's protection ;
 Or as a little dog will lead the blind,
 Or a bell-wether form the flock's connexion
 By tinkling sounds, when they go forth to victual ;
 Such is the sway of your great men o'er little.

XLIX.

The whole camp rung with joy ; you would have thought
 That they were going to a marriage feast
 ('This metaphor, I think, holds good as aught,
 Since there is discord after both at least) :
 There was not now a luggage boy but sought
 Danger and spoil with ardour much increased ;
 And why ? because a little—odd—old man,
 Stript to his shirt, was come to lead the van.

L.

But so it was ; and every preparation
Was made with all alacrity : the first
Detachment of three columns took its station,
And waited but the signal's voice to burst
Upon the foe : the second's ordination
Was also in three columns, with a thirst
For glory gaping o'er a sea of slaughter :
The third, in columns two, attack'd by water.

LI.

New batteries were erected, and was held
A general council, in which unanimity,
That stranger to most councils, here prevail'd.
As sometimes happens in a great extremity ;
And every difficulty being dispell'd,
Glory began to dawn with due sublimity,
While Souvaroff, determined to obtain it,
Was teaching his recruits to use the bayonet.

LII.

It is an actual fact, that he, commander
In chief, in proper person deign'd to drill
The awkward squad, and could afford to squander
His time, a corporal's duty to fulfil ;
Just as you'd break a sucking salamander
To swallow flame, and never take it ill :
He show'd them how to mount a ladder (which
Was not like Jacob's) or to cross a ditch.

LIII.

Also he dress'd up, for the nonce, fascines
Like men with turbans, scimitars, and dirks,
And made them charge with bayonet these machines,
By way of lesson against actual Turks ;
And when well practised in these mimic scenes,
He judg'd them proper to assail the works ;
At which your wise men sneer'd in phrases witty :
He made no answer ; but he took the city.

LIV.

Most things were in this posture on the eve
Of the assault, and all the camp was in
A stern repose ; which you would scarce conceive ;
Yet men resolved to dash through thick and thin

Are very silent when they once believe
 That all is settled :—there was little din,
 For some were thinking of their home and friends,
 And others of themselves and latter ends.

• LV.

Suwarrow chiefly was on the alert,
 Surveying, drilling, ordering, jesting, pondering,
 For the man was, we safely may assert,
 A thing to wonder at beyond most wondering ;
 Hero, buffoon, half-demon, and half-dirt,
 Praying, instructing, desolating, plundering ;
 Now Mars, now Momus ; and when bent to storm
 A fortress, Harlequin in uniform.

LVI.

The day before the assault, while upon drill—
 For this great conqueror play'd the corporal—
 Some Cossacques, hovering like hawks round a hill,
 Had met a party towards the twilight's fall,
 One of whom spoke their tongue—or well or ill,
 'T was much that he was understood at all ;
 But whether from his voice, or speech, or manner,
 They found that he had fought beneath their banner.

LVII.

Whereon immediately at his request
 They brought him and his comrades to head-quarters ;
 Their dress was Moslem, but you might have guess'd
 That these were merely masquerading Tartars,
 And that beneath each Turkish-fashion'd vest
 Lurk'd Christianity ; which sometimes barters
 Her inward grace for outward show, and makes
 It difficult to shun some strange mistakes.

LVIII.

Suwarrow, who was standing in his shirt
 Before a company of Calmucks, drilling,
 Exclaiming, fooling, swearing at the inert,
 And lecturing on the noble art of killing,—
 For deeming human clay but common dirt,
 This great philosopher was thus instilling
 His maxims, which to martial comprehension
 Proved death in battle equal to a pension ;—

LIX.

Suwarrow, when he saw this company

Of Cossacques and their prey, turn'd round and cast
Upon them his slow brow and piercing eye:—

"Whence come ye?"—"From Constantinople last,
Captives just now escaped," was the reply.

"What are ye?"—"What you see us." Briefly pass'd
This dialogue; for he who answer'd knew
To whom he spoke, and made his words but few.

LX.

"Your names?"—"Mine's Johnson, and my comrade's
Juan;

The other two are women, and the third
Is neither man nor woman." The chief threw on
The party a slight glance, then said, "I have heard
Your name before, the second is a new one:

To bring the other three here was absurd:
But let that pass:—I think I have heard your name
In the Nikolaiew regiment?"—"The same."

LXI.

"You served at Widdin?"—"Yes."—"You led the
attack?"

"I did."—"What next?"—"I really hardly know."

"You were the first i' the breach?"—"I was not slack
At least to follow those who might be so."

"What follow'd?"—"A shot laid me on my back,
And I became a prisoner to the foe."

"You shall have vengeance, for the town surrounded
Is twice as strong as that where you were wounded."

LXII.

"Where will you serve?"—"Where'er you please."—"I
know

You like to be the hope of the forlorn,
And doubtless would be foremost on the foe

After the hardships you've already borne.
And this young fellow—say what can he do?

He with the beardless chin and garments torn?"
"Why, general, if he hath no greater fault
In war than love, he had better lead the assault."

LXIII.

"He shall if that he dare." Here Juan bow'd
 Low as the compliment deserved. Suwarrow
 Continued: "Your old regiment's allow'd,
 By special providence, to lead to-morrow,
 Or it may be to-night, the assault: I have vow'd
 To several saints, that shortly plough or harrow
 Shall pass o'er what was Ismail, and its tusk
 Be unimpeded by the proudest mosque.

LXIV.

"So now, my lads, for glory!"—Here he turn'd
 And drill'd away in the most classic Russian,
 Until each high, heroic bosom burn'd
 For cash and conquest, as if from a cushion
 A preacher had held forth (who nobly spurn'd
 All earthly goods save tithes) and bade them push on
 To slay the Pagans who resisted, battering
 The armies of the Christian Empress Catherine.

LXV.

Johnson, who knew by this long colloquy
 Himself a favourite, ventured to address
 Suwarrow, though engaged with accents high
 In his resumed amusement. "I confess
 My debt in being thus allow'd to die
 Among the foremost; but if you'd expres
 Explicitly our several posts, my friend
 And self would know what duty to attend."

LXVI.

"Right! I was busy, and forgot. Why, you
 Will join your former regiment, which should be
 Now under arms. Ho! Katskoff, take him to—
 (Here he call'd up a Polish orderly)
 His post, I mean the regiment Nikolaiew:
 The stranger stripling may remain with me;
 He's a fine boy. The women may be sent
 To the other baggage, or to the sick tent."

LXVII.

But here a sort of scene began to ensue:
 The ladies,—who by no means had been bred
 To be disposed of in a way so new,
 Although their harem education led

Doubtless to that of doctrines the most true,
Passive obedience,—now raised up the head,
With flashing eyes and starting tears, and flung
Their arms, as hens their wings about their young,

LXVIII.

O'er the promoted couple of brave men
Who were thus honour'd by the greatest chief
That ever peopled hell with heroes slain,
Or plunged a province or a realm in grief.
Oh, foolish mortals! Always taught in vain!
Oh, glorious laurel! since for one sole leaf
Of thine imaginary deathless tree,
Of blood and tears must flow the unebbing sea.

LXIX.

Suwarrow, who had small regard for tears,
And not much sympathy for blood, survey'd
The women with their hair about their ears
And natural agonies, with a slight shade
Of feeling: for however habit sears
Men's hearts against whole millions, when their trade
Is butchery, sometimes a single sorrow
Will touch even heroes—and such was Suwarrow.

LXX.

He said,—and in the kindest Calmuck tone,—
“Why, Johnson, what the devil do you mean
By bringing women here? They shall be shown
All the attention possible, and seen
In safety to the waggons, where alone
In fact they can be safe. You should have been
Aware this kind of baggage never thrives;
Save wed a year, I hate recruits with wives.”

LXXI.

“May it please your excellency,” thus replied
Our British friend, “these are the wives of others,
And not our own. I am too qualified
By service with my military brothers
To break the rules by bringing one's own bride
Into a camp: I know that nought so bothers
The hearts of the heroic on a charge,
As leaving a small family at large.

LXXII.

"But these are but two Turkish ladies, who
With their attendant aided our escape,
And afterwards accompanied us through
A thousand perils in this dubious shape.
To me this kind of life is not so new :
To them, poor things, it is an awkward scrape.
I therefore, if you wish me to fight freely,
Request that they may both be used genteelly."

LXXIII.

Meantime these two poor girls, with swimming eyes,
Look'd on as if in doubt if they could trust
Their own protectors ; nor was their surprise
Less than their grief (and truly not less just)
To see an old man, rather wild than wise
In aspect, plainly clad, besmear'd with dust,
Stript to his waistcoat, and that not too clean,
More fear'd than all the sultans ever seen.

LXXIV.

For everything seem'd resting on his nod,
As they could read in all eyes. Now to them,
Who were accusom'd, as a sort of god,
To see the sultan, rich in many a gem,
Like an imperial peacock stalk abroad
(That royal bird, whose tail's a diadem,)
With all the pomp of power, it was a doubt
How power could condescend to do without.

LXXV.

John Johnson, seeing their extreme dismay,
Though little versed in feelings oriental,
Suggested some slight comfort in his way :
Don Juan, who was much more sentimental,
Swore they should see him by the dawn of day,
Or that the Russian army should repent all :
And, strange to say, they found some consolation
In this—for females like exaggeration.

LXXVI.

And then with tears, and sighs, and some slight kisses,
They parted for the present—these to await,
According to the artillery's hits or misses,
What sages call Chance, Providence, or Fate—

(Uncertainty is one of many blisses,
 A mortgage on Humanity's estate)—
 While their beloved friends began to arm,
 To burn a town which never did them harm.

LXXVII. *

Suwarrow,—who but saw things in the gross,
 Being much too gross to see them in detail,
 Who calculated life as so much dross,
 And as the wind a widow'd nation's wail,
 And cared as little for his army's loss
 (So that their efforts should at length prevail)
 As wife and friends did for the boils of Job,—
 What was't to him to hear two women sob?

LXXVIII.

Nothing.—The work of glory still went on
 In preparations for a cannonade
 As terrible as that of Iliou,
 If Homer had found mortars ready made;
 But now, instead of slaying Priam's son,
 We only can but talk of escalade,
 Bombs, drums, guns, bastions, batteries, bayonets, bullets;
 Hard words, which stick in the soft Muses' gullets.

LXXIX.

Oh, thou eternal Homer! who couldst charm
 All ears, though long; all ages, though so short,
 By merely wielding with poetic arm
 Arms to which men will never more resort,
 Unless gunpowder should be found to harm
 Much less than is the hope of every court,
 Which now is leagued young Freedom to annoy;
 But they will not find Liberty a Troy:—

LXXX.

Oh, thou eternal Homer! I have now
 To paint a siege, wherein more men were slain,
 With deadlier engines and a speedier blow,
 Than in thy Greek gazette of that campaign;
 And yet, like all men else, I must allow,
 To vie with thee would be about as vain
 As for a brook to cope with ocean's flood;
 But still we moderns equal you in blood;

LXXXI.

If not in poetry, at least in fact ;
 And fact is truth, the grand desideratum !
 Of which, howe'er the Muse describes each act,
 There should be ne'ertheless a slight substratum.
 But now the town is going to be attack'd ;
 Great deeds are doing—how shall I relate 'em ?
 Souls of immortal generals ! Phoebus watches
 To colour up his rays from your despatches.

LXXXII.

Oh, ye great bulletins of Bonaparte !
 Oh, ye less grand long lists of kill'd and wounded !
 Shade of Leonidas, who fought so hearty,
 When my poor Greec' was once, as now, surrounded !
 Oh, Cæsar's Commentaries ! now impart, ye
 Shadows of glory ! (lest I be confounded),
 A portion of your fading twilight hues,
 So beautiful, so fleeting, to the Muse.

LXXXIII.

When I call "fading" martial immortality,
 I mean, that every age and every year,
 And almost every day, in sad reality,
 Some sucking hero is compell'd to rear,
 Who, when we come to sum up the totality
 Of deeds to human happiness most dear,
 Turns out to be a butcher in great business,
 Afflicting young folks with a sort of dizziness.

LXXXIV.

Medals, rank, ribands, lace, embroidery, scarlet,
 Are things immortal to immortal man,
 As purple to the Babylonian harlot :
 An uniform to boys is like a fan
 To women ; there is scarce a crimson varlet
 But deems himself the first in Glory's van.
 But Glory's glory ; and if you would find
 What that is—ask the pig who sees the wind !

LXXXV.

At least *he feels it*, and some say he *sees*,
 Because he runs before it like a pig ;
 Or, if that simple sentence should displease,
 Say, that he scuds before it like a brig,

A schooner, or—but it is time to cease
This Canto, ere my Muse perceives fatigue.
The next shall ring a peal to shake all people,
Like a bob-major from a village steeple.

LXXXVI.

Hark ! through the silence of the cold, dull night,
The hum of armies gathering rank on rank !
Lo ! dusky masses steal in dubious sight
Along the leaguer'd wall and bristling bank
Of the arm'd river, while with straggling night
The stars peep through the vapours dim and dank,
Which curl in curious wreaths :—how soon the smoke
Of Hell shall pall them in a deeper cloak !

LXXXVII.

Here pause we for the present—as even then
That awful pause, dividing life from death,
Struck for an instant on the hearts of men,
Thousands of whom were drawing their last breath !
A moment—and all will be life again !
The march ! the charge ! the shouts of either faith,
Hurrah ! and Allan ! and—one moment more—
The death-cry drowning in the battle's roar.

CANTO THE EIGHTH.

I.

OH, blood and thunder ! and oh, blood and wounds !
These are but vulgar oaths, as you may deem,
Too gentle reader ! and most shocking sounds :
And so they are ; yet thus is Glory's dream
Unriddled, and as my true Muse expounds
At present such things, since they are her theme,
So be they her inspirers ! Call them Mars,
Bellona, what you will—they mean but wars.

II.

All was prepared—the fire, the sword, the men
To wield them in their terrible array.
The army, like a lion from his den,
March'd forth with nerve and sinews bent to slay,—

A human Hydra, issuing from its fen
 To breathe destruction on its winding way,
 Whose heads were heroes, which cut off in vain,
 Immediately in others grew again.

III.

History can only take things in the gross ;
 But could we know them in detail, perchance
 In balancing the profit and the loss,
 War's merit it by no means might enhance,
 To waste so much gold for a little dross,
 As hath been done, mere conquest to advance.
 The drying up a single tear has more
 Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore.

IV.

And why?—because it brings self-approbation ;
 Whereas the other, after all its glare,
 Shouts, bridges, arches, pensions from a nation,
 Which (it may be) has not much left to spare,
 A higher title, or a loftier station,
 Though they may make Corruption gape or stare,
 Yet, in the end, except in freedom's battles,
 Are nothing but a child of Murder's rattles.

V.

And such they are—and such they will be found :
 Not so Leonidas and Washington,
 Whose every battle-field is holy ground,
 Which breathes of nations saved, not worlds undone.
 How sweetly on the ear such echoes sound !
 While the mere victor's may appal or stun
 The servile and the vain, such names will be
 A watchword till the future shall be free.

VI.

The night was dark, and the thick mist allow'd
 Nought to be seen save the artillery's flame,
 Which arch'd the horizon like a fiery cloud,
 And in the Danube's waters shone the same—
 A mirror'd hell ! the volleying roar, and loud
 Long booming of each peal on peal, o'ercame
 The ear far more than thunder ; for Heaven's flashes
 Spare, or smite rarely—man's make millions ashes !

VII.

The column order'd on the assault scarce pass'd
 Beyond the Russian batteries a few toises,
 When up the bristling Moslem rose at last,
 Answering the Christian thunders with like voices :
 Then one vast fire, air, earth, and stream embraced,
 Which rock'd as 't were beneath the mighty noises ;
 While the whole rampart blaz'd like Etna, when
 The restless Titan hiccups in his den ;

VIII.

And one enormous shout of "Allah !" rose
 In the same moment, loud as even the roar
 Of war's most mortal engines, to their foes
 Hurling defiance : city, stream, and shore
 Resounded "Allah !" and the clouds which close
 With thick'ning canopy the conflict o'er,
 Vibrate to the Eternal name. Hark ! through
 All sounds it pierceth, "Allah ! Allah ! Hu !"

IX.

The columns were in movement one and all,
 But of the portion which attack'd by water,
 Thicker than leaves the lives began to fall,
 Though led by Arseniew, that great son of slaughter,
 As brave as ever faced both bomb and ball.
 "Carnage (so Wordsworth tells you) is God's daughter :"
 If *he* speaks truth, she is Christ's sister, and
 Just now behaved as in the Holy Land.

X.

The Prince de Ligne was wounded in the knee ;
 Count Chapeau-Bras, too, had a ball between
 His cap and head, which proves the head to be
 Aristocratic as was ever seen,
 Because it then received no injury
 More than the cap ; in fact, the ball could mean
 No harm unto a right legitimate head ;
 "Ashes to ashes"—why not lead to lead ?

XI.

Also the General Markow, Brigadier,
 Insisting on removal of the *prince*
 Amidst some groaning thousands dying near,—
 All common fellows, who might writhe and wince,

And shriek for water into a deaf ear,—

The General Markow, who could thus evince
His sympathy for rank, by the same token,
To teach him greater, had his own leg broken.

XII.

Three hundred cannon threw up their emetic,
And thirty thousand muskets flung their pills
Like hail, to make a bloody diuretic.

Mortality! thou hast thy monthly bills:
Thy plagues, thy famines, thy physicians, yet tick.
Like the death-watch, within our ears the ills
Past, present, and to come;—but all may yield
To the true portrait of one battle-field;

XIII.

There the still varying pangs, which multiply
Until their very number makes men hard
By the infinities of agony,
Which meet the gaze, whate'er it may regard—
The groan, the roll in dust, the all-white eye
Turn'd back within its socket,—these reward
Your rank and file by thousands, while the rest
May win perhaps a riband at the breast!

XIV.

Yet I love glory;—glory 's a great thing:—
Think what it is to be in your old age
Maintain'd at the expense of your good king:
A moderate pension shakes full many a sage,
And heroes are but made for bards to sing,
Which is still better; thus in verse to wage
Your wars eternally, besides enjoying
Half-pay for life, make mankind worth destroying.

XV.

The troops, already disembark'd, push'd on
To take a battery on the right: the others,
Who landed lower down, their landing done,
Had set to work as briskly as their brothers:
Being grenadiers, they mounted one by one,
Cheerful as children climb the breasts of mothers,
O'er the intrenchment and the palisade,
Quite orderly, as if upon parade.

XVI.

And this was admirable ; for so hot
The fire was, that were red Vesuvius loaded,
Besides its lava, with all sorts of shot
And shells or hells, it could not more have goaded.
Of officers a third fell on the spot,
A thing which victory by no means boded
To gentlemen engaged in the assault :
Hounds, when the huntsman tumbles, are at fault.

XVII.

But here I leave the general concern,
To track our hero on his path of fame :
He must his laurels separately earn ;
For fifty thousand heroes, name by name,
Though all deserving equally to turn
A couplet, or an elegy to claim,
Would form a lengthy lexicon of glory,
And what is worse still, a much longer story :

XVIII.

And therefore we must give the greater number
To the Gazette—which doubtless fairly dealt
By the deceased, who lie in famous slumber
In ditches, fields, or wheresoe'er they felt
Their clay for the last time their souls encumber ;—
Thrice happy he whose name has been well spelt
In the despatch : I knew a man whose loss
Was printed *Grose*, although his name was *Grose*.

XIX.

Juan and Johnson join'd a certain corps,
And fought away with might and main, not knowing
The way which they had never trod before,
And still less guessing where they might be going ;
But on they march'd, dead bodies trampling o'er,
Firing, and thrusting, slashing, sweating, glowing,
But fighting thoughtlessly enough to win,
To their *two* selves, *one* whole bright bulletin.

XX.

Thus on they wallow'd in the bloody mire
Of dead and dying thousands,—sometimes gaining
A yard or two of ground, which brought them nigher
To some odd angle for which all were straining ;

At other times, repulsed by the close fire,
Which really pour'd as if all hell were raining
Instead of heaven, they stumbled backwards o'er
A wounded comrade, sprawling in his gore.

XXI.

Though 't was Don Juan's first of fields, and though
The nightly muster and the silent march
In the chill dark, when courage does not glow
So much as under a triumphal arch,
Perhaps might make him shiver, yawn, or throw
A glance on the dull clouds (as thick as starch,
Which stiffen'd heaven) as if he wish'd for day ;—
Yet for all this he did not run away.

XXII.

Indeed he could not. But what if he had ?
There *have been* and *are* heroes who begun
With something not much better, or as bad :
Frederick the Great from Molwitz deign'd to run
For the first and last time ; for, like a pad,
Or hawk, or bride, most mortals after one
Warm bout are broken in to their new tricks,
And fight like fiends for pay or politics.

XXIII.

He was what Erin calls, in her sublime
Old Erse or Irish, or it may be *Punic* ;—
(The antiquarians who can settle time,
Which settles all things, Roman, Greek, or Runic,
Swear that Pat's language sprung from the same clime
With Hannibal, and wears the Tyrian tunic
Of Dido's alphabet ; and this is rational
As any other notion, and not national ;)—

XXIV.

But Juan was quite "a broth of a boy,"
A thing of impulse and a child of song ;
Now swimming in the sentiment of joy,
Or the *sensation* (if that phrase seem wrong),
And afterward, if he must needs destroy,
In such good company as always throng
To battles, sieges, and that kind of pleasure,
No less delighted to employ his leisure ;

XXV.

But always without malice: if he warr'd
Or loved, it was with what we call "the best
Intentions," which form all mankind's *trump card*,
To be produced when brought up to the test.
The statesman, hero, harlot, lawyer—ward
Off each attack, when people are in quest
Of their designs, by saying they *meant well*;
'T is pity "that such meaning should pave hell."

XXVI.

I almost lately have begun to doubt
Whether hell's pavement—if it be so *paved*—
Must not have latterly been quite worn out,
Not by the numbers good intent hath saved,
But by the mass who go below without
Those ancient good intentions, which once shaved
And smooth'd the brimstone of that street of hell
Which bears the greatest likeness to Pall Mall.

XXVII.

Juan, by some strange chance, which oft divides
Warrior from warrior in their grim career,
Like chastest wives from constant husbands' sides
Just at the close of the first bridal year,
By one of these odd turns of Fortune's tides,
Was on a sudden rather puzzled here,
When, after a good deal of heavy firing,
He found himself alone, and friends retiring.

XXVIII.

I don't know how the thing occur'd—it might
Be that the greater part were kill'd or wounded,
And that the rest had faced unto the right
About: a circumstance which has confounded
Cæsar himself, who, in the very sight
Of his whole army, which so much abounded
In courage, was obliged to snatch a shield,
And rally back his Romans to the field.

XXIX.

Juan, who had no shield to snatch, and was
No Cæsar, but a fine young lad, who fought
He knew not why, arriving at this pass,
Stopp'd for a minute, as perhaps he ought

For a much longer time ; then, like an ass—
 (Start not, kind reader, since great Homer thought
 This simile enough for Ajax, Juan
 Perhaps may find it better than a new one) ;—

• XXX.

Then, like an ass, he went upon his way,
 And, what was stranger, never look'd behind ;
 But seeing, flashing forward, like the day
 Over the hills, a fire enough to blind
 Those who dislike to look upon a fray,
 He stumbled on, to try if he could find
 A path, to add his own slight arm and forces
 To corps, the greater part of which were corses.

XXXI.

Perceiving then no more the commandant
 Of his own corps, nor even the corps, which had
 Quite disappear'd—the gods know how ! (I can't
 Account for everything which may look bad
 In history ; but we at least may grant
 It was not marvellous that a mere lad,
 In search of glory, should look on before,
 Nor care a pinch of snuff about his corps :)—

XXXII.

Perceiving nor commander nor commanded,
 And left at large, like a young heir, to make
 His way to—where he knew not—single-handed ;
 As travellers follow over bog and brake
 An “ignis fatuus ;” or as sailors stranded
 Unto the nearest hut themselves betake ;
 So Juan, following honour and his nose,
 Rush'd where the thickest fire announced most foes.

XXXIII.

He knew not where he was, nor greatly cared,
 For he was dizzy, busy, and his veins
 Fill'd as with lightning—for his spirit shared
 The hour, as is the case with lively brains ;
 And where the hottest fire was seen and heard,
 And the loud cannon peal'd his hoarsest strains,
 He rush'd, while earth and air were sadly shaken
 By thy humane discovery, Friar Bacon !

XXXIV.

And as he rush'd along, it came to pass he
 Fell in with what was late the second column,
 Under the orders of the General Lascy,
 But now reduced, as is a bulky volume
 Into an elegant extract (much less massy)
 Of heroism, and took his place with solemn
 Air 'midst the rest, who kept their valiant faces
 And levell'd weapons still against the glacis.

XXXV.

Just at this crisis up came Johnson too,
 Who had "retreated," as the phrase is when
 Men run away much rather than go through
 Destruction's jaws into the devil's den ;
 But Johnson was a clever fellow, who
 Knew when and how "to cut and come again,"
 And never ran away, except when running
 Was nothing but a valorous kind of cunning.

XXXVI.

And so, when all his corps were dead or dying
 Except Don Juan, a mere novice, whose
 More virgin valour never dreamt of flying,
 From ignorance of danger, which induces
 Its votaries, like innocence relying
 On its own strength, with careless nerves and thews,—
 Johnson retired a little, just to rally
 Those who catch cold in "shadows of death's valley."

XXXVII.

And there, a little shelter'd from the shot,
 Which rain'd from bastion, battery, parapet,
 Rampart, wall, casement, house—for there was not
 In this extensive city, sore beset
 By Christian soldiery, a single spot
 Which did not combat like the devil, as yet,—
 He found a number of Chasseurs, all scatter'd
 By the resistance of the chase they batter'd.

XXXVIII.

And these he call'd on ; and, what's strange, they came
 Unto his call, unlike "the spirits from
 The vasty deep," to whom you may exclaim,
 Says Hotspur, long ere they will leave their home.

Their reasons were uncertainty, or shame
 At shrinking from a bullet or a bomb,
 And that odd impulse, which in wars or creeds
 Makes men, like cattle, follow him who leads.

• XXXIX.

By Jove ! he was a noble fellow, Johnson,
 And though his name, than Ajax or Achilles,
 Sounds less harmonious, underneath the sun soon
 We shall not see his likeness : he could kill his
 Man quite as quietly as blows the monsoon
 Her steady breath (which some months the same *still* is) :
 Seldom he varied feature, hue, or muscle,
 And could be very busy without bustle ;

XL.

And therefore, when he ran away, he did so
 Upon reflection, knowing that behind
 He would find others who would fain be rid so
 Of idle apprehensions, which like wind
 Trouble heroic stomachs. Though their lids so
 Oft are soon closed, all heroes are not blind,
 But when they light upon immediate death,
 Retire a little, merely to take breath.

XLI. •

But Johnson only ran off, to return
 With many other warriors, as we said,
 Unto that rather somewhat misty bourn,
 Which Hamlet tells us is a pass of dread.
 To Jack, howe'er, this gave but slight concern :
 His soul (like galvanism upon the dead)
 Acted upon the living as on wire,
 And led them back into the heaviest fire.

XLII.

Egad ! they found the second time what they
 The first time thought quite terrible enough
 To fly from, malgré all which people say
 Of glory, and all that immortal stuff
 Which fills a regiment (besides their pay,
 That daily shilling which makes warriors tough)—
 They found on their return the self-same welcome,
 Which made some *think*, and others *know* a *hell* come.

XLIII.

They fell as thick as harvests beneath hail,
Grass before scythes, or corn below the sickle,
Proving that trite old truth, that life's as frail
As any other boon for which men stickle.
The Turkish batteries thrash'd them like a flail,
Or a good boxer, into a sad pickle
Putting the very bravest, who were knock'd
Upon the head before their guns were cock'd.

XLIV.

The Turks behind the traverses and flanks
Of the next bastion, fired away like devils,
And swept, as gales sweep foam away, whole ranks:
However, Heaven knows how, the Fate who levels
Towns, nations, worlds, in her revolving pranks,
So order'd it, amid these sulphury revels,
That Johnson, and some few who had not scamper'd,
Reach'd the interior talus of the rampart.

XLV.

First one or two, then five, six, and a dozen
Came mounting quickly up, for it was now
All neck or nothing, as, like pitch or rosin,
Flame was shower'd forth above, as well's below,
So that you scarce could say who best had chosen,
The gentlemen that were the first to show
Their martial faces on the parapet,
Or those who thought it brave to wait as yet.

XLVI.

But those who scaled found out that their advance
Was favour'd by an accident or blunder:
The Greek or Turkish Cohorn's ignorance
Had palisado'd in a way you'd wonder
To see in forts of Netherlands or France—
(Though these to our Gibraltar must knock under)—
Right in the middle of the parapet
Just named, these palisades were primly set:

XLVII.

So that on either side some nine or ten
Paces were left, whereon you could contrive
To march; a great convenience to our men,
At least to all those who were left alive,

Who thus could form a line and fight again ;
 And that which further aided them to strive
 Was, that they could kick down the palisades,
 Which scarcely rose much higher than grass blades.

XLVIII.

Among the first—I will not say the *first*,
 For such precedence upon such occasions
 Will oftentimes make deadly quarrels burst
 Out between friends as well as allied nations :
 The Briton must be bold who really durst
 Put to such trial John Bull's partial patience,
 As say that Wellington at Waterloo
 Was beaten,—though the Prussians say so too ;—

XLIX.

And that if Blucher, Bulow, Gneisenau,
 And God knows who besides in “au” and “ow,”
 Had not come up in time to cast an awe
 Into the hearts of those who fought till now
 As tigers combat with an empty crow,
 The Duke of Wellington had ceased to show
 His orders, also to receive his pensions ;
 Which are the heaviest that our history mentions.

L.

But never mind ;—“ God save the king ! ” and kings !
 For if *he* do n't, I doubt if *men* will longer—
 I think I hear a little bird, who sings
 The people by and by will be the stronger :
 The veriest jade will wince whose harness wrings
 So much into the raw as quite to wrong her
 Beyond the rules of posting,—and the mob
 At last fail sick of imitating Job.

LI.

At first it grumbles, then it swears, and then,
 Like David, flings smooth pebbles 'gainst a giant ;
 At last it takes to weapons, such as men
 Snatch when despair makes human hearts less pliant.
 Then comes the “ tug of war ; ”—’t will come again,
 I rather doubt ; and I would fain say “ lie on ’t,”
 If I had not perceived that revolution
 Alone can save the earth from hell's pollution.

LII.

But to continue :—I say not *the* first,
But of the first, our little friend Don Juan,
Walk'd o'er the walls of Ismail, as if nursed
Amidst such scenes—though this was quite a new one
To him, and I should hope to *most*. The thirst
Of glory, which so pierces through and through one
Pervaded him—although a generous creature,
As warm in heart as feminine in feature.

LIII.

And here he was—who upon woman's breast,
Even from a child, felt like a child ; how'er
The man in all the rest might be confest,
To him it was Elysium to be there ;
And he could even withstand that awkward test
Which Rousseau points out to the dubious fair,
“ Observe your lover when he *leaves* your arms ; ”
But Juan never left them while they had charms,

LIV.

Unless compell'd by fate, or wave, or wind,
Or near relations, who are much the same.
But here he was !—where each tie that can bind
Humanity must yield to steel and flame :
And *he* whose very body was all mind,
Flung here by fate or circumstance, which tame
The loftiest, hurried by the time and place,
Dash'd on like a spurr'd blood-horse in a race.

LV.

So was his blood stirr'd while he found resistance,
As is the hunter's at the five-bar gate,
Or double post and rail, where the existence
Of Britain's youth depends upon their weight,
The lightest being the safest : at a distance
He hated cruelty, as all men hate
Blood, until heated—and even then his own
At times would curdle o'er some heavy groan.

LVI.

The General Lascy, who had been hard press'd,
Seeing arrive an aid so opportune
As were some hundred youngsters all abreast,
Who came as if just dropp'd down from the moon,

To Juan, who was nearest him, address'd
 His thanks, and hopes to take the city soon,
 Not reckoning him to be a "base Bezonian"
 (As Pistol calls it), but a young Livonian.

LVII.

Juan, to whom he spoke in German, knew
 A much of German as of Sanscrit, and
 In answer made an inclination to
 The general who held him in command ;
 For seeing one with ribands, black and blue,
 Stars, medals, and a bloody sword in hand,
 Addressing him in tones which seem'd to thank,
 He recognised an officer of rank.

LVIII.

Short speeches pass between two men who speak
 No common language ; and besides, in time
 Of war and taking towns, when many a shriek
 Rings o'er the dialogue, and many a crime
 Is perpetrated ere a word can break
 Upon the ear, and sounds of horror chime
 In like church-bells, with sigh, howl, groan, yell, prayer,
 There cannot be much conversation there.

LIX.

And therefore all we have related in
 Two long octaves, pass'd in a little minute ;
 But in the same small minute, every sin
 Contrived to get itself comprised within it.
 The very cannon, deafen'd by the din,
 Grew dumb, for you might almost hear a linnet,
 As soon as thunder, 'midst the general noise
 Of human nature's agonising voice !

LX.

The town was enter'd. Oh eternity !—
 " God made the country, and man made the town,"
 So Cowper says—and I begin to be
 Of his opinion, when I see cast down
 Rome, Babylon, Tyre, Carthage, Nineveh,
 All walls men know, and many never known ;
 And pondering on the present and the past,
 To deem the woods shall be our home at last ;—

LXI.

Of all men, saving Sylla the man-slayer,
Who passes for in life and death most lucky,
Of the great names which in our faces stare,
The General Boon, back-woodsman of Kentucky,
Was happiest amongst mortals anywhere ;
For killing nothing but a bear or buck, he
Enjoy'd the lonely, vigorous, harmless days
Of his old age in wilds of deepest maze.

LXII.

Crime came not near him—she is not the child
Of solitude ; Health shrank not from him—for
Her home is in the rarely trodden wild,
Where if men seek her not, and death be more
Their choice than life, forgive them, as beguiled
By habit to what their own hearts abhor—
In cities caged. The present case in point I
Cite is, that Boon lived hunting up to ninety ;

LXIII.

And what's still stranger, left behind a name
For which men vainly decimate the throng,
Not only famous, but of that *good* fame
Without which glory's but a tavern song—
Simple, serene, the antipodes of shame,
Which hate nor envy e'er could tinge with wrong ;
An active hermit, even in age the child
Of Nature, or the Man of Ross run wild.

LXIV.

'T is true he shrank from men even of his nation,
When they built up unto his darling trees,—
He moved some hundred miles off, for a station
Where there were fewer houses and more ease ;
The inconvenience of civilisation
Is, that you neither can be pleased nor please ;
But where he met the individual man,
He show'd himself as kind as mortal can.

LXV.

He was not all alone : around him grew
A sylvan tribe of children of the chase,
Whose young, unawaken'd world was ever new,
Nor sword nor sorrow yet had left a trace

On her unwrinkled brow, nor could you view
 A frown on Nature's or on human face ;
 The free-born forest found and kept them free,
 And fresh as is a torrent or a tree.

LXVI.

And tall, and strong, and swift of foot were they,
 Beyond the dwarfing city's pale abortions,
 Because their thoughts had never been the prey
 Of care or gain: the green woods were their portions ;
 No sinking spirits told them they grew grey,
 No fashion made them apes of her distortions ;
 Simple they were, not savage ; and their rifles,
 Though very true, were not yet used for trifles.

LXVII.

Motion was in their days, rest in their slumbers,
 And cheerfulness the handmaid of their toil ;
 Nor yet too many nor too few their numbers ;
 Corruption could not make their hearts her soil ;
 The lust which stings, the splendour which encumbers,
 With the free foresters divide no spoil ;
 Serene, not sullen, were the solitudes
 Of this sighing people of the woods.

LXVIII.

So much for Nature :—by way of variety,
 Now back to thy great joys, Civilisation !
 And the sweet consequence of large society,
 War, pestilence, the despot's desolation,
 The kingly scourge, the lust of notoriety,
 The millions slain by soldiers for their ration,
 The scenes like Catherine's boudoir at three-score,
 With Ismail's storm to soften it the more.

LXIX.

The town was enter'd : first one column made
 Its sanguinary way good—then another :
 The reeking bayonet and the flashing blade
 Clash'd 'gainst the scimitar, and babe and mother
 With distant shrieks were heard Heaven to upbraid :—
 Still closer sulphury clouds began to smother
 The breath of morn and man, where foot by foot
 The madden'd Turks their city still dispute.

LXX.

Koutousow, he who afterwards beat back
(With some assistance from the frost and snow)
Napoleon on his bold and bloody track,
It happen'd was himself beat back just now :
He was a jolly fellow, and could crack
His jest alike in face of friend or foe,
Though life, and death, and victory were at stake ;
But here it seem'd his jokes had ceased to take :

LXXI.

For having thrown himself into a ditch,
Follow'd in haste by various grenadiers,
Whose blood the puddle greatly did enrich,
He climb'd to where the parapet appears ;
But there his project reach'd its utmost pitch
('Mongst other deaths the General Ribaupierre's
Was much regretted), for the Moslem men
Threw them all down into the ditch again.

LXXII.

And had it not been for some stray troops landing
They knew not where, being carried by the stream
To some spot, where they lost their understanding,
And wander'd up and down as in a dream,
Until they reach'd, as daybreak was expanding,
That which a portal to their eyes did seem,—
The great and gay Koutousow might have lain
Where three parts of his column yet remain.

LXXIII.

And scrambling round the rampart, these same troops,
After the taking of the "Cavalier,"
Just as Koutousow's most "forlorn" of "hopes"
Took, like chameleons, some slight tinge of fear,
Open'd the gate call'd "Kilia," to the groups
Of baffled heroes, who stood shyly near,
Sliding knee-deep in lately frozen mud,
Now thaw'd into a marsh of human blood.

LXXIV.

The Kozacks, or, if so you please, Cossacques—
(I don't much pique myself upon orthography,
So that I do not grossly err in facts,
Statistics, tactics, politics, and geography)—

Having been used to serve on horses' backs,
 And no great dilettanti in topography
 Of fortresses, but fighting where it pleases
 Their chiefs to order,—were all cut to pieces.

LXXV.

Their column, though the Turkish batteries thunder'd
 Upon them, ne'ertheless had reach'd the rampart,
 And naturally thought they could have plunder'd
 The city, without being further hamper'd;
 But as it happens to brave men, they blunder'd—
 The Turks at first pretended to have scamper'd,
 Only to draw them 'twixt two bastion corners,
 From whence they sallied on those Christian scorners.

LXXVI.

Then being taken by the tail—a taking
 Fatal to bishops as to soldiers—these
 Cossacques were all cut off as day was breaking,
 And found their lives were let at a short lease—
 But perish'd without shivering or shaking,
 Leaving as ladders their heap'd carcasses,
 O'er which Lieutenant-Colonel Yesouskoi
 March'd with the brave battalion of Polouzki:—

LXXVII.

This valiant man kill'd all the Turks he met,
 But could not eat them, being in his turn
 Slain by some Mussulmans, who would not yet,
 Without resistance, see their city burn.
 The walls were won, but 't was an even bet
 Which of the armies would have cause to mourn:
 'T was blow for blow, disputing inch by inch,
 For one would not retreat, nor t' other flinch.

LXXVIII.

Another column also suffer'd much:—
 And here we may remark with the historian,
 You should but give few cartridges to such
 Troops as are meant to march with greatest glory on,
 When matters must be carried by the touch
 Of the bright bayonet, and they all should hurry on:
 They sometimes, with a hankering for existence,
 Keep merely firing at a foolish distance.

LXXIX.

A junction of the General Meknop's men
(Without the General, who had fallen some time
Before, being badly seconded just then)
Was made at length with those who dared to climb
The death-disgorging rampart once again ;
And though the Turks' resistance was sublime,
They took the bastion, which the Seraskier
Defended at a price extremely dear.

LXXX.

Juan and Johnson, and some volunteers
Among the foremost, offer'd him good quarter,
A word which little suits with Seraskiers,
Or at least suited not this valiant Tartar.
He died, deserving well his country's tears,
A savage sort of military martyr.
An English naval officer, who wish'd
To make him prisoner, was also dish'd :

LXXXI.

For all the answer to his proposition
Was from a pistol-shot that laid him dead ;
On which the rest, without more intermission,
Began to lay about with steel and lead—
The pious metals most in requisition
On such occasions : not a single head
Was spared ;—three thousand Moslems perish'd here,
And sixteen bayonets pierced the Seraskier.

LXXXII.

The city's taken—only part by part—
And death is drunk with gore : there's not a street
Where fights not to the last some desperate heart
For those for whom it soon shall cease to beat.
Here War forgot his own destructive art
In more destroying Nature ; and the heat
Of carnage, like the Nile's sun-sodden slime,
Engender'd monstrous shapes of every crime.

LXXXIII.

A Russian officer, in martial tread
Over a heap of bodies, felt his heel
Seized fast, as if 't were by the serpent's head
Whose fangs Eve taught her human seed to feel :

In vain he kick'd, and swore, and writhed, and bled,
 And howl'd for help as wolves do for a meal—
 The teeth still kept their gratifying hold,
 As do the subtle snakes described of old.

LXXXIV.

A dying Moslem, who had felt the foot
 Of a foe o'er him, snatch'd at it, and bit
 The very tendon which is most acute—
 (That which some ancient Muse or modern wit
 Named after thee, Achilles) and quite through 't
 He made the teeth meet, nor relinquish'd it
 Even with his life—for (but they lie) 't is said
 To the live leg still clung the sever'd head.

LXXXV.

However this may be, 't is pretty sure
 The Russian officer for life was lamed,
 For the Turk's teeth stuck faster than a skewer,
 And left him 'midst the invalid and main'd:
 The regimental surgeon could not cure
 His patient, and perhaps was to be blamed
 More than the head of the inveterate foe,
 Which was cut off, and scarce even then let go.

LXXXVI.

But then the fact's a fact—and 't is the part
 Of a true poet to escape from fiction
 Whene'er he can; for there is little art
 In leaving verse more free from the restriction
 Of truth than prose, unless to suit the mart
 For what is sometimes call'd poetic diction
 And that outrageous appetite for lies
 Which Satan angles with for souls,* like flies

LXXXVII.

The city's taken, but not render'd!—No!
 There's not a Moslem that hath yielded sword:
 The blood may gush out, as the Danube's flow
 Rolls by the city wall; but deed nor word
 Acknowledge aught of dread of death or foe:
 In vain the yell of victory is roar'd
 By the advancing Muscovite—the groan
 Of the last foe is echo'd by his own.

LXXXIII.

The bayonet pierces and the sabre cleaves,
And human lives are lavish'd everywhere,
As the year closing whirls the scarlet leaves
When the stripp'd forest bows to the bleak air,
And groans; and thus the peopled city grieves,
Shorn of its best and loveliest, and left bare;
But still it falls in vast and awful splinters,
As oaks blown down with all their thousand winters.

LXXXIX.

It is an awful topic—but 't is not
My cue for any time to be terrific:
For checker'd as is seen our human lot
With good, and bad, and worse, alike prolific
Of melancholy merriment, to quote
Too much of one sort would be soporific;—
Without, or with, offence to friends or foes,
I sketch your world exactly as it goes.

XC.

And one good action in the midst of crimes
Is "quite refreshing," in the affected phrase
Of these ambrosial, Pharisaic times,
With all their pretty milk-and-water ways,
And may serve therefore to bedew these rhymes,
A little scorch'd at present with the blaze
Of conquest and its consequences, which
Make epic poesy so rare and rich.

XCI.

Upon a taken bastion, where there lay
Thousands of slaughter'd men, a yet warm group
Of murder'd women, who had found their way
To this vain refuge, made the good heart droop
And shudder;—while, as beautiful as May,
A female child of ten years tried to stoop
And hide her little palpitating breast
Against the bodies lull'd in bloody rest.

XCII.

Two villainous Cossacques pursued the child
With flashing eyes and weapons: match'd with them,
The rudest brute that roams Siberia's wild
Has feelings pure and polish'd as a gem,—

The bear is civilised, the wolf is mild :

And whom for this at last must we condemn ?
Their natures ? or their sovereigns, who employ
All arts to teach their subjects to destroy ?

• XCIII.

Their sabres glitter'd o'er her little head,
Whence her fair hair rose twining with affright,
Her hidden face was plunged amidst the dead :
When Juan caught a glimpse of this sad sight,
I shall not say exactly what he *said*,
Because it might not solace "ears polite ;"
But what he *did*, was to lay on their backs,
The readiest way of reasoning with Cossacques.

XCIV.

One's hip he slash'd, and split the other's shoulder,
And drove them with their brutal yells to seek
If there might be chirurgeons who could solder
The wounds they richly merited, and shriek
Their baffled rage and pain ; while waxing colder
As he turn'd o'er each pale and gory cheek,
Don Juan raised his little captive from
The heap a moment more had made her tomb.

XCV.

And she was chill as they, and on her face
A slender streak of blood announced how near
Her fate had been to that of all her race ;
For the same blow which laid her mother here
Had scarr'd her brow, and left its crimson trace,
As the last link with all she had held dear,
But else unhurt, she open'd her large eyes,
And gazed on Juan with a wild surprise.

XCVI.

Just at this instant, while their eyes were fix'd
Upon each other, with dilated glance,
In Juan's look, pain, pleasure, hope, fear, mix'd
With joy to save, and dread of some mischance
Unto his protégée ; while hers, transfix'd
With infant terrors, glared as from a trance,
A pure, transparent, pale, yet radiant face,
Like to a lighted alabaster vase ;—

XCVII.

Up came John Johnson (I will not say "*Jack*,"
 For that were vulgar, cold, and commonplace
 On great occasions, such as an attack
 On cities, as hath been the present case):
 Up Johnson came, with hundreds at his back,
 Exclaiming—"Juan! Juan! On, boy! brace
 Your arm, and I'll bet Moscow to a dollar,
 That you and I will win St. George's collar.

XCVIII.

"The Seraskier is knock'd upon the head,
 But the stone bastion still remains, wherein
 The old Pacha sits among some hundreds dead,
 Smoking his pipe quite calmly 'midst the din
 Of our artillery and his own: 't is said
 Our kill'd, already piled up to the chin,
 Lie round the battery; but still it batters,
 And grape in volleys, like a vineyard, scatters.

XCIX.

"Then up with me!"—But Juan answer'd, "Look
 Upon this child—I saved her—must not leave
 Her life to chance; but point me out some nook
 Of safety, where she less may shrink and grieve,
 And I am with you"—Whereon Johnson took
 A glance around—and shrugg'd—and twitch'd his sleeve
 And black silk neckcloth—and replied, "You're right;
 Poor thing! what's to be done? I'm puzzled quite."

C.

Said Juan—"Whatsoever is to be
 Done, I'll not quit her till she seems secure
 Of present life a good deal more than we."—
 Quoth Johnson—"Neither will I quite insure;
 But at the least *you* may die gloriously."—
 Juan replied—"At least I will endure
 Whate'er is to be borne—but not resign
 This child, who is parentless, and therefore mine."

CI.

Johnson said—"Juan, we've no time to lose;
 The child's a pretty child—a very pretty—
 I never saw such eyes—but hark! now choose
 Between your fame and feelings, pride and pity:—

Hark ! how the roar increases !—no excuse
 Will serve when there is plunder in a city ;—
 I should be loth to march without you, but,
 By God ! we 'll be too late for the first cut."

CII.

But Juan was immovable ; until
 Johnson, who really loved him in his way,
 Pick'd out amongst his followers with some skill
 Such as he thought the least given up to prey ;
 And swearing if the infant came to ill
 That they should all be shot on the next day ;
 But if she were deliver'd safe and sound,
 They should at least have fifty rubles round,

CIII.

And all allowances besides of plunder
 In fair proportion with their comrades ;—then
 Juan consented to march on through thunder,
 Which thinn'd at every step their ranks of men :
 And yet the rest rush'd eagerly—no wonder,
 For they were heated by the hope of gain,
 A thing which happens everywhere each day—
 No hero trusteth wholly to half-pay.

CIV.

And such is victory, and such is man !
 At least nine-tenths of what we call so :—God
 May have another name for half we scan
 As human beings, or his ways are odd.
 But to our subject : a brave Tartar khan—
 Or " sultan," as the author (to whose nod
 In prose I bend my humble verse) doth call
 This chieftain—somehow would not yield at all.

CV.

But flank'd by *five* brave sons (such is polygamy,
 That she spawns warriors by the score, where none
 Are prosecuted for that false crime bigamy),
 He never would believe the city won
 While courage clung but to a single twig.—Am I
 Describing Priam's, Peleus', or Jove's son ?
 Neither—but a good, plain, old, temperate man,
 Who fought with his five children in the van.

CVL

To *take* him was the point. The truly brave,
When they behold the brave oppress'd with odds,
Are touch'd with a desire to shield and save ;—
A mixture of wild beasts and demi-gods
Are they—now furious as the sweeping wave,
Now moved with pity : even as sometimes nods
The rugged tree unto the summer wind,
Compassion breathes along the savage mind.

CVII.

But he would *not* be *taken*, and replied
To all the propositions of surrender
By mowing Christians down on every side,
As obstinate as Swedish Charles at Bender.
His five brave boys no less the foe defied ;
Whereon the Russian pathos grew less tender,
As being a virtue, like terrestrial patience,
Apt to wear out on trifling provocations.

CVIII.

And spite of Johnson and of Juan, who
Expended all their Eastern phraseology
In begging him, for God's sake, just to show
So much less fight as might form an apology
For *them* in saving such a desperate foe—
He hew'd away, like doctors of theology
When they dispute with sceptics ; and with curses
Struck at his friends, as babies beat their nurses.

CIX.

Nay, he had wounded, though but slightly, both
Juan and Johnson ; whereupon they fell,
The first with sighs, the second with an oath,
Upon his angry sultanship, pell-mell,
And all around were grown exceeding wroth
At such a pertinacious infidel,
And pour'd upon him and his sons like rain,
Which they resisted like a sandy plain

CX.

That drinks and still is dry. At last they perish'd—
His second son was levell'd by a shot ;
His third was sabred ; and the fourth, most cherish'd
Of all the five, on bayonets met his lot ;

The fifth, who, by a Christian mother nourish'd,
 Had been neglected, ill-used, and what not,
 Because deform'd, yet died all game and bottom,
 To save a sire, who blush'd that he begot him.

CXI.

The eldest was a true and tameless Tartar,
 As great a scorner of the Nazarene
 As ever Mahomet pick'd out for a martyr,
 Who only saw the black-eyed girls in green,
 Who make the beds of those who won't take quarter
 On earth, in Paradise; and when once seen,
 Those houris, like all other pretty creatures,
 Do just whate'er they please, by dint of features.

CXII.

And what they pleased to do with the young khan
 In heaven I know not, nor pretend to guess;
 But doubtless they prefer a fine young man
 To tough old heroes, and can do no less;
 And that's the cause no doubt why, if we scan
 A field of battle's ghastly wilderness,
 For one rough, weather-beaten, veteran body,
 You'll find ten thousand handsome coxcombs bloody.

CXIII.

Your houris also have a natural pleasure
 In lopping off your lately married men,
 Before the bridal hours have danced their measure,
 And the sad, second moon grows dim again,
 Or dull repentance hath had dreary leisure
 To wish him back a bachelor now and then:
 And thus your houri (it may be) disputes
 Of these brief blossoms the immediate fruits.

CXIV.

Thus the young khan, with houris in his sight,
 Thought not upon the charms of four young brides,
 But bravely rush'd on his first heavenly night.
 In short, howe'er *our* better faith derides,
 These black-eyed virgins make the Moslems fight,
 As though there were one heaven and none besides—
 Whereas, if all be true we hear of heaven
 And hell, there must at least be six or seven.

CXV.

So fully flash'd the phantom on his eyes,
That when the very lance was in his heart,
He shouted "Allah!" and saw Paradise
With all its veil of mystery drawn apart,
And bright eternity without disguise
On his soul, like a ceaseless sunrise, dart :—
With prophets, houris, angels, saints, descried
In one voluptuous blaze,—and then he died :

CXVI.

But with a heavenly rapture on his face,
The good old khan, who long had ceased to see
Houris, or aught except his florid race
Who grew like cedars round him gloriously—
When he beheld his latest hero grace
The earth, which he became like a fell'd tree,
Paused for a moment from the fight, and cast
A glance on that slain son, his first and last.

CXVII.

The soldiers, who beheld him drop his point,
Stopp'd as if once more willing to concede
Quarter, in case he bade them not "aroynt!"
As he before had done. He did not heed
Their pause nor signs : his heart was out of joint,
And shook (till now unshaken) like a reed,
As he look'd down upon his children gone,
And felt—though done with life—he was alone.

CXVIII.

But 't was a transient tremor :—with a spring
Upon the Russian steel his breast he flung,
As carelessly as hurls the moth her wing
Against the light wherein she dies : he clung
Closer, that all the deadlier they might wring,
Unto the bayonets which had pierced his young ;
And throwing back a dim look on his sons,
In one wide wound pour'd forth his soul at once.

CXIX.

'T is strange enough—the rough, tough soldiers, who
Spared neither sex nor age in their career
Of carnage, when this old man was pierced through,
And lay before them with his children near,

Touch'd by the heroism of him they slew,
 Were melted for a moment; though no tear
 Flow'd from their bloodshot eyes, all red with strife,
 They honour'd such determined scorn of life.

CXX.

But the stone bastion still kept up its fire,
 Where the chief pacha calmly held his post:
 Some twenty times he made the Russ retire,
 And baffled the assaults of all their host;
 At length he condescended to inquire,
 If yet the city's rest were won or lost;
 And being told the latter, sent a bey
 To answer Ribas' summons to give way.

CXXI.

In the mean time, cross-legg'd, with great sang-froid,
 Among the scorching ruins he sat smoking
 Tobacco on a little carpet;—Troy
 Saw nothing like the scene around;—yet looking
 With martial stoicism, nought seem'd to annoy
 His stern philosophy; but gently stroking
 His beard, he puff'd his pipe's ambrosial gales,
 As if he had three lives, as well as tails.

CXXII.

The town was taken—whether he might yield
 Himself or bastion, little matter'd now:
 His stubborn valour was no future shield.
 Ismail's no more! The crescent's silver bow
 Sunk, and the crimson cross glared o'er the field,
 But red with no *redeeming* gore: the glow
 Of burning streets, like moonlight on the water,
 Was imaged back in blood, the sea of slaughter.

CXXIII.

All that the mind would shrink from of excesses;
 All that the body perpetrates of bad;
 All that we read, hear, dream, of man's distresses;
 All that the devil would do if run stark mad;
 All that defies the worst which pen expresses;
 All by which hell is peopled, or as sad
 As hell—mere mortals who their power abuse—
 Was here (as heretofore and since) let loose.

CXXIV.

If here and there some transient trait of pity
Was shown, and some more noble heart broke through
Its bloody bond, and saved, perhaps, some pretty
Child, or an aged, helpless man or two—
What's this in one annihilated city,
Where thousand loves, and ties, and duties grew?
Cockneys of London! Muscadins of Paris!
Just ponder what a pious pastime war is.

CXXV.

Think how the joys of reading a Gazette
Are purchased by all agonies and crimes:
Or if these do not move you, don't forget
Such doom may be your own in after-times.
Meantime the Taxes, Castlereagh, and Debt,
Are hints as good as sermons, or as rhymes.
Read your own hearts and Ireland's present story,
Then feed her famine fat with Wellesley's glory.

CXXVI.

But still there is unto a patriot nation,
Which loves so well its country and its king,
A subject of sublimest exultation—
Bear it, ye Muses, on your brightest wing!
Howe'er the mighty locust, Desolation,
Strip your green fields, and to your harvest cling,
Caunt famine never shall approach the throne—
Though Ireland starve, great George weighs twenty stone.

CXXVII.

But let me put an end unto my theme:
There was an end of Ismail—hapless town!
Far flash'd her burning towers o'er Danube's stream,
And redly ran his blushing waters down.
The horrid war-whoop and the shriller scream
Rose still; but fainter were the thunders grown:
Of forty thousand who had mann'd the wall,
Some hundreds breathed—the rest were silent all!

CXXVIII.

In one thing ne'ertheless 't is fit to praise
The Russian army upon this occasion,
A virtue much in fashion now-a-days,
And therefore worthy of commemoration:

The topic's tender, so shall be my phrase—
 Perhaps the season's chill, and their long station
 In winter's depth, or want of rest and victual,
 Had made them chaste;—they ravish'd very little.

CXXIX.

Much did they slay, more plunder, and no less
 Might here and there occur some violation
 In the other line;—but not to such excess
 As when the French, that dissipated nation,
 Take towns by storm; no causes can I guess,
 Except cold weather and commiseration;
 But all the ladies, save some twenty score,
 Were almost as much virgins as before.

CXXX.

Some odd mistakes, too, happen'd in the dark,
 Which show'd a want of lanterns, or of taste—
 Indeed the smoke was such they scarce could mark
 Their friends from foes,—besides such things from haste
 Occur, though rarely, when there is a spark
 Of light to save the venerably chaste:
 But six old damsels, each of seventy years,
 Were all deflower'd by different grenadiers.

CXXXI.

But on the whole their continence was great;
 So that some disappointment there ensued
 To those who had felt the inconvenient state
 Of "single blessedness," and thought it good
 (Since it was not their fault, but only fate,
 To bear these crosses) for each waning prude
 To make a Roman sort of Sabine wedding,
 Without the expense and the suspense of bedding.

CXXXII.

Some voices of the buxom middle-aged
 Were also heard to wonder in the din
 (Widows of forty were these birds long caged)
 "Wherefore the ravishing did not begin!"
 But while the thirst for gore and plunder raged,
 There was small leisure for superfluous sin;
 But whether they escaped or no, lies hid
 In darkness—I can only hope they did.

CXXXIII.

Suwarrow now was conqueror—a match
For Timour or for Zinghis in his trade.
While mosques and streets, beneath his eyes, like thatch
Blazed, and the cannon's roar was scarce allay'd,
With bloody hands he wrote his first despatch ;
And here *exactly* follows what he said :—
“ Glory to *God* and to the Empress ! ” (*Powers
Eternal ! such names mingled !*) “ Ismail's ours.”

CXXXIV.

Methinks these are the most tremendous words,
Since “ Mené, Mené, Tekel,” and “ Upharsin,”
Which hands or pens have ever traced of swords.
Heaven help me ! I'm but little of a parson :
What Daniel read was short-hand of the Lord's,
Severe, sublime ; the prophet wrote no farce on
The fate of nations ;—but this Russ so witty
Could rhyme, like Nero, o'er a burning city.

CXXXV.

He wrote this Polar melody, and set it,
Duly accompanied by shrieks and groans,
Which few will sing, I trust, but none forget it—
For I will teach, if possible, the stones
To rise against earth's tyrants. Never let it
Be said that we still truckle unto thrones ;—
But ye—our children's children ! think how we
Show'd *what things were* before the world was free !

CXXXVI.

That hour is not for us, but 't is for you.
And as, in the great joy of your millennium,
You hardly will believe such things were true
As now occur, I thought that I would pen you 'em ;
But may their very memory perish too !—
Yet if perchance remember'd, still disdain you 'em
More than you scorn the savages of yore
Who *painted* their bare limbs, but *not* with gore.

CXXXVII.

And when you hear historians talk of thrones,
And those that sate upon them, let it be
As we now gaze upon the mammoth's bones,
And wonder what old world such things could see,

Or hieroglyphics on Egyptian stones,
 The pleasant riddles of futurity—
 Guessing at what shall happily be hid,
 As the real purpose of a pyramid.

CXXXVIII.

Reader! I have kept my word,—at least so far
 As the first canto promised. You have now
 Had sketches of love, tempest, travel, war,—
 All **very** accurate, you must allow,
 And *epic*, if plain truth should prove no bar;
 For I have drawn much less with a long bow,
 Than my forerunners. Carelessly I sing,
 But Phœbus lends me now and then a string,

CXXXIX.

With which I still can harp, and carp, and fiddle.
 What further hath befallen or may beall
 The hero of this grand poetic riddle,
 I by and by may tell you, if at all:
 But now I choose to break off in the middle,
 Worn out with battering Ismail's stubborn wall,
 While Juan is sent off with the despatch,
 For which all Petersburg is on the watch.

CXL.

This special honour was conferr'd, because
 He had behaved with courage and humanity—
 Which *last* men like, when they have time to pause
 From their ferocities produced by vanity.
 His little captive gain'd him some applause
 For saving her amidst the wild insanity
 Of carnage,—and I think he was more glad in her
 Safety, than his new order of St. Vladimir.

CXLI.

The Moslem orphan went with her protector,
 For she was homeless, houseless, helpless; all
 Her friends, like the sad family of Hector,
 Had perish'd in the field or by the wall:
 Her very place of birth was but a spectre
 Of what it had been; there the Muezzin's call
 To prayer was heard no more! and Juan wept,
 And made a vow to shield her, which he kept.

CANTO THE NINTH.

I.

OH, Wellington ! (or " Villainton "—for Fame
 Sounds the heroic syllables both ways ;
 France could not even conquer your great name
 But punn'd it down to this facetious phrase—
 Beating or beaten she will laugh the same,)
 You have obtain'd great pensions and much praise :
 Glory like yours should any dare gainsay,
 Humanity would rise, and thunder " Nay ! "

II.

I do n't think that you used Kinnaird quite well
 In Marinè's affair—in fact 't was shabby,
 And like some other things won't do to tell
 Upon your tomb in Westminster's old abbey.
 Upon the rest 't is not worth while to dwell,
 Such tales being for the tea-hours of some tabby ;
 But though your years as *man* tend fast to *zero*,
 In fact your grace is still but a *young hero*.

• III.

Though Britain owes (and pays you too) so much,
 Yet Europe doubtless owes you greatly more :
 You have repair'd Legitimacy's crutch,
 A prop not quite so certain as before :
 The Spanish, and the French, as well as Dutch,
 Have seen, and felt, how strongly you *restore* ;
 And Waterloo has made the world your debtor
 (I wish your bards would sing it rather better).

IV.

You are " the best of cut-throats : "—do not start ;
 The phrase is Shakspeare's, and not misapplied :—
 War's a brain-spattering, windpipe-slitting art,
 Unless her cause by right be sanctified.
 If you have acted *once* a generous part,
 The world, not the world's masters, will decide,
 And I shall be delighted to learn who,
 Save you and yours, have gain'd by Waterloo ?

V.

I am no flatterer—you've supp'd full of flattery :
 They say you like it too—'t is no great wonder.
 He whose whole life has been assault and battery,
 At last may get a little tired of thunder ;
 And swallowing eulogy much more than satire, he
 May like being praised for every lucky blunder,
 Call'd "Saviour of the Nations"—not yet saved,
 And "Europe's Liberator"—still enslaved.

VI.

I've done. Now go and dine from off the plate
 Presented by the Prince of the Brazils,
 And send the sentinel before your gate
 A slice or two from your luxurious meals :
 He fought, but has not fed so well of late.
 Some hunger, too, they say the people feels :—
 There is no doubt that you deserve your ration,
 But pray give back a little to the nation.

VII.

I do n't mean to reflect—a man so great as
 You, my lord duke ! is far above reflection :
 The high Roman fashion, too, of Cincinnatus,
 With modern history has but small connexion :
 Though as an Irishman you love potatoes,
 You need not take them under your direction ;
 And half a million for your Sabine farm
 Is rather dear !—I'm sure I mean no harm.

VIII.

Great men have always scorn'd great recompenses :
 Epaminondas saved his Thebes, and died,
 Not leaving even his funeral expenses :
 George Washington had thanks, and nought beside,
 Except the all-cloudless glory (which few men's is)
 To free his country : Pitt too had his pride,
 And as a high-soul'd minister of state is
 Renown'd for ruining Great Britain gratis.

IX.

Never had mortal man such opportunity,
 Except Napoleon, or abused it more :
 You might have freed fallen Europe from the unity
 Of tyrants, and been blest from shore to shore :

And *now*—what *is* your fame? Shall the Muse tune it ye?

Now—that the rabble's first vain shouts are o'er?

Go! hear it in your famish'd country's cries!

Behold the world! and curse your victories!

X.

As these new cantos touch on warlike feats,

To *you* the unflattering Muse deigns to inscribe
'Truths, that you will not read in the Gazettes,

But which 't is time to teach the hireling tribe
Who fatten on their country's gore, and debts,

Must be recited—and without a bribe.

You *did* great things: but not being *great* in mind,

Have left *undone* the *greatest*—and mankind.

XI.

Death laughs—Go ponder o'er the skeleton

With which men image out the unknown thing

That hides the past world, like to a set sun

Which still elsewhere may rouse a brighter spring—

Death laughs at all you weep for:—look upon

This hourly dread of all! whose *threaten'd sting*

Turns life to terror, even though in its sheath:

Mark! how its lipless mouth grins without breath!

XII.

Mark! how it laughs and scorns at all you are!

And yet *was* what you are; from *ear* to *ear*

It *laughs not*—there is now no fleshy bar

So call'd; the Antic long hath ceased to *hear*,

But still he *smiles*; and whether near or far

He strips from man that mantle (far more dear

Than even the tailor's), his incarnate skin,

White, black, or copper—the dead bones will grin.

XIII.

And thus Death laughs,—it is sad merriment,

But still it *is* so; and with such example

Why should not Life be equally content

With his superior, in a smile to trample

Upon the nothings which are daily spent

Like bubbles on an ocean much less ample

Than the eternal deluge, which devours

Suns as rays—worlds like atoms—years like hours?

XIV.

"To be, or not to be? that is the question,"
 Says Shakspeare, who just now is much in fashion.
 I am neither Alexander nor Hephæstion,
 Nor ever had for *abstract* fame much passion;
 But would much rather have a sound digestion,
 Than Buonaparte's cancer:—could I dash on
 Through fifty victories to shame or fame,
 Without a stomach—what were a good name?

XV.

"Oh dura ilia messorum!"—"Oh
 Ye rigid guts of reapers!" I translate
 For the great benefit of those who know
 What indigestion is—that inward fate
 Which makes all Styx through one small liver flow.
 A peasant's sweat is worth his lord's estate:
 Let *this* one toil for bread—*that* rack for rent,
 He who sleeps best may be the most content.

XVI.

"To be, or not to be?"—Ere I decide,
 I should be glad to know that which *is being*;
 'Tis true we speculate both far and wide,
 And deem, because we *see*, we are *all-seeing*:
 For my part, I'll enlist on neither side,
 Until I see both sides for once agreeing,
 For me, I sometimes think that life is death,
 Rather than life a mere affair of breath.

XVII.

"Que sçais je?" was the motto of Montaigne,
 As also of the first academicians;
 That all is dubious which man may attain,
 Was one of their most favourite positions.
 There's no such thing as certainty, that's plain
 As any of Mortality's conditions;
 So little do we know what we're about in
 This world, I doubt if doubt itself be doubting.

XVIII.

It is a pleasant voyage perhaps to float,
 Like Pyrrho, on a sea of speculation;
 But what if carrying sail capsize the boat?
 Your wise men do n't know much of navigation;

And swimming long in the abyss of thought
 Is apt to tire : a calm and shallow station
 Well nigh the shore, where one stoops down and gathers
 Some pretty shell, is best for moderate bathers.

XIX.

"But heaven," as Cassio says, "is above all—
 No more of this, then, let us pray!" We have
 Souls to save, since Eve's slip and Adam's fall,
 Which tumbled all mankind into the grave,
 Besides fish, beasts, and birds. "The sparrow's fall
 Is special providence," though how it gave
 Offence, we know not ; probably it perch'd
 Upon the tree which Eve so fondly search'd.

XX.

Oh ! ye immortal Gods ! what is theogony ?
 Oh ! thou, too, mortal man ! what is philanthropy ?
 Oh ! world, which was and is, what is cosmogony ?
 Some people have accused me of misanthropy ;
 And yet I know no more than the mahogany
 That forms this desk, of what they mean ; *lykanthropy*
 I comprehend, for without transformation
 Men become wolves on any slight occasion.

XXI.

But I, the mildest, meekest of mankind,
 Like Moses, or Melancthon, who have ne'er
 Done anything exceedingly unkind,—
 And (though I could not now and then forbear
 Following the bent of body or of mind)
 Have always had a tendency to spare,—
 Why do they call me misanthrope ? Because
They hate me, not I them :—and here we'll pause.

XXII.

'T is time we should proceed with our good poem,—
 For I maintain that it is really good,
 Not only in the body but the proem,
 However little both are understood
 Just now,—but by and by the Truth will show 'em
 Herself in her sublimest attitude :
 And till she doth, I fain must be content
 To share her beauty and her banishment.

XXIII.

Our hero (and, I trust, kind reader ! yours)
 Was left upon his way to the chief city
 Of the immortal Peter's polish'd boors,
 Who still have shown themselves more brave than witty.
 I know its mighty empire now allures
 Much flattery—even Voltaire's, and that 's a pity.
 For me, I deem an absolute autocrat
Not a barbarian, but much worse than that.

XXIV.

And I will war, at least in words (and—should
 My chance so happen—deeds), with all who war
 With Thought ;—and of Thought's foes by far most rude,
 Tyrants and sycophants have been and are.
 I know not who may conquer : if I could
 Have such a prescience, it should be no bar
 To this my plain, sworn, downright detestation
 Of every despotism in every nation.

XXV.

It is not that I adulate the people :
 Without *me*, there are demagogues enough,
 And infidels, to pull down every steeple,
 And set up in their stead some proper stuff.
 Whether they may sow scepticism to reap hell,
 As is the Christian dogma rather rough,
 I do not know ;—I wish men to be free
 As much from mobs as kings—from you as me.

XXVI.

The consequence is, being of no party,
 I shall offend all parties :—never mind !
 My words, at least, are more sincere and hearty
 Than if I sought to sail before the wind.
 He who has nought to gain can have small art : he
 Who neither wishes to be bound nor bind,
 May still expatiate freely, as will I,
 Nor give my voice to slavery's jackal cry.

XXVII.

That's an appropriate simile, *that jackal* ;—
 I've heard them in the Ephesian ruins howl
 By night, as do that mercenary pack all,
 Power's base purveyors, who for pickings prowl,

And scent the prey their masters would attack all.

However, the poor jackals are less foul
(As being the brave lion's keen providers)
Than human insects, catering for spiders.

XXVIII.

Raise but an arm ! 't will brush their web away,
And without *that*, their poison and their claws
Are useless. Mind, good people ! what I say—
(Or rather peoples)—*go on* without pause !
The web of these tarantulas each day
Increases, till you shall make common cause :
None, save the Spanish fly and Attic bee,
As yet are strongly stinging to be free.

XXIX.

Don Juan, who had shone in the late slaughter,
Was left upon his way with the dispatch,
Where blood was talk'd of as we would of water ;
And carcasses that lay as thick as thatch
O'er silenced cities, merely served to flatter
Fair Catherine's pastime—who look'd on the match
Between these nations as a main of cocks,
Wherein she liked her own to stand like rocks.

XXX.

And there in a *kibitka* he roll'd on,
(A cursed sort of carriage without springs,
Which on rough roads leaves scarcely a whole bone)
Pondering on glory, chivalry, and kings,
And orders, and on all that he had done—
And wishing that post-horses had the wings
Of Pegasus, or at the least post-chaises
Had feathers, when a traveller on deep ways is.

XXXI.

At every jolt—and they were many—still
He turn'd his eyes upon his little charge,
As if he wish'd that she should fare less ill
Than he, in these sad highways left at large
To ruts, and flints, and lovely Nature's skill,
Who is no paviour, nor admits a barge
On *her* canals, where God takes sea and land,
Fishery and farm, both into his own hand.

XXXII.

At least he pays no rent, and has best right
 To be the first of what we used to call
 "Gentlemen farmers"—a race worn out quite,
 Since lately there have been no rents at all,
 And "gentlemen" are in a piteous plight,
 And "farmers" can't raise Ceres from her fall:
 She fell with Buonaparte—What strange thoughts
 Arise, when we see emperors fall with oats!

XXXIII.

But Juan turn'd his eyes on the sweet child
 Whom he had saved from slaughter—what a trophy!
 Oh! ye who build up monuments, defiled
 With gore, like Nadir Shah, that costive sophy,
 Who, after leaving Hindostan a wild,
 And scarce to the Mogul a cup of coffee
 To soothe his woes withal, was slain, the sinner!
 Because he could no more digest his dinner;—

XXXIV.

Oh ye! or we! or he! or she! reflect,
 That *one* life saved, especially if young
 Or pretty, is a thing to recollect
 Far sweeter than the greenest laurels sprung
 From the manure of human clay, though deck'd
 With all the praises ever said or sung:
 Though hymn'd by every harp, unless within
 Your heart joins chorus, Fame is but a din.

XXXV.

Oh! ye great authors, luminous, voluminous!
 Ye twice ten hundred thousand daily scribes!
 Whose pamphlets, volumes, newspapers, illumine us!
 Whether you're paid by government in bribes,
 To prove the public debt is not consuming us—
 Or, roughly treading on the "courtier's kibes"
 With clownish heel, your popular circulation
 Feeds you by printing half the realm's starvation;—

XXXVI.

Oh, ye great authors!—"Apropos des bottes,"—
 I have forgotten what I meant to say,
 As sometimes have been greater sages' lots;—
 'T was something calculated to allay

All wrath in barracks, palaces, or cots :

Certes it would have been but thrown away,
And that 's one comfort for my lost advice,
Although no doubt it was beyond all price.

XXXVII. •

But let it go :—it will one day be found

With other relics of “a former world,”

When this world shall be *former*, underground,

Thrown topsy-turvy, twisted, crisp'd, and curl'd,
Baked, fried, or burnt, turn'd inside-out, or drown'd,

Like all the worlds before, which have been hurl'd
First out of, and then back again to chaos,
The superstratum which will overlay us.

XXXVIII.

So Cuvier says :—and then shall come again

Unto the new creation, rising out

From our old crash, some mystic, ancient strain

Of things destroy'd and left in airy doubt ;

Like to the notions we now entertain

Of Titans, giants, fellows of about

Some hundred feet in height, *not* to say *miles*,

And mammoths, and your winged crocodiles.

• XXXIX.

Think if then George the Fourth should be dug up,

How the new worldlings of the then new East

Will wonder where such animals could sup !

(For they themselves will be but of the least :

Even worlds miscarry, when too oft they pup,

And every new creation hath decreased

In size, from overworking the material—

Men are but maggots of some huge Earth's burial).

XL.

How will—to these young people, just thrust out

From some fresh Paradise, and set to plough,

And dig, and sweat, and turn themselves about,

And plant, and reap, and spin, and grind, and sow,

Till all the arts at length are brought about,

Especially of war and *taxing*,—how,

I say, will these great relics, when they see 'em,

Look like the monsters of a new museum !

XLI.

But I am apt to grow too metaphysical:
"The time is out of joint,"—and so am I;
I quite forget this poem's merely quizzical,
And deviate into matters rather dry.
I ne'er decide what I shall say, and this I call
Much too poetical: men should know why
They write, and for what end; but, note or text,
I never know the word which will come next.

XLII.

So on I ramble, now and then narrating,
Now pondering:—it is time we should narraté.
I left Don Juan with his horses baiting—
Now we'll get o'er the ground at a great rate.
I shall not be particular in stating
His journey, we've so many tours of late:
Suppose him then at Petersburg; suppose
That pleasant capital of painted snows;

XLIII.

Suppose him in a handsome uniform;
A scarlet coat, black facings, a long plume,
Waving, like sails new shiver'd in a storm,
Over a cock'd hat in a crowded room,
And brilliant breeches, bright as a Cairn Gorme,
Of yellow casimere we may presume,
White stockings drawn uncurdled as new milk
O'er limbs whose symmetry set off the silk;

XLIV.

Suppose him sword by side, and hat in hand,
Made up by youth, fame, and an army tailor—
That great enchanter, at whose rod's command
Beauty springs forth, and Nature's self turns paler,
Seeing how Art can make her work more grand
(When she do n't pin men's limbs in like a gaoler),—
Behold him placed as if upon a pillar! He
Seems Love turn'd a lieutenant of artillery!

XLV.

His bandage slipp'd down into a cravat;
His wings subdued to epaulettes; his quiver
Shrunk to a scabbard, with his arrows at
His side as a small sword, but sharp as ever;

His bow converted into a cock'd hat ;

But still so like, that Psyche were more clever
Than some wives (who make blunders no less stupid),
If she had not mistaken him for Cupid.

XLVI.

The courtiers stared, the ladies whisper'd, and
The empress smiled : the reigning favourite frown'd—
I quite forget which of them was in hand
Just then ; as they are rather numerous found,
Who took by turns that difficult command
Since first her majesty was singly crown'd :
But they were mostly nervous six-foot fellows,
All fit to make a Patagonian jealous.

XLVII.

Juan was none of these, but slight and slim,
Blushing and beardless ; and yet ne'ertheless
There was a something in his turn of limb,
And still more in his eye, which seem'd to express,
That though he look'd like one of the seraphim,
There lurk'd a man beneath the spirit's dress.
Besides, the empress sometimes liked a boy,
And had just buried the fair-faced Lanskoi.

XLVIII.

No wonder then that Yermoloff, or Momonoff,
Or Scherbatoff, or any other *off*
Or *on*, might dread her majesty had not room enough
Within her bosom (which was not too tough)
For a new flame ; a thought to cast of gloom enough
Along the aspect, whether smooth or rough,
Of him who, in the language of his station,
Then held that "high official situation."

XLIX.

Oh, gentle ladies ! should you seek to know
The import of this diplomatic phrase,
Bid Ireland's Londonderry's Marquess show
His parts of speech ; and in the strange displays
Of that odd string of words, all in a row,
Which none divine, and every one obeys,
Perhaps you may pick out some queer *no* meaning,
Of that weak wordy harvest the sole gleanings.

L.

I think I can explain myself without
 That sad inexplicable beast of prey—
 That Sphinx, whose words would ever be a doubt,
 Did not his deeds unriddle them each day—
 That monstrous hieroglyphic—that long spout
 Of blood and water, leaden Castlereagh!
 And here I must an anecdote relate,
 But luckily of no great length or weight.

LI.

An English lady ask'd of an Italian,
 What were the actual and official duties
 Of the strange thing, some women set a value on,
 Which hovers oft about some married beauties,
 Call'd "Cavalier servente"? a Pygmalion
 Whose statues warm (I fear, alas! too true 't is)
 Beneath his art. The dame, press'd to disclose them,
 Said—"Lady, I beseech you to *suppose them*."

LII.

And thus I supplicate your supposition,
 And mildest, matron-like interpretation,
 Of the imperial favourite's condition.
 'T was a high place, the highest in the nation
 In fact, if not in rank! and the suspicion
 Of any one's attaining to his station
 No doubt gave pain, where each new pair of shoulders,
 If rather broad, made stocks rise and their holders.

LIII.

Juan, I said, was a most beauteous boy,
 And had retain'd his boyish look beyond
 The usual hirsute seasons which destroy,
 With beards and whiskers, and the like, the fond
Parisian aspect, which upset old Troy
 And founded Doctors' Commons :—I have conn'd
 The history of divorces, which, though chequer'd,
 Calls Ilion's the first damages on record.

LIV.

And Catherine, who loved all things (save her lord,
 Who was gone to his place), and pass'd for much,
 Admiring those (by dainty dames abhorr'd)
 Gigantic gentlemen, yet had a touch

Of sentiment : and he she most adored
Was the lamented Lanskoï, who was such
A lover as had cost her many a tear,
And yet but made a middling grenadier.

LV. •

Oh thou "tetrissima causa" of all "belli"—
Thou gate of life and death—thou nondescript !
Whence is our exit and our entrance, well I
May pause in pondering how all souls are dipt
In thy perennial fountain : how man *fell* I
Know not, since knowledge saw her branches stript
Of her first fruit ; but how he falls and rises,
Since, thou hast settled beyond all surmises.

LVI.

Some call thee "the worst cause of war," but I
Maintain thou art the *best* : for after all,
From thee we come, to thee we go, and why
To get at thee not batter down a wall,
Or waste a world? since no one can deny
Thou dost replenish worlds both great and small :
With, or without thee, all things at a stand
Are, or would be, thou sea of life's dry land !

LVII.

Catherine, who was the grand epitome
Of that great cause of war, or peace, or what
You please (it causes all the things which be,
So you may take your choice of this or that)—
Catherine, I say, was very glad to see
The handsome herald, on whose plumage sat
Victory ; and, pausing as she saw him kneel
With his despatch, forgot to break the seal.

LVIII.

Then recollecting the whole empress, nor
Forgetting quite the woman (which composed
At least three parts of this great whole), she tore
The letter open with an air which posed
The court, that watch'd each look her visage wore,
Until a royal smile at length disclosed
Fair weather for the day. Though rather spacious,
Her face was noble, her eyes fine, mouth gracious.

LIX.

Great joy was hers, or rather joys : the first
 Was a ta'en city, thirty thousand slain.
 Glory and triumph o'er her aspect burst,
 As an East Indian sunrise on the main.
 These quench'd a moment her ambition's thirst—
 So Arab deserts drink in summer's rain :
 In vain !—As fall the dews on quenchless sands,
 Blood only serves to wash Ambition's hands !

LX.

Her next amusement was more fanciful ;
 She smiled at mad Suwarrow's rhymes, who threw,
 Into a Russian couplet rather dull
 The whole gazette of thousands whom he slew.
 Her third was feminine enough to annul
 The shudder which runs naturally through
 Our veins, when things call'd sovereigns think it best
 To kill, and generals turn it into jest

LXI.

The two first feelings ran their course complete,
 And lighted first her eye, and then her mouth :
 The whole court look'd immediately most sweet,
 Like flowers well water'd after a long drouth :—
 But when on the lieutenant at her feet
 Her majesty, who liked to gaze on youth
 Almost as much as on a new despatch,
 Glanced mildly, all the world was on the watch.

LXII.

Though somewhat large, exuberant, and truculent,
 When *wroth*—while *pleased*, she was as fine a figure
 As those who like things rosy, ripe, and succulent,
 Would wish to look on, while they are in vigour.
 She could repay each amatory look you lent
 With interest, and in turn was wont with rigour
 To exact of Cupid's bills the full amount
 At sight, nor would permit you to discount.

LXIII.

With her the latter, though at times convenient,
 Was not so necessary ; for they tell
 That she was handsome, and though fierce *look'd* lenient,
 And always used her favourites too well.

If once beyond her boudoir's precincts in ye went,
Your "fortune" was in a fair way "to swell
A man" (as Giles says); for though she would widow all
Nations, she liked man as an individual.

LXIV. .

What a strange thing is man! and what a stranger
Is woman! What a whirlwind is her head,
And what a whirlpool full of depth and danger
Is all the rest about her! Whether wed,
Or widow, maid, or mother, she can change her
Mind like the wind: whatever she has said
Or done, is light to what she'll say or do;—
The oldest thing on record, and yet new!

LXV.

Oh Catherine! (for of all interjections,
To thee both *oh*! and *ah*! belong of right
In love and war) how odd are the connexions
Of human thoughts, which jostle in their flight!
Just now *yours* were cut out in different sections:
First Ismail's capture caught your fancy quite;
Next of new knights, the fresh and glorious batch;
And *thirdly* he who brought you the despatch!

LXVI.

Shakspeare talks of "the herald Mercury
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill:"
And some such visions cross'd her majesty,
While her young herald knelt before her still.
'T is very true the hill seem'd rather high,
For a lieutenant to climb up; but skill
Smooth'd even the Simplon's steep, and by God's blessing,
With youth and health all kisses are "heaven-kissing."

LXVII.

Her majesty look'd down, the youth look'd up—
And so they fell in love;—she with his face,
His grace, his God-knows-what: for Cupid's cup
With the first draught intoxicates apace,
A quintessential laudanum or "black drop,"
Which makes one drunk at once, without the base
Expedient of full bumpers; for the eye
In love drinks all life's fountains (save tears) dry.

LXVIII.

He, on the other hand, if not in love,
 Fell into that no less imperious passion,
 Self-love—which, when some sort of thing above
 Ourselves, a singer, dancer, much in fashion,
 Or duchess, princess, empress, “deigns to prove”
 (’T is Pope’s phrase) a great longing, though a rash one,
 For one especial person out of many,
 Makes us believe ourselves as good as any.

LXIX.

Besides, he was of that delighted age
 Which makes all female ages equal—when
 We do n’t much care with whom we may engage,
 As bold as Daniel in the lions’ den,
 So that we can our native sun assuage
 In the next ocean, which may flow just then,
 To make a twilight in, just as Sol’s heat is
 Quench’d in the lap of the salt sea, or Thetis.

LXX.

And Catherine (we must say this much for Catherine),
 Though bold and bloody, was the kind of thing
 Whose temporary passion was quite flattering,
 Because each lover look’d a sort of king,
 Made up upon an amatory pattern,
 A royal-husband in all save the *ring*—
 Which, being the damn’dest part of matrimony,
 Seem’d taking out the sting to leave the honey.

LXXI.

And when you add to this, her womanhood
 In its meridian, her blue eyes or gray—
 (The last, if they have soul, are quite as good,
 Or better, as the best examples say:
 Napoleon’s, Mary’s (queen of Scotland), should
 Lend to that colour a transcendent ray;
 And Pallas also sanctions the same hue,
 Too wise to look through optics black or blue)—

LXXII.

Her sweet smile, and her then majestic figure,
 Her plumpness, her imperial condescension,
 Her preference of a boy to men much bigger
 (Fellows whom Messalina’s self would pension),

Her prime of life, just now in juicy vigour,
 With other *extras*, which we need not mention,—
 All these, or any one of these, explain
 Enough to make a stripling very vain.

LXXIII.

And that 's enough, for love is vanity,
 Selfish in its beginning as its end,
 Except where 't is a mere insanity,
 A maddening spirit which would strive to blend
 Itself with beauty's frail inanity,
 On which the passion's self seems to depend ;
 And hence some heathenish philosophers
 Make love the main-spring of the universe.

LXXIV.

Besides Platonic love, besides the love
 Of God, the love of sentiment, the loving
 Of faithful pairs—(I needs must rhyme with dove,
 'That good old steam-boat, which keeps verses moving
 'Gainst reason—Reason ne'er was hand-and-glove
 With rhyme, but always leant less to improving
 The sound than sense) besides all these pretences
 To love, there are those things which words name senses ;

LXXV.

Those movements, those improvements in our bodies
 Which make all bodies anxious to get out
 Of their own sand-pits, to mix with a goddess,
 For such all women are at first no doubt.
 How beautiful that moment ! and how odd is
 That fever which precedes the languid rout
 Of our sensations ! What a curious way
 'The whole thing is of clothing souls in clay !

LXXVI.

The noblest kind of love is love Platonical,
 To end or to begin with ; the next grand
 Is that which may be christen'd love canonical,
 Because the clergy take the thing in hand ;
 The third sort to be noted in our chronicle
 As flourishing in every Christian land,
 Is, when chaste matrons to their other ties
 Add what may be call'd *marriage in disguise*.

LXXVII.

Well, we won't analyse—our story must
 Tell for itself: the sovereign was smitten,
 Juan much flatter'd by her love, or lust;—
 I cannot stop to alter words once written,
 And the two are so mix'd with human dust,
 That he who *names one*, both perchance may hit on:
 But in such matters Russia's mighty empress
 Behaved no better than a common sempstress.

LXXVIII.

The whole court melted into one wide whisper,
 And all lips were applied unto all ears!
 The elder ladies' wrinkles curl'd much crisper
 As they beheld; the younger cast some leers
 On one another, and each lovely lisper
 Smiled as she talk'd the matter o'er; but tears
 Of rivalry rose in each clouded eye
 Of all the standing army who stood by.

LXXIX.

All the ambassadors of all the powers
 Inquired, Who was this very new young man,
 Who promised to be great in some few hours?
 Which is full soon (though life is but a span).
 Already they beheld the silver showers
 Of rubles rain, as fast as specie can,
 Upon his cabinet, besides the presents
 Of several ribands, and some thousand peasants.

LXXX.

Catherine was generous,—all such ladies are:
 Love—that great opener of the heart and all
 The ways that lead there, be they near or far,
 Above, below, by turnpikes great or small,—
 Love—(though she had a cursed taste for war,
 And was not the best wife, unless we call
 Such Clytemnestra, though perhaps 't is better
 That one should die, than two drag on the fetter)—

LXXXI.

Love had made Catherine make each lover's fortune,
 Unlike our own half-chaste Elizabeth,
 Whose avarice all disbursements did importune,
 If history, the grand liar, ever saith

The truth ; and though grief her old age might shorten,
Because she put a favourite to death,
Her vile, ambiguous method of flirtation,
And stinginess, disgrace her sex and station.

LXXXII.

But when the levée rose, and all was bustle
In the dissolving circle, all the nations'
Ambassadors began as 't were to hustle
Round the young man with their congratulations.
Also the softer silks were heard to rustle
Of gentle dames, among whose recreations
It is to speculate on handsome faces,
Especially when such lead to high places.

LXXXIII.

Juan, who found himself, he knew not how,
A general object of attention, made
His answers with a very graceful bow,
As if born for the ministerial trade.
Though modest, on his unembarrass'd brow
Nature had written "gentleman." He said
Little, but to the purpose ; and his manner
Flung hovering graces o'er him like a banner.

LXXXIV.

An order from her majesty consign'd
Our young lieutenant to the genial care
Of those in office : all the world look'd kind,
(As it will look sometimes with the first stare,
Which youth would not act ill to keep in mind,)
As also did Miss Protasoff then there,
Named from her mystic office "l'Epreuveuse,"
A term inexplicable to the Muse.

LXXXV.

With *her* then, as in humble duty bound,
Juan retired,—and so will I, until
My Pegasus shall tire of touching ground.
We have just lit on a "heaven-kissing hill,"
So lofty that I feel my brain turn round,
And all my fancies whirling like a mill ;
Which is a signal to my nerves and brain,
To take a quiet ride in some green lane.

CANTO THE TENTH.

I.

WHEN Newton saw an apple fall, he found
In that slight startle from his contemplation—
'T is *said* (for I'll not answer above ground
For any sage's creed or calculation)—
A mode of proving that the earth turn'd round
In a most natural whirl, called "gravitation ;"
And this is the sole mortal who could grapple,
Since Adam, with a fall, or with an apple.

II.

Man fell with apples, and with apples rose,
If this be true ; for we must deem the mode
In which Sir Isaac Newton could disclose
Through the then unpaved stars the turnpike road,
A thing to counterbalance human woes :
For ever since immortal man hath glow'd
With all kinds of mechanics, and full soon
Steam-engines will conduct him to the moon.

III.

And wherefore this exordium ?—Why, just now,
In taking up this paltry sheet of paper,
My bosom underwent a glorious glow,
And my internal spirit cut a caper :
And though so much inferior, as I know,
To those who, by the dint of glass and vapour,
Discover stars, and sail in the wind's eye,
I wish to do as much by poesy.

IV.

In the wind's eye I have sail'd, and sail ; but for
The stars, I own my telescope is dim ;
But at the least I have shunn'd the common shore,
And leaving land far out of sight, would skim
The ocean of eternity : the roar
Of breakers has not daunted my slight, trim,
But *still* sea-worthy skiff ; and she may float
Where ships have founder'd, as doth many a boat.

V.

We left our hero, Juan, in the *bloom*
Of favouritism, but not yet in the *blush*,
And far be it from my *Muses* to presume
(For I have more than one Muse at a push)
To follow him beyond the drawing-room :
It is enough that Fortune found him flush
Of youth, and vigour, beauty, and those things
Which for an instant clip enjoyment's wings.

VI.

But soon they grow again and leave their nest.
"Oh!" saith the Psalmist, "that I had a dove's
Pinions to flee away, and be at rest!"
And who that recollects young years and loves,—
Though hoary now, and with a withering breast,
And palsied fancy, which no longer roves
Beyond its dimm'd eye's sphere,—but would much rather
Sigh like his son, than cough like his grandfather?

VII.

But sighs subside, and tears (even widows') shrink,
Like Arno in the summer, to a shallow,
So narrow as to shame their wintry brink,
Which threatens inundations deep and yellow!
Such difference doth a few months make. You'd think
Grief a rich field which never would lie fallow;
No more it doth, its ploughs but change their boys,
Who furrow some new soil to sow for joys.

VIII.

But coughs will come when sighs depart—and now
And then before sighs cease; for oft the one
Will bring the other, ere the lake-like brow
Is ruffled by a wrinkle, or the sun
Of life reach'd ten o'clock: and while a glow,
Hectic and brief as summer's day nigh done,
O'erspreads the cheek which seems too pure for clay,
Thousands blaze, love, hope, die,—how happy they!—

IX.

But Juan was not meant to die so soon.
We left him in the focus of such glory
As may be won by favour of the moon
Or ladies' fancies—rather transitory

Perhaps ; but who would scorn the month of June,
 Because December, with his breath so hoary,
 Must come? Much rather should he court the ray,
 To hoard up warmth against a wintry day.

X.

Besides, he had some qualities which fix
 Middle-aged ladies even more than young :
 The former know what's what ; while new-fledged chicks
 Know little more of love than what is sung
 In rhymes, or dreamt (for fancy will play tricks)
 In visions of those skies from whence Love sprung.
 Some reckon women by their suns or years,
 I rather think the moon should date the dears.

XI.

And why? because she's changeable and chaste.
 I know no other reason, whatsoe'er
 Suspicious people, who find fault in haste,
 May choose to tax me with ; which is not fair,
 Nor flattering to "their temper or their taste,"
 As my friend Jeffrey writes with such an air :
 However, I forgive him, and I trust
 He will forgive himself ;—if not, I must.

XII.

Old enemies who have become new friends
 Should so continue—'t is a point of honour ;
 And I know nothing which could make amends
 For a return to hatred : I would shun her
 Like garlic, howsoever she extends
 Her hundred arms and legs, and fain outrun her.
 Old flames, new wives, become our bitterest foes—
 Converted foes should scorn to join with those.

XIII.

This were the worst desertion ;—renegadoes,
 Even shuffling Southey, that incarnate lie,
 Would scarcely join again the "reformadoes,"
 Whom he forsook to fill the laureate's sty :
 And honest men from Iceland to Barbadoes,
 Whether in Caledon or Italy,
 Should not veer round with every breath, nor seize
 To pain, the moment when you cease to please.

XIV.

The lawyer and the critic but behold
The baser sides of literature and life,
And nought remains unseen, but much untold,
By those who scour those double vales of strife.
While common men grow ignorantly old,
The lawyer's brief is like the surgeon's knife,
Dissecting the whole inside of a question,
And with it all the process of digestion.

XV.

A legal broom's a moral chimney-sweeper,
And that's the reason he himself's so dirty !
The endless soot bestows a tint far deeper
Than can be hid by altering his shirt ; he
Retains the sable stains of the dark creeper,
At least some twenty-nine do out of thirty,
In all their habits ;—not so *you*, I own ;
As Cæsar wore his robe you wear your gown.

XVI.

And all our little feuds, at least all *mine*,
Dear Jeffrey, once my most redoubted foe
(As far as rhyme and criticism combine
To make such puppets of us things below),
Are over : Here's a health to "Auld Lang Syne !"
I do not know *you*, and may never know
Your face—but you have acted on the whole
Most nobly, and I own it from my soul.

XVII.

And when I use the phrase of "Auld Lang Syne !"
'Tis not address'd to you—the more's the pity
For me, for I would rather take my wine
With you, than aught (save Scott) in your proud city.
But somehow—it may seem a schoolboy's whine,
And yet I seek not to be grand nor witty,
But I am half a Scot by birth, and bred
A whole one, and my heart flies to my head,—

XVIII.

As "Auld Lang Syne" brings Scotland, one and all,
Scotch plaids, Scotch snoods, the blue hills, and clear
streams,
The Dee, the Don, Balgounie's brig's *black wall*,
All my boy feelings, all my gentler dreams

Of what I *then dreamt*, clothed in their own pall,
 Like Banquo's offspring :—floating past me seems
 My childhood in this childishness of mine :
 I care not—'t is a glimpse of "Auld Lang Syne."

XIX.

And though, as you remember, in a fit
 Of wrath and rhyme, when juvenile and curly,
 I rail'd at Scots to show my wrath and wit,
 Which must be own'd was sensitive and surly,
 Yet 't is in vain such sallies to permit,
 They cannot quench young feelings fresh and early :
 I "*scotch'd* not kill'd" the Scotchman in my blood,
 And love the land of "mountain and of flood."

XX.

Don Juan, who was real, or ideal,—
 For both are much the same, since what men think
 Exists when the once thinkers are less real
 Than what they thought, for mind can never sink,
 And 'gainst the body makes a strong appeal ;
 And yet 't is very puzzling on the brink
 Of what is call'd eternity, to stare,
 And know no more of what is here, than there ;—

XXI.

Don Juan grew a very polish'd Russian—
How we won't mention, *why* we need not say :
 Few youthful minds can stand the strong concussion
 Of any slight temptation in their way ;
 But *his* just now were spread as is a cushion
 Smooth'd for a monarch's seat of honour : gay
 Damsels, and dances, revels, ready money,
 Made ice seem paradise, and winter sunny.

XXII.

The favour of the empress was agreeable ;
 And though the duty wax'd a little hard,
 Young people at his time of life should be able
 To come off handsomely in that regard.
 He was now growing up like a green tree, able
 For love, war, or ambition, which reward
 Their luckier votaries, till old age's tedium
 Make some prefer the circulating medium.

XXIII.

About this time, as might have been anticipated,
Seduced by youth and dangerous examples,
Don Juan grew, I fear, a little dissipated ;
Which is a sad thing, and not only tramples
On our fresh feelings, but—as being participated
With all kinds of incorrigible samples
Of frail humanity—must make us selfish,
And shut our souls up in us like a shell-fish.

XXIV.

This we pass over. We will also pass
The usual progress of intrigues between
Unequal matches, such as are, alas !
A young lieutenant's with a *not old* queen,
But one who is not so youthful as she was
In all the royalty of sweet seventeen.
Sovereigns may sway materials, but not matter,
And wrinkles, the d——d democrats, won't flatter.

XXV.

And death, the sovereign's sovereign, though the great
Gracchus of all mortality, who levels,
With his *Agrarian* laws, the high estate
Of him who feasts, and fights, and roars, and revels,
To one small grass-grown patch (which must await
Corruption for its crop) with the poor devils
Who never had a foot of land till now,—
Death's a reformer, all men must allow.

XXVI.

He lived (not Death, but Juan) in a hurry
Of waste, and haste, and glare, and gloss, and glitter,
In this gay clime of bear-skins black and furry—
Which (though I hate to say a thing that's bitter)
Peep out sometimes when things are in a flurry,
Through all the "purple and fine linen," fitter
For Babylon's than Russia's royal harlot—
And neutralise her outward show of scarlet.

XXVII.

And this same state we won't describe : we would
Perhaps from hearsay, or from recollection ;
But getting nigh grim Dante's "obscure wood,"
That horrid equinox, that hateful section

Of human years, that half-way house, that rude
 Hut, whence wise travellers drive with circumspection
 Life's sad post-horses o'er the dreary frontier
 Of age, and looking back to youth, give *one* tear ;—

XXVIII.

I won't describe,—that is, if I can help
 Description ; and I won't reflect—that is,
 If I can stave off thought, which—as a whelp
 Clings to its teat—sticks to me through the abyss
 Of this odd labyrinth ; or as the kelk
 Holds by the rock ; or as a lover's kiss
 Drains its first draught of lips :—but, as I said, •
 I *won't* philosophise, and *will* be read.

XXIX.

Juan, instead of courting courts, was courted,—
 A thing which happens rarely : this he owed
 Much to his youth, and much to his reported
 Valour ; much also to the blood he show'd,
 Like a race-horse ; much to each dress he sported,
 Which set the beauty off in which he glow'd,
 As purple clouds befringe the sun ; but most
 He owed to an old woman and his post.

XXX.

He wrote to Spain ;—and all his near relations,
 Perceiving he was in a handsome way
 Of getting on himself, and finding stations
 For cousins also, answer'd the same day.
 Several prepared themselves for emigrations ;
 And eating ices, were o'erheard to say,
 That with the addition of a slight pelisse,
 Madrid's and Moscow's climes were of a piece.

XXXI.

His mother, Donna Inez, finding, too,
 That in the lieu of drawing on his banker,
 Where his assets were waxing rather few,
 He had brought his spending to a handsome anchor,—
 Replied, “ that she was glad to see him through
 Those pleasures after which wild youth will hanker ;
 As the sole sign of man's being in his senses
 Is, learning to reduce his past expenses.

XXXII.

"She also recommended him to God,
 And no less to God's Son, as well as Mother,
 Warn'd him against Greek worship, which looks odd
 In Catholic eyes; but told him, too, to smother
Outward dislike, which do n't look well abroad;
 Inform'd him that he had a little brother
 Born in a second wedlock; and above
 All, praised the empress's *maternal* love.

XXXIII.

"She could not too much give her approbation
 Unto an empress, who preferr'd young men
 Whose age, and what was better still, whose nation
 And climate, stopp'd all scandal (now and then):—
 At home it might have given her some vexation;
 But where thermometers sink down to ten,
 Or five, or one, or zero, she could never
 Believe that virtue thaw'd before the river."

XXXIV.

Oh for a *forty-parson power* to chant
 Thy praise, Hypocrisy! Oh for a hymn
 Loud as the virtues thou dost loudly vaunt,
 Not practise! Oh for trump of cherubim!
 Or the ear-trumpet of my good old aunt,
 Who, though her spectacles at last grew dim,
 Drew quiet consolation through its hint,
 When she no more could read the pious print.

XXXV.

She was no hypocrite at least, poor soul,
 But went to heaven in as sincere a way
 As anybody on the elected roll,
 Which portions out upon the judgment day
 Heaven's freeholds, in a sort of doomsday scroll,
 Such as the conqueror William did repay
 His knights with, lotting others' properties
 Into some sixty thousand new knights' fees.

XXXVI.

I can't complain, whose ancestors are there,
 Erneis, Radulphus—eight-and-forty manors
 (If that my memory doth not greatly err)
 Were their reward for following Billy's banners:

And though I can't help thinking 't was scarce fair
 To strip the Saxons of their *hydes*, like tanners ;
 Yet as they founded churches with the produce,
 You'll deem, no doubt, they put it to a good use.

XXXVII.

The gentle Juan flourish'd, though at times
 He felt like other plants call'd sensitive,
 Which shrink from touch, as monarchs do from rhymes,
 Save such as Southey can afford to give.
 Perhaps he long'd in bitter frosts for climes
 In which the Neva's ice would cease to live
 Before May-day : perhaps, despite his duty,
 In royalty's vast arms he sigh'd for beauty :

XXXVIII.

Perhaps—but, sans perhaps, we need not seek
 For causes young or old : the canker-worm
 Will feed upon the fairest, freshest cheek,
 As well as further drain the wither'd form :
 Care, like a housekeeper, brings every week
 His bills in, and however we may storm,
 They must be paid : though six days smoothly run,
 The seventh will bring blue devils or a dun.

XXXIX.

I do n't know how it was, but he grew sick :
 The empress was alarm'd, and her physician
 (The same who physick'd Peter) found the tick
 Of his fierce pulse betoken a condition
 Which augur'd of the dead, however *quick*
 Itself, and show'd a feverish disposition ;
 At which the whole court was extremely troubled,
 The sovereign shock'd, and all his medicines doubled.

XL.

Low were the whispers, manifold the rumours,
 Some said he had been poison'd by Potemkin ;
 Others talk'd learnedly of certain tumours,
 Exhaustion, or disorders of the same kin ;
 Some said 't was a concoction of the humours,
 Which with the blood too readily will claim kin ;
 Others again were ready to maintain,
 " 'T was only the fatigue of last campaign."

XLI.

But here is one prescription out of many:

"Sodæ sulphat. ʒvj. ʒfs. Mannæ optim.

Aq. fervent. f. ʒ ifs. ʒij. tinct. Sennæ

Haustus" (and here the surgeon came and cupp'd him),

"R. Pulv. Com. gr. iij. Ipecacuanhæ"

(With more beside if Juan had not stopp'd 'em).

"Bolus Potassæ Sulphuret. sumendus

Et haustus ter in die capiendus."

XLII.

This is the way physicians mend or end us,

Secundum artem: but although we sneer

In health—when ill, we call them to attend us,

Without the least propensity to jeer;

While that "hiatus maxime deflendus,"

To be fill'd up by spade or mattock, 's near,

Instead of gliding graciously down Lethe,

We tease mild Baillie, or soft Abernethy.

XLIII.

Juan demurr'd at this first notice to

Quit; and though death had threaten'd an ejection,

His youth and constitution bore him through,

And sent the doctors in a new direction.

But still his state was delicate: the hue

Of health but flicker'd with a faint reflection

Along his wasted cheek, and seem'd to gravel

The faculty—who said that he must travel.

XLIV.

The climate was too cold, they said, for him,

Meridian-born, to bloom in. This opinion

Made the chaste Catherine look a little grim,

Who did not like at first to lose her minion:

But when she saw his dazzling eye wax dim,

And drooping like an eagle's with clipt pinion,

She then resolved to send him on a mission,

But in a style becoming his condition.

XLV.

There was just then a kind of a discussion,

A sort of treaty or negotiation,

Between the British cabinet and Russian,

Maintain'd with all the due prevarication

With which great states such things are apt to push on ;
 Something about the Baltic's navigation,
 Hides, train-oil, tallow, and the rights of Thetis,
 Which Britons deem their "uti possidetis."

XLVI.

So Catherine, who had a handsome way
 Of fitting out her favourites, conferr'd
 This secret charge on Juan, to display
 At once her royal splendour, and reward
 His services. He kiss'd hands the next day,
 Received instructions how to play his card,
 Was laden with all kinds of gifts and honours,
 Which show'd what great discernment was the donor's.

XLVII.

But she was lucky, and luck's all. Your queens
 Are generally prosperous in reigning ;
 Which puzzles us to know what Fortune means :
 But to continue : though her years were waning,
 Her climacteric teased her like her teens ;
 And though her dignity brook'd no complaining,
 So much did Juan's setting off distress her,
 She could not find at first a fit successor.

XLVIII.

But time, the comforter, will come at last ;
 And four-and-twenty hours, and twice that number
 Of candidates requesting to be placed,
 Made Catherine taste next night a quiet slumber :—
 Not that she meant to fix again in haste,
 Nor did she find the quantity encumber,
 But always choosing with deliberation,
 Kept the place open for their emulation.

XLIX.

While this high post of honour's in abeyance,
 For one or two days, reader, we request
 You'll mount with our young hero the conveyance
 Which wafted him from Petersburg : the best
 Barouche, which had the glory to display once
 The fair czarina's autocratic crest
 When, a new Iphigene, she went to Tauris,
 Was given to her favourite, and now bore *his*.

L.

A bull-dog, and a bull-finch, and an ermine,
All private favourites of Don Juan ;—for
(Let deeper sages the true cause determine)
He had a kind of inclination, or
Weakness, for what most people deem mere vermin,
Live animals : an old maid of threescore
For cats and birds more penchant ne'er display'd,
Although he was not old, nor even a maid ;—

LI.

The animals aforesaid occupied
Their station : there were valets, secretaries,
In other vehicles ; but at his side
Sat little Leila, who survived the parries
He made 'gainst Cossacque sabres in the wide
Slaughter of Ismail. Though my wild Muse varies
Her note, she do n't forget the infant girl
Whom he preserved, a pure and living pearl.

LII.

Poor little thing ! She was as fair as docile,
And with that gentle, serious character,
As rare in living beings as a fossile
Man, 'midst thy mouldy mammoths, " grand Cuvier !"
Ill fitted was her ignorance to jostle
With this o'erwhelming world, where all must err :
But she was yet but ten years old, and therefore
Was tranquil, though she knew not why or wherefore.

LIII.

Don Juan loved her, and she loved him, as
Nor brother, father, sister, daughter love.
I cannot tell exactly what it was ;
He was not yet quite old enough to prove
Parental feelings, and the other class,
Call'd brotherly affection, could not move
His bosom,—for he never had a sister :
Ah ! if he had, how much he would have miss'd her !

LIV.

And still less was it sensual ; for besides
That he was not an ancient debauchee,
(Who like sour fruit, to stir their veins' salt tides,
As acids rouse a dormant alkali,)

Although ('t *will* happen as our planet guides)
 His youth was not the chastest that might be,
 There was the purest Platonism at bottom
 Of all his feelings—only he forgot 'em.

LV.

Just now there was no peril of temptation ;
 He loved the infant orphan he had saved,
 As patriots (now and then) may love a nation ;
 His pride, too, felt that she was not enslaved
 Owing to him ;—as also her salvation
 Through his means and the church's might be paved.
 But one thing's odd, which here must be inserted,
 The little Turk refused to be converted.

LVI.

'T was strange enough she should retain the impression
 Through such a scene of change, and dread, and
 slaughter ;
 But though three bishops told her the transgression,
 She show'd a great dislike to holy water :
 She also had no passion for confession ;
 Perhaps she had nothing to confess ;—no matter
 Whate'er the cause, the church made little of it—
 She still held out that Mahomet was a prophet.

LVII.

In fact, the only Christian she could bear
 Was Juan ; whom she seem'd to have selected
 In place of what her home and friends once *were*.
 He *natura'ly* loved what he protected :
 And thus they form'd a rather curious pair,
 A guardian green in years, a ward connected
 In neither clime, time, blood, with her defender ;
 And yet this want of ties made theirs more tender.

LVIII.

They journey'd on through Poland and through Warsaw,
 Famous for mines of salt and yokes of iron :
 Through Courland also, which that famous farce saw
 Which gave her dukes the graceless name of "Biron."
 'T is the same landscape which the modern Mars saw
 Who march'd to Moscow, led by Fame, the siren !
 To lose by one month's frost some twenty years
 Of conquest, and his guard of grenadiers.

LIX.

Let this not seem an anti-climax:—"Oh!
My guard! my old guard!" exclaim'd that god of clay.
Think of the Thunderer's falling down below
Carotid-artery-cutting Castlereagh!
Alas! that glory should be chill'd by snow!
But should we wish to warm us on our way
Through Poland, there is Kosciusko's name
Might scatter fire through ice, like Hecla's flame.

LX.

From Poland they came on through Prussia Proper,
And Königsberg, the capital, whose vaunt,
Besides some veins of iron, lead, or copper,
Has lately been the great Professor Kant.
Juan, who cared not a tobacco-stopper
About philosophy, pursued his jaunt
To Germany, whose somewhat tardy millions
Have princes who spur more than their postilions.

LXI.

And thence through Berlin, Dresden, and the like,
Until he reach'd the castellated Rhine:—
Ye glorious Gothic scenes! how much ye strike
All phantasies, not even excepting mine!
A grey wall, a green ruin, rusty pike,
Make my soul pass the equinoctial line
Between the present and past worlds, and hover
Upon their airy confines, half-seas-over.

LXII.

But Juan posted on through Mannheim, Bonn,
Which Drachenfels frowns over like a spectre
Of the good feudal times for ever gone,
On which I have not time just now to lecture.
From thence he was drawn onwards to Cologne.
A city which presents to the inspector
Eleven thousand maidenheads of bone,
The greatest number flesh hath ever known.

LXIII.

From thence to Holland's Hague and Helvoetsluys,
That water-land of Dutchmen and of ditches,
Where juniper expresses its best juice,
The poor man's sparkling substitute for riches.

Senates and sages have condemn'd its use—

But to deny the mob a cordial, which is
Too often all the clothing, meat, or fuel,
Good government has left them, seems but cruel.

LXIV.

Here he embark'd, and with a flowing sail
Went bounding for the island of the free,
Towards which the impatient wind blew half a gale;
High dash'd the spray, the bows dipp'd in the sea,
And sea-sick passengers turn'd somewhat pale;
But Juan, season'd, as he well might be,
By former voyages, stood to watch the skiffs,
Which pass'd, or catch the first glimpse of the cliffs.

LXV.

At length they rose, like a white wall along
The blue sea's border; and Don Juan felt—
What even young strangers feel a little strong
At the first sight of Albion's chalky belt—
A kind of pride that he should be among
Those haughty shopkeepers, who sternly dealt
Their goods and edicts out from pole to pole,
And made the very billows pay them toll.

LXVI.

I've no great cause to love that spot of earth,
Which holds what *might have been* the noblest nation;
But though I owe it little but my birth,
I feel a mix'd regret and veneration
For its decaying fame and former worth.
Seven years (the usual term of transportation)
Of absence lay one's old resentments level,
When a man's country's going to 'the devil.

LXVII.

Alas! could she but fully, truly, know
How her great name is now throughout abhorr'd;
How eager all the earth is for the blow
Which shall lay bare her bosom to the sword;
How all the nations deem her their worst foe,
That worse than *worst of foes*, the once adored
False friend, who held out freedom to mankind,
And now would chain them, to the very mind;—

LXVIII.

Would she be proud, or boast herself the free,
 Who is but first of slaves? The nations are
 In prison,—but the gaoler, what is he?
 No less a victim to the bolt and bar.
 Is the poor privilege to turn the key
 Upon the captive, freedom? He's as far
 From the enjoyment of the earth and air
 Who watches o'er the chain, as they who wear.

LXIX.

Don Juan now saw Albion's earliest beauties,
 Thy cliffs, *dear* Dover! harbour, and hotel;
 Thy custom-house, with all its delicate duties;
 Thy waiters running mucks at every bell;
 Thy packets, all whose passengers are booties
 To those who upon land or water dwell;
 And last, not least, to strangers uninstructed,
 Thy long, long bills, whence nothing is deducted.

LXX.

Juan, though careless, young, and magnifique,
 And rich in rubles, diamonds, cash, and credit,
 Who did not limit much his bills per week,
 Yet stared at this a little, though he paid it—
 (His *Maggior Duomo*, a smart, subtle Greek,
 Before him sunn'd the awful scroll and read it):
 But, doubtless, as the air, though seldom sunny,
 Is free, the respiration's worth the money.

LXXI.

On with the horses! Off to Canterbury! [puddle;
 Tramp, tramp o'er pebble, and splash, splash through
 Hurrah! how swiftly speeds the post so merry!
 Not like slow Germany, wherein they muddle
 Along the road, as if they went to bury
 Their fare; and also pause besides, to fuddle,
 With "schnapps"—sad dogs! whom "Hundsot," or
 "Verflucter,"
 Affect no more than lightning a conductor.

LXXII.

Now there is nothing gives a man such spirits,
 Leavening his blood as cayenne doth a curry,
 As going at full speed—no matter where its
 Direction be, so 't is but in a hurry,

And merely for the sake of its own merits ;
 For the less cause there is for all this flurry,
 The greater is the pleasure in arriving
 At the great *end* of travel—which is driving.

LXXIII.

They saw at Canterbury the cathedral ;
 Black Edward's helm, and Becket's bloody stone,
 Were pointed out as usual by the bedral,
 In the same quaint, uninterested tone :—
 There's glory again for you, gentle reader ! All
 Ends in a rusty casque and dubious bone,
 Half-solved into these sodas or magnesias,
 Which form that bitter draught, the human species

LXXIV.

The effect on Juan was of course sublime :
 He breathed a thousand Cressys, as he saw
 That casque, which never stoop'd except to Time.
 Even the bold Churchman's tomb excited awe,
 Who died in the then great attempt to climb
 O'er kings, who *now* at least *must talk* of law
 Before they butcher. Little Leila gazed,
 And ask'd why such a structure had been raised :

LXXV.

And being told it was "God's house," she said
 He was well lodged, but only wonder'd how
 He suffer'd Infidels in his homestead,
 The cruel Nazarenes, who had laid low
 His holy temples in the lands which bred
 The True Believers ;—and her infant brow
 Was bent with grief that Mahomet should resign
 A mosque so noble, flung like peafis to swine.

LXXVI.

On ! on ! through meadows, managed like a garden,
 A paradise of hops and high production ;
 For, after years of travel by a bard in
 Countries of greater heat, but lesser suction,
 A green field is a sight which makes him pardon
 The absence of that more sublime construction
 Which mixes up vines, olives, precipices,
 Glaciers, volcanos, oranges, and ices.

LXXVII.

And when I think upon a pot of beer—

But I won't weep!—and so drive on, } ostilions!
As the smart boys spur'd fast in their career,

Juan admired these highways of free millions:
A country in all senses the most dear

To foreigner or native, save some silly ones,
Who "kick against the pricks," just at this juncture,
And for their pains get only a fresh puncture.

LXXVIII.

What a delightful thing's a turnpike road!

So smooth, so level, such a mode of shaving
The earth, as scarce the eagle in the broad
Air can accomplish, with his wide wings waving.

Had such been cut in Phaeton's time, the god

Had told his son to satisfy his craving
With the York mail;—but onward as we roll,
"Surgit amari aliquid"—the toll!

LXXIX.

Alas! how deeply painful is all payment!

Take lives, take wives, take aught except men's purses.
As Machiavel shows those in purple raiment,

Such is the shortest way to general curses.
They hate a murderer much less than a claimant

On that sweet ore which everybody nurses.

Kill a man's family, and he may brook it,
But keep your hands out of his breeches' pocket:

LXXX.

So said the Florentine; ye monarchs, hearken

To your instructor. Juan now was borne,
Just as the day began to wane and darken,

O'er the high hill, which looks with pride or scorn
Toward the great city.—Ye who have a spark in

Your veins of Cockney spirit, smile or mourn
According as you take things well or ill;
Bold Britons, we are now on Shooter's Hill!

LXXXI.

The sun went down, the smoke rose up, as from

A half-unquench'd volcano, o'er a space
Which well beseem'd the "Devil's drawing-room,"

As some have qualified that wondrous place:

But Juan felt, though not approaching *home*,
 As one who, though he were not of the race,
 Revered the soil, of those true sons the mother,
 Who butcher'd half the earth, and bullied t' other.

LXXXII.

A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping,
 Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye
 Could reach, with here and there a sail just skipping
 In sight, then lost amidst the forestry
 Of masts; a wilderness of steeples peeping
 On tip-toe through their sea-coal canopy;
 A huge, dun cupola, like a foolscap crown
 On a fool's head—and there is London Town!

LXXXIII.

But Juan saw not this: each wreath of smoke
 Appear'd to him but as the magic vapour
 Of some alchymic furnace, from whence broke
 The wealth of worlds (a wealth of tax and paper):
 The gloomy clouds, which o'er it as a yoke
 Are bow'd, and put the sun out like a taper,
 Were nothing but the natural atmosphere,
 Extremely wholesome, though but rarely clear.

LXXXIV.

He paused—and so will I; as doth a crew
 Before they give their broadside. By and by,
 My gentle countrymen, we will renew
 Our old acquaintance; and at least I'll try
 To tell you truths *you* will not take as true,
 Because they are so;—a male Mrs. Fry,
 With a soft besom will I sweep your halls,
 And brush a web or two from off the walls.

LXXXV.

Oh Mrs. Fry! Why go to Newgate? Why
 Preach to poor rogues? And wherefore not begin
 With Carlton, or with other houses? Try
 Your hand at harden'd and imperial sin.
 To mend the people's an absurdity,
 A jargon, a mere philanthropic din,
 Unless you make their betters better:—Fy!
 I thought you had more religion, Mrs. Fry.

LXXXVI.

Teach them the decencies of good threescore ;
 Cure them of tours, hussar and highland dresses ;
 Tell them that youth once gone returns no more,
 That hired huzzas redeem no land's distresses ;
 Tell them Sir William Curtis is a bore,
 Too dull even for the dullest of excesses,
 The witless Falstaff of a hoary Hal,
 A fool whose bells have ceased to ring at all.

LXXXVII.

Tell them, though it may be perhaps too late
 On life's worn confine, jaded, bloated, sated,
 To set up vain pretences of being great,
 'Tis not so to be good ; and be it stated,
 The worthiest kings have ever loved least state ;
 And tell them——But you won't, and I have prated
 Just now enough ; but by and by I'll prattle
 Like Roland's horn in Roncesvalles' battle.

CANTO THE ELEVENTH.

I.

WHEN Bishop Berkeley said "there was no matter,"
 And proved it—'t was no matter what he said ;
 They say his system 't is in vain to batter,
 Too subtle for the airiest human head ;
 And yet who can believe it? I would shatter
 Gladly all matters down to stone or lead,
 Or adamant, to find the world a spirit,
 And wear my head, denying that I wear it.

II.

What a sublime discovery 't was to make the
 Universe universal egotism,
 That all's ideal—*all ourselves* ! I'll stake the
 World (be it what you will) that *that's* no schism :
 Oh Doubt !—if thou be'st Doubt, for which some take
 But which I doubt extremely—thou sole prism [thee,
 Of the Truth's rays, spoil not my draught of spirit !
 Heaven's brandy, though our brain can hardly bear it.

III.

For ever and anon comes Indigestion
 (Not the most "dainty Ariel"), and perplexes
 Our soarings with another sort of question :
 And that which after all my spirit vexes,
 Is, that I find no spot where man can rest eye on,
 Without confusion of the sorts and sexes,
 Of beings, stars, and this unriddled wonder,
 The world, which at the worst 's a glorious blunder—

IV.

If it be chance ; or if it be according
 To the old text, still better : lest it should
 Turn out so, we 'll say nothing 'gainst the wording,
 As several people think such hazards rude.
 They 're right ; our days are too brief for affording
 Space to dispute what *no one* ever could
 Decide, and *everybody one day* will
 Know very clearly—or at least lie still.

V.

And therefore will I leave off metaphysical
 Discussion, which is neither here nor there :
 If I agree that what is, is ; then this I call
 Being quite perspicuous and extremely fair ;
 The 'truth is, I 've grown lately rather phthisical :
 I do n't know what the reason is—the air
 Perhaps ; but as I suffer from the shocks
 Of illness, I grow much more orthodox

VI.

The first attack at once proved the Divinity
 (But *that* I never doubted, nor the Devil) ;
 The next, the Virgin's mystical virginity ;
 The third, the usual Origin of Evil ;
 The fourth at once establish'd the whole Trinity
 On so uncontrovertible a level,
 That I devoutly wish'd the three were four
 On purpose to believe so much the more.

VII.

To our theme.—The man who has stood on the Acropolis
 And look'd down over Attica ; or he
 Who has sail'd where picturesque Constantinople is,
 Or seen Timbuctoo, or hath taken tea

In small-eyed China's crockery-ware metropolis,
 Or sat amidst the bricks of Nineveh,
 May not think much of London's first appearance—
 But ask him what he thinks of it a year hence?

VIII.

Don Juan had got out on Shooter's Hill;
 Sunset the time, the place the same declivity
 Which looks along that vale of good and ill
 Where London streets ferment in full activity;
 While everything around was calm and still,
 Except the creak of wheels, which on their pivot he
 Heard,—and that bee-like, bubbling, busy hum
 Of cities, that boil over with their scum:—

IX.

I say, Don Juan, wrapt in contemplation,
 Walk'd on behind his carriage, o'er the summit,
 And lost in wonder of so great a nation,
 Gave way to 't, since he could not overcome it.
 "And here," he cried, "is Freedom's chosen station;
 Here peals the people's voice, nor can entomb it
 Racks, prisons, inquisitions; resurrection
 Awaits it, each new meeting or election.

X.

"Here are chaste wives, pure lives; here people pay
 But what they please; and if that things be dear,
 'Tis only that they love to throw away
 Their cash, to show how much they have a year.
 Here laws are all inviolate; none lay
 Traps for the traveller; every highway's clear;
 Here"—he was interrupted by a knife,
 With—"Damn your eyes! your money or your life!"

XI.

These freeborn sounds proceeded from four pads
 In ambush laid, who had perceived him loiter
 Behind his carriage; and, like handy lads,
 Had seized the lucky hour to reconnoitre,
 In which the heedless gentleman who gads
 Upon the road, unless he prove a fighter,
 May find himself within that isle of riches
 Exposed to lose his life as well as breeches.

XII.

Juan, who did not understand a word
 Of English, save their shibboleth, "God damn!"
 And even that he had so rarely heard,
 He sometimes thought 't was only their "Salām,"
 Or "God be with you!"—and 't is not absurd
 To think so: for half English as I am
 (To my misfortune), never can I say
 I heard them wish "God with you," save that way;—

XIII.

Juan yet quickly understood their gesture,
 And being somewhat choleric and sudden,
 Drew forth a pocket-pistol from his vesture,
 And fired it into one assailant's pudding—
 Who fell, as rolls an ox o'er in his pasture,
 And roar'd out, as he writhed his native mud in,
 Unto his nearest follower or henchman,
 "Oh Jack! I'm floor'd by that 'ere bloody Frenchman!"

XIV.

On which Jack and his train set off at speed,
 And Juan's suite, late scatter'd at a distance,
 Came up, all marvelling at such a deed,
 And offering, as usual, late assistance.
 Juan, who saw the moon's late minion bleed
 As if his veins would pour out his existence,
 Stood calling out for bandages and lint,
 And wish'd he had been less hasty with his flint.

XV.

"Perhaps," thought he, "it is the country's wont
 To welcome foreigners in this way: now
 I recollect some innkeepers who do n't
 Differ except in robbing with a bow,
 In lieu of a bare blade and brazen front.
 But what is to be done? I can't allow
 The fellow to lie groaning on the road;
 So take him up; I'll help you with the load."

XVI.

But ere they could perform this pious duty,
 The dying man cried, "Hold! I've got my gruel!
 Oh! for a glass of *max*! We've miss'd our booty;
 Let me die where I am!" And as the fuel

Of life shrunk in his heart, and thick and sooty
The drops fell from his death-wound, and he drew ill
His breath,—he from his swelling throat untied
A kerchief, crying “Give Sal that!”—and died.

XVII.

The cravat stain’d with bloody drops fell down
Before Don Juan’s feet: he could not tell
Exactly why it was before him thrown,
Nor what the meaning of the man’s farewell.
Poor Tom was once a kiddy upon town,
A thorough varmint, and a *real* swell,
Full flash, all fancy, until fairly diddled,
His pockets first and then his body riddled.

XVIII.

Don Juan, having done the best he could
In all the circumstances of the case,
As soon as “Crowner’s quest” allow’d, pursued
His travels to the capital apace;—
Esteeming it a little hard he should
In twelve hours’ time, and very little space,
Have been obliged to slay a free-born native
In self-defence: this made him meditative.

XIX.

He from the world had cut off a great man,
Who in his time had made heroic bustle.
Who in a row like Tom could lead the van,
Booze in the ken, or at the spellken hustle?
Who queer a flat? Who (spite of Bow-street’s ban)
On the high toby-spice so flash the muzzle?
Who on a lark, with black-eyed Sal (his blowing),
So prime, so swell, so nutty, and so knowing?

XX.

But Tom’s no more—and so no more of Tom.
Heroes must die; and by God’s blessing ’t is
Not long before the most of them go home.
Hail! Themis, hail! Upon thy verge it is
That Juan’s chariot, rolling like a drum
In thunder, holds the way it can’t well miss,
Through Kennington and all the other “tons,”
Which make us wish ourselves in town at once;—

XXI.

Through Groves, so call'd as being void of trees,
 (Like *lucus* from *no* light); through prospects named
 Mount Pleasant, as containing nought to please,
 Nor much to climb; through little boxes framed
 Of bricks, to let the dust in at your ease,
 With "To be let," upon their doors proclaim'd;
 Through "Rows" most modestly call'd "Paradise,"
 Which Eve might quit without much sacrifice;—

XXII.

Through coaches, drays, choked turnpikes, and a whirl
 Of wheels, and roar of voices, and confusion;
 Here taverns wooing to a pint of "purl,"
 There mails fast flying off like a delusion;
 There barbers' blocks with periwigs in curl
 In windows; here the lamplighter's infusion
 Slowly distill'd into the glimmering glass
 (For in those days we had not got to gas—);

XXIII.

Through this, and much, and more, is the approach
 Of travellers to mighty Babylon:
 Whether they come by horse, or chaise, or coach,
 With slight exceptions, all the ways seem one.
 I could say more, but do not choose to encroach,
 Upon the Guide-book's privilege. The sun
 Had set some time, and night was on the ridge
 Of twilight, as the party cross'd the bridge.

XXIV.

That's rather fine, the gentle sound of *Thamis*—
 Who vindicates a moment, too, his stream—
 Though hardly heard through multifarious "*damme's*."
 The lamps of Westminster's more regular gleam,
 The breadth of pavement, and yon shrine where fame is
 A spectral resident—whose pallid beam
 In shape of moonshine hovers o'er the pile—
 Make this a sacred part of Albion's isle.

XXV.

The Druids' groves are gone—so much the better:
 Stone-Henge is not—but what the devil is it?—
 But Bedlam still exists with its sage fetter,
 That madmen may not bite you on a visit;

The Bench too seats or suits full many a debtor ;
 The Mansion-House, too (though some people quiz it),
 To me appears a stiff yet grand erection ;
 But then the Abbey's worth the whole collection.

XXVI.

The line of lights, too, up to Charing Cross,
 Pall Mall, and so forth, have a coruscation
 Like gold as in comparison to dross,
 Match'd with the Continent's illumination,
 Whose cities Night by no means deigns to gloss.
 The French were not yet a lamp-lighting nation,
 And when they grew so—on their new-found lantern,
 Instead of wicks, they made a wicked man turn.

XXVII.

A row of gentlemen along the streets
 Suspended, may illuminate mankind,
 As also bonfires made of country-seats ;
 But the old way is best for the purblind :
 The other looks like phosphorous on sheets,
 A sort of ignis fatuus to the mind,
 Which, though 't is certain to perplex and frighten,
 Must burn more mildly ere it can enlighten.

• XXVIII.

But London's so well lit, that if Diogenes
 Could recommence to hunt his *honest man*,
 And found him not amidst the various progenies
 Of this enormous city's spreading spawn,
 'T were not for want of lamps to aid his dodging his
 Yet undiscover'd treasure. What I can,
 I've done to find the same throughout life's journey,
 But see the world is only one attorney.

XXIX.

Over the stones still rattling, up Pall Mall,
 Through crowds and carriages, but waxing thinner
 As thunder'd knockers broke the long-seal'd spell
 Of doors 'gainst duns, and to an early dinner
 Admitted a small party as night fell,—
 Don Juan, our young diplomatic sinner,
 Pursued his path, and drove past some hotels,
 St. James's Palace and St. James's "Hells."

XXX.

They reach'd the hotel : forth stream'd from the front door
 A tide of well-clad waiters, and around
 The mob stood, and as usual several score
 Of those pedestrian Paphians who abound
 In decent London when the daylight's o'er ;
 Commodious but immoral, they are found
 Useful, like Malthus, in promoting marriage.—
 But Juan now is stepping from his carriage

XXXI.

Into one of the sweetest of hotels,
 Especially for foreigners—and mostly
 For those whom favour or whom fortune swells,
 And cannot find a bill's small items costly.
 There many an envoy either dwelt or dwells
 (The den of many a diplomatic lost lie),
 Until to some conspicuous square they pass,
 And blazon o'er the door their names in brass.

XXXII.

Juan, whose was a delicate commission,
 Private, though publicly important, bore
 No title to point out with due precision
 The exact affair on which he was sent o'er.
 'T was merely known, that on a secret mission
 A foreigner of rank had graced our shore,
 Young, handsome, and accomplish'd, who was said
 (In whispers) to have turn'd his sovereign's head.

XXXIII.

Some rumour also of some strange adventures
 Had gone before him, and his wars and loves ;
 And as romantic heads are pretty painters,
 And, above all, an Englishwoman's roves
 Into the excursive, breaking the indentures
 Of sober reason, wheresoe'er it moves,
 He found himself extremely in the fashion,
 Which serves our thinking people for a passion.

XXXIV.

I don't mean that they are passionless, but quite
 The contrary ; but then 't is in the head ;
 Yet as the consequences are as bright
 As if they acted with the heart instead,

What after all can signify the site
Of ladies' lucubrations? So they lead
In safety to the place for which you start,
What matters if the road be head or heart?

XXXV.

Juan presented in the proper place,
To proper placemen, every Russ credential,
And was received with all the due grimace
By those who govern in the mood potential,
Who seeing a handsome stripling with smooth face,
Thought (what in state affairs is most essential)
That they as easily might *do* the youngster,
As hawks may pounce upon a woodland songster.

XXXVI.

They err'd, as aged men will do; but by
And by we'll talk of that; and if we do n't,
'T will be because our notion is not high
Of politicians and their double front,
Who live by lies, yet dare not boldly lie:—
Now what I love in women is, they won't
Or can't do otherwise than lie, but do it
So well, the very truth seems falsehood to it.

• XXXVII.

And, after all, what is a lie? 'T is but
The truth in masquerade; and I defy
Historians, heroes, lawyers, priests, to put
A fact without some leaven of a lie.
The very shadow of true Truth would shut
Up annals, revelations, poesy,
And prophecy—except it should be dated
Some years before the incidents related.

XXXVIII.

Praised be all liars and all lies! Who now
Can tax my mild Muse with misanthropy?
She rings the world's "Te Deum," and her brow
Blushes for those who will not:—but to sigh
Is idle; let us like most others bow,
Kiss hands, feet, any part of majesty,
After the good example of "Green Erin,"
Whose Shamrock now seems rather worse for wearing.

XXXIX.

Don Juan was presented, and his dress
 And mien excited general admiration—
 I do n't know which was more admired or less :
 One monstrous diamond drew much observation,
 Which Catherine in a moment of "ivresse"
 (In love or brandy's fervent fermentation)
 Bestow'd upon him, as the public learn'd ;
 And, to say truth, it had been fairly earn'd.

XL.

Besides the ministers and underlings,
 Who must be courteous to the accredited
 Diplomats of rather wavering kings,
 Until their royal riddle's fully read,
 The very clerks,—those somewhat ditty springs
 Of office, or the house of office, fed
 By foul corruption into streams,—even they
 Were hardly rude enough to earn their pay :

XLI.

And insolence no doubt is what they are
 Employ'd for, since it is their daily labour,
 In the dear offices of peace or war ;
 And should you doubt, pray ask of your next neighbour,
 When; for a passport, or some other bar
 To freedom, he applied (a grief and a bore),
 If he found not in this spawn of t' xborn riches,
 Like lap-dogs, the least civil sons of b——s.

XLII.

But Juan was received with much "empressement :"—
 These phrases of refinement I must borrow
 From our next neighbour's land, where, like a chessman,
 There is a move set down for joy or sorrow,
 Not only in mere talking, but the press. Man
 In islands is, it seems, downright and thorough,
 More than on continents—as if the sea
 (Sec Billingsgate) made even the tongue more free.

XLIII.

And yet the British "Damme"'s rather Attic;
 Your continental oaths are but incontinent,
 And turn on things which no aristocratic
 Spirit would name, and therefore even I won't anent

This subject quote ; as it would be schismatic
In politesse, and have a sound affronting in 't ;—
But " Damme " 's quite ethereal, though too daring—
Platonic blasphemy, the soul of swearing.

XLIV.

For downright rudeness, ye may stay at home ;
For true or false politeness (and scarce *that*
Now) you may cross the blue deep and white foam—
The first the emblem (rarely though) of what
You leave behind, the next of much you come
To meet. However, 't is no time to chat
On general topics : poems must confine
Themselves to unity, like this of mine.

XLV.

In the great world,—which, being interpreted,
Meaneth the west or worst end of a city,
And about twice two thousand people bred
By no means to be very wise or witty,
But to sit up while others lie in bed,
And look down on the universe with pity,—
Juan, as an inveterate patrician,
Was well received by persons of condition.

XLVI.

He was a bachelor, which is a matter
Of import both to virgin and to bride,
The former's hymeneal hopes to flatter :
And (should she not hold fast by love or pride)
'T is also of some moment to the latter ;
A rib 's a thorn in a wed gallant's side,
Requires decorum, and is apt to double
The horrid sin—and what 's still worse, the trouble.

XLVII.

But Juan was a bachelor—of arts,
And parts, and hearts : he danced and sung, and had
An air as sentimental as Mozart's
Softest of melodies ; and could be sad
Or cheerful, without any " flaws or starts,"
Just at the proper time : and though a lad,
Had seen the world—which is a curious sight,
And very much unlike what people write,

XLVIII.

Fair virgins blush'd upon him ; wedded dames
 Bloom'd also in less transitory hues ;
 For both commodities dwell by the Thames,
 The painting and the painted ; youth, ceruse,
 Against his heart preferr'd their usual claims,
 Such as no gentleman can quite refuse ;
 Daughters admired his dress, and pious mothers
 Inquired his income, and if he had brothers.

XLIX.

The milliners who furnish " drapery Misses "
 Throughout the season, upon speculation
 Of payment ere the honey-moon's last kisses
 Have waned into a crescent's coruscation,
 Thought such an opportunity as this is, *
 Of a rich foreigner's initiation,
 Not to be overlook'd—and gave such credit,
 That future bridegrooms swore, and sigh'd, and paid it.

L.

The Blues, that tender tribe, who sigh o'er sonnets,
 And with the pages of the last Review
 Line the interior of their heads or bonnets,
 Advanced in all their azure's highest hue :
 They talk'd bad French or Spanish, and upon its
 Late authors ask'd him for a hint or two ;
 And which was softest, Russian or Castilian ?
 And whether in his travels he saw Ilion ?

LI.

Juan, who was a little superficial,
 And not in literature a great Drawcansir,
 Examined by this learned and especial
 Jury of matrons, scarce knew what to answer :
 His duties warlike, loving, or official,
 His steady application as a dancer,
 Had kept him from the brink of Hippocrene,
 Which now he found was blue instead of green.

LII.

However, he replied at hazard, with
 A modest confidence and calm assurance,
 Which lent his learned lucubrations pith,
 And pass'd for arguments of good endurance.

That prodigy, Miss Araminta Smith
 (Who at sixteen translated "Hercules Furens"
 Into as furious English), with her best look,
 Set down his saying in her common-place book.

LIII.

Juan knew several languages—as well
 He might—and brought them up with skill, in time
 To save his fame with each accomplish'd belle,
 Who still regretted that he did not rhyme.
 There wanted but this requisite to swell
 His qualities (with them) into sublime:
 Lady Fitz-Frisky, and Miss Mævia Mannish,
 Both long'd extremely to be sung in Spanish.

LIV.

However, he did pretty well, and was
 Admitted as an aspirant to all
 The coteries, and, as in Banquo's glass,
 At great assemblies or in parties small,
 He saw ten thousand living authors pass,
 That being about their average numeral;
 Also the eighty "greatest living poets,"
 As every paltry magazine can show *it's*.

LV.

In twice five years the "greatest living poet,"
 Like to the champion in the fisty ring,
 Is call'd on to support his claim, or show it,
 Although 't is an imaginary thing.
 Even I—albeit I'm sure I did not know it,
 Nor sought of foolscap subjects to be king,—
 Was reckon'd, a considerable time,
 The grand Napoleon of the realms of rhyme.

LVI.

But Juan was my Moscow, and Faliero
 My Leipsic, and my Mont Saint Jean seems Cain:
 "La Belle Alliance" of dunces down at zero,
 Now that the Lion's fall'n, may rise again:
 But I will fall at least as fell my hero;
 Nor reign at all, or as a *monarch* reign;
 Or to some lonely isle of gaolers go,
 With turncoat Southey for my turnkey Lowe.

LVII.

Sir Walter reign'd before me ; Moore and Campbell
 Before and after : but now grown more holy,
 The Muses upon Sion's hill must ramble
 With poets almost clergymen, or wholly :
 And Pegasus has a psalmodic amble
 Beneath the very Reverend Rowley Powley,
 Who shoes the glorious animal with stilts
 A modern Ancient Pistol—by the hilts !

LVIII.

Still he excels that artificial hard
 Labourer in the same vineyard, though the vine
 Yields him but vinegar for his reward,—
 That neutralised dull Dorus of the Nine ;
 That swarthy Sporus, neither man nor bard ;
 That ox of verse, who *ploughs* for every line :—
 Cambyses' roaring Romans beat at least
 The howling Hebrews of Cybele's priest.—

LIX.

Then there's my gentle Euphues ; who, they say,
 Sets up for being a sort of *moral me* ;
 He'll find it rather difficult some day
 To turn out both, or either, it may be.
 Some persons think that Coleridge hath the sway ;
 And Wordsworth has supporters, two or three ;
 And that deep-mouth'd Bæotian "Savage Landor"
 Has taken for a swan rogue Southey's gander.

LX.

John Keats, who was kill'd off by one critique,
 Just as he really promised something great,
 If not intelligible, without Greek —
 Contrived to talk about the Gods of late,
 Much as they might have been supposed to speak,
 Poor fellow ! His was an untoward fate ;
 'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
 Should let itself be snuff'd out by an article.

LXI.

The list grows long of live and dead pretenders
 To that which none will gain—or none will know
 The conqueror at least ; who, ere Time renders
 His last reward, will have the long grass grow

Above his burnt-out brain, and sapless cinders.

If I might augur, I should rate but low
Their chances ;—they're too numerous, like the thirty
Mock tyrants, when Rome's annals wax'd but dirty.

LXII.

This is the literary *lower* empire,

Where the prætorian bands take up the matter ;—
A "dreadful trade," like his who "gathers samphire,"

The insolent soldiery to soothe and flatter,
With the same feelings as you'd coax a vampire.

Now, were I once at home, and in good satire,
I'd try conclusions with those Janizaries,
And show them *what* an intellectual war is.

LXIII.

I think I know a trick or two, would turn

Their flanks ;—but it is hardly worth my while
With such small gear to give myself concern :

Indeed I've not the necessary bile ;
My natural temper's really aught but stern,
And even my Muse's worst reproof's a smile ;
And then she drops a brief and modern curtsy,
And glides away, assured she never hurts ye.

LXIV.

My Juan, whom I left in deadly peril

Amongst live poets and blue ladies, pass'd
With some small profit through that field so sterile,

Being tired in time, and neither least nor last,
Left it before he had been treated very ill ;

And henceforth found himself more gaily class'd
Amongst the higher spirits of the day,
The sun's true son, no vapour, but a ray.

LXV.

His morns he pass'd in business—which dissected,
Was like all business, a laborious nothing

That leads to lassitude, the most infected
And Centaur Nessus garb of mortal clothing,
And on our sofas makes us lie dejected,

And talk in tender horrors of our loathing
All kinds of toil, save for our country's good—
Which grows no better, though 't is time it should.

LXVI.

His afternoons he pass'd in visits, luncheons,
 Lounging, and boxing; and the twilight hour
 In riding round those vegetable puncheons
 Call'd "Parks," where there is neither fruit nor flower
 Enough to gratify a bee's slight munchings;
 But after all it is the only "bower"
 (In Moore's phrase) where the fashionable fair
 Can form a slight acquaintance with fresh air.

LXVII.

Then dress, then dinner, then awakes the world!
 Then glare the lamps, then whirl the wheels, then roar
 Through street and square fast flashing chariots hurl'd
 Like harness'd meteors; then along the floor
 Chalk mimics painting; then festoons are twirl'd;
 Then roll the brazen thunders of the door,
 Which opens to the thousand happy few
 An earthly Paradise of "Or Molu."

LXVIII.

There stands the noble hostess, nor shall sink
 With the three-thousandth curtsy; there the waltz,
 The only dance which teaches girls to think,
 Makes one in love even with its very faults.
 Saloon, room, hall, o'erflow beyond their brink,
 And long the latest of arrivals halts,
 'Midst royal dukes and dames condemn'd to climb,
 And gain an inch of staircase at a time.

LXIX.

Thrice happy he who, after a survey
 Of the good company, can win a corner,
 A door that's *in* or boudoir *out* of the way,
 Where he may fix himself like small "Jack Horner,"
 And let the Babel round run as it may,
 And look on as a mourner, or a scorner,
 Or an approver, or a mere spectator,
 Yawning a little as the night grows later.

LXX.

But this won't do, save by and by; and he
 Who, like Don Juan, takes an active share,
 Must steer with care through all that glittering sea
 Of gems and plumes, and pearls and silks, to where

He deems it is his proper place to be ;
Dissolving in the waltz to some soft air,
Or prouder prancing with Mercurial skill,
Where Science marshals forth her own quadrille.

LXXI.

Or, if he dance not, but hath higher views
Upon an heiress or his neighbour's bride,
Let him take care that that which he pursues
Is not at once too palpably descried.
Full many an eager gentleman oft rues
His haste ; impatience is a blundering guide,
Amongst a people famous for reflection,
Who like to play the fool with circumspection.

LXXII.

But, if you can contrive, get next at supper ;
Or if forestall'd, get opposite and ogle :—
Oh, ye ambrosial moments ! always upper
In mind, a sort of sentimental bogle,
Which sits for ever upon memory's crupper,
The ghost of vanish'd pleasures once in vogue ! Ill
Can tender souls relate the rise and fall
Of hopes and fears which shake a single ball.

LXXIII.

But these precautionary hints can touch
Only the common run, who must pursue,
And watch, and ward ; whose plans a word too much
Or little overturns ; and not the few
Or many (for the number's sometimes such)
Whom a good mien, especially if new,
Or fame, or name, for wit, war, sense, or nonsense,
Permits whate'er they please, or *did* not long since.

LXXIV.

Our hero, as a hero, young and handsome,
Noble, rich, celebrated, and a stranger,
Like other slaves of course must pay his ransom,
Before he can escape from so much danger
As will environ a conspicuous man. Some
Talk about poetry, and "rack and manger,"
And ugliness, disease, as toil and trouble ;—
I wish they knew the life of a young noble.

LXXV.

They are young, but know not youth—it is anticipated ;
 Handsome but wasteful, rich without a sou ;
 Their vigour in a thousand arms is dissipated ;
 Their cash comes *from*, their wealth goes *to* a Jew ;
 Both senates see their nightly votes participated
 Between the tyrant's and the tribunes' crew ;
 And having voted, dined, drank, gamed, and whored,
 The family vault receives another lord.

LXXVI.

"Where is the world?" cries Young, at *eighty*—"Where
 The world in which a man was born?" Alas !
 Where is the world of *eight* years past? '*T was there*—
 I look for it—'t is gone, a globe of glass !
 Crack'd, shiver'd, vanish'd, scarcely gaz'd on, ere
 A silent change dissolves the glittering mass.
 Statesmen, chiefs, orators, queens, patriots, kings,
 And dandies, all are gone on the wind's wings.

LXXVII.

Where is Napoleon the Grand? God knows :
 Where little Castlereagh? The devil can tell :
 Where Grattan, Curran, Sheridan, all those
 Who bound the bar or senate in their spell?
 Where is the unhappy Queen, with all her woes?
 And where the Daughter, whom the Isles loved well?
 Where are those martyr'd saints the Five per Cents?
 And where—oh, where the devil are the Rents?

LXXVIII.

Where's Brumel? Dish'd. Where's Long Pole Wellesley?
 Diddled. [Third?
 Where's Whitbread? Romilly? Where's George the
 Where is his will? (That's not so soon unriddled.)
 And where is "Fum" the Fourth, our "royal bird"?
 Gone down, it seems, to Scotland to be fiddled
 Unto by Sawney's violin, we have heard :
 "Caw me, caw thee"—for six months hath been hatching
 This scene of royal itch and loyal scratching.

LXXIX.

Where is Lord This? And where my Lady That?
 The Honourable Mistresses and Misses?
 Some laid aside like an old Opera hat,
 Married, unmarried, and remarried : (this is

An evolution oft perform'd (of late).

Where are the Dublin shouts—and London hisses?
Where are the Grenvilles? Turn'd as usual. Where
My friends the Whigs? Exactly where they were.

LXXX.

Where are the Lady Carolines and Franceses?

Divorced or doing thereanent. Ye annals
So brilliant, where the list of routs and dances is,—

Thou Morning Post, sole record of the panels
Broken in carriages, and all the phantasies

Of fashion,—say what streams now fill those channels?
Some die, some fly, some languish on the Continent,
Because the times have hardly left them *one* tenant.

LXXXI.

Some who ~~once~~ set their caps at cautious dukes,

Have taken up at length with younger brothers:
Some heiresses have bit at sharpers' hooks:

Some maids have been made wives, some merely
mothers:

Others have lost their fresh and fairy looks:

In short, the list of alterations bothers.
There's little strange in this, but something strange is
The unusual quickness of these common changes

LXXXII.

Talk not of ~~seventy~~ years as age; in seven

I have seen more changes, down from monarchs to
The humblest individual under heaven,

That might suffice a moderate century through.

I knew that nought was lasting, but now even

Change grows too changeable, without being new:

Nought's permanent among the human race,
Except the Whigs *not* getting into place.

LXXXIII.

I have seen Napoleon, who seem'd quite a Jupiter,

Shrink to a Saturn. I have seen a Duke

(No matter which) turn politician stupider,

If that can well be, than his wooden look;

But it is time that I should hoist my "blue Peter,"

And sail for a new theme:—I have seen—and shook

To see it—the king hiss'd, and then carest;

But do n't pretend to settle which was best.

LXXXIV.

I have seen the Landholders without a rap—
 I have seen Joanna Southcote—I have seen
 The House of Commons turn'd to a tax-trap—
 I have seen that sad affair of the late Queen—
 I have seen crowns worn instead of a fool's cap—
 I have seen a Congress doing all that 's mean—
 I have seen some nations, like o'erloaded asses,
 Kick off their burthens—meaning the high classes.

LXXXV.

I have seen small poets, and great prozers, and
 Interminable—*not eternal*—speakers—
 I have seen the funds at war with house and land—
 I have seen the country gentlemen turn squeakers—
 I have seen the people ridden o'er like sand
 By slaves on horseback—I have seen malt liquors
 Exchange for "thin potations" by John Bull—
 I have seen John half detect himself a fool.—

LXXXVI.

But "carpe diem," Juan, "carpe, carpe!"
 To-morrow sees another race as gay
 And transient, and devour'd by the same harpy.
 "Life's a poor player,"—then "play out the play,
 Ye villains!" and above all keep a sharp eye
 Much less on what you do than what you say:
 Be hypocritical, be cautious, be
 Not what you *seem*, but always what you *see*.

LXXXVII.

But how shall I relate in other cantos
 Of what befell our hero in the land,
 Which 't is the common cry and lie to vaunt as
 A moral country? But I hold my hand—
 For I disdain to write an Atalantis;
 But 't is as well at once to understand
 You're *not* a moral people, and you know it
 Without the aid of too sincere a poet.

LXXXVIII.

What Juan saw and underwent shall be
 My topic, with of course the due restriction
 Which is required by proper courtesy;
 And recollect the work is only fiction,

And that I sing of neither mine nor me,
 Though every scribe, in some slight turn of diction
 Will hint allusions never *meant*. Ne'er doubt
This—when I speak, I *do not* hint, but *speak out*.

LXXXIX.

Whether he married with the third or fourth
 Offspring of some sage husband-hunting countess,
 Or whether with some virgin of more worth
 (I mean in Fortune's matrimonial bounties)
 He took to regularly peopling Earth,—
 Of which your lawful, awful wedlock fount is,—
 Or whether he was taken in for damages,
 For being too excursive in his homages,—

XC.

Is yet withiñ the unread events of time.
 Thus far, go forth, thou lay, which I will back
 Against the same given quantity of rhyme,
 For being as much the subject of attack
 As ever yet was any work sublime,
 By those who love to say that white is black.
 So much the better!—I may stand alone,
 But would not change my free thoughts for a throne.

CANTO THE TWELFTH.

I.

Of all the barbarous middle ages, that
 Which is most barbarous is the middle age
 Of man! it is—I really scarce know what;
 But when we hover between fool and sage,
 And do n't know justly what we would be at—
 A period something like a printed page,
 Black letter upon foolscap, while our hair
 Grows grizzled, and we are not what we were;—

II.

Too old for youth,—too young, at thirty-five,
 To herd with boys, or hoard with good three-score,—
 I wonder people should be left alive;
 But since they are, that epoch is a bore:

Love lingers still, although 't were late to wive :
 And as for other love, the illusion 's o'er ;
 And money, that most pure imagination,
 Gleams only through the dawn of its creation.

III.

O Gold ! Why call we misers miserable ?
 Theirs is the pleasure that can never pall ;
 Theirs is the best bower anchor, the chain cable
 Which holds fast other pleasures great and small.
 Ye who but see the saving man at table,
 And scorn his temperate board, as none at all,
 And wonder how the wealthy can be sparing,
 Know not what visions spring from each cheeseparing.

IV.

Love or lust makes man sick, and wine much sicker ;
 Ambition rends, and gaming gains a loss ;
 But making money, slowly first, then quicker,
 And adding still a little through each cross
 (Which *will* come over things), beats love or liquor,
 The gamester's counter, or the statesman's *dross*.
 O Gold ! I still prefer thee unto paper,
 Which makes bank credit like a bank of vapour.

V.

Who hold the balance of the world ? Who reign
 O'er congress, whether royalist or liberal ?
 Who rouse the shirtless patriots of Spain ?
 (That make old Europe's journals squeak and gibber all).
 Who keep the world, both old and new, in pain
 Or pleasure ? Who make politics run gibber all ?
 The shade of Buonaparte's noble glaring ?—
 Jew Rothschild, and his fellow-Christian, Baring.

VI.

Those, and the truly liberal Lafitte,
 Are the true lords of Europe. Every loan
 Is not a merely speculative hit,
 But seats a nation or upsets a throne.
 Republics also get involved a bit ;
 Columbia's stock hath holders not unknown
 On 'Change, and even thy silver soil, Peru,
 Must get itself discounted by a Jew.

VII.

Why call the miser miserable? as
I said before : the frugal life is his,
Which in a saint or cynic ever was
The theme of praise : a hermit would not miss
Canonization for the self-same cause,
And wherefore blame gaunt wealth's austerities?
Because, you 'll say, nought calls for such a trial ;—
Then there 's more merit in his self-denial.

VIII.

He is your only poet ;—passion, pure
And sparkling on from heap to heap, displays,
Possess'd, the ore, of which *mere hopes* allure
Nations athwart the deep : the golden rays
Flash up in ingots from the mine obscure :
On him the diamond pours its brilliant blaze,
While the mild emerald's beam shades down the dyes
Of other stones, to soothe the miser's eyes.

IX.

The lands on either side are his ; the ship
From Ceylon, Inde, or far Cathay, unloads
For him the fragrant produce of each trip ;
Beneath his cars of Ceres groan the roads,
And the vine blushes like Aurora's lip ;
His very cellars might be kings' abodes ;
While he, despising every sensual call,
Commands—the intellectual lord of all.

X.

Perhaps he hath great projects in his mind,
To build a college, or to found a race,
A hospital, a church,—and leave behind
Some dome surmounted by his meagre face :
Perhaps he fain would liberate mankind
Even with the very ore which makes them base ;
Perhaps he would be wealthiest of his nation,
Or revel in the joys of calculation.

XI.

But whether all, or each, or none of these
May be the hoarder's principle of action,
The fool will call such mania a disease :—
What is his *own* ? Go—look at each transaction,

Wars, revels, loves—do these bring men more ease
 Than the mere plodding through each “vulgar fraction”?
 Or do they benefit mankind? Lean miser!
 Let spendthrifts’ heirs inquire of yours—who’s wiser?

XII.

How *beauteous* are *rouleaus*! how charming chests
 Containing ingots, bags of dollars, coins
 (Not of old victors, all whose heads and crests
 Weigh not the thin ore where their visage shines,
 But) of fine unclipt gold, where dully rests
 Some likeness, which the glittering *cirque* confines,
 Of modern, reigning, sterling, stupid stamp:
 Yes! ready money *is* Aladdin’s lamp.

XIII.

“Love rules the camp, the court, the grove,—for love
 Is heaven, and heaven is love:”—so sings the bard;
 Which it were rather difficult to prove
 (A thing with poetry in general hard).
 Perhaps there may be something in “the grove,”
 At least it rhymes to “love:” but I’m prepared
 To doubt (no less than landlords of their rental)
 If “courts” and “camps” be quite so sentimental.

XIV.

But if Love do n’t, *Cash* does, and Cash alone:
 Cash rules the grove, and fells it too besides;
 Without cash, camps were thin, and courts were none;
 Without cash, Malthus tells you—“take no brides.”
 So Cash rules Love the ruler, on his own
 High ground, as Virgin Cynthia sways the tides:
 And as for “Heaven being love,” why not say honey
 Is wax? Heaven is not Love, ’t’s Matrimony.

XV.

Is not all love prohibited whatever,
 Excepting marriage? which is love, no doubt,
 After a sort; but somehow people never
 With the same thought the two words have help’d out.
 Love may exist *with* marriage, and *should* ever,
 And marriage also may exist without;
 But love *sans* banns is both a sin and shame,
 And ought to go by quite another name.

XVI.

Now if the "court," and "camp," and "grove," be not
Recruited all with constant married men,
Who never coveted their neighbour's lot,
I say *that* line 's a lapsus of the pen;—
Strange too in my "buon camerado" Scott,
So celebrated for his morals, when
My Jeffrey held him up as an example
To me;—of which these morals are a sample.

XVII.

Well, if I do n't succeed, I *have* succeeded,
And that's enough; succeeded in my youth,
The only time when much success is needed:
And my success produced what I, in sooth,
Cared most about; it need not now be pleaded—
Whate'er it was, 't was mine; I've paid, in truth,
Of late the penalty of such success,
But have not learn'd to wish it any less.

XVIII.

That suit in Chancery,—which some persons plead
In an appeal to the unborn, whom they,
In the faith of their procreative creed,
Baptize posterity, or future clay,—
To me seems but a dubious kind of reed
To lean on for support in any way;
Since odds are that posterity will know
No more of them, than they of her, I trow.

XIX.

Why, I'm posterity—and so are you;
And whom do we remember? Not a hundred.
Were every memory written down all true,
The tenth or twentieth name would be but blunder'd;
Even Plutarch's Lives have but pick'd out a few,
And 'gainst those few your annalists have thunder'd;
And Mitford in the nineteenth century
Gives, with Greek truth, the good old Greek the lie.

XX.

Good people all, of every degree,
Ye gentle readers and ungente writers,
In this twelfth Canto 't is my wish to be
As serious as if I had for inditers

Malthus and Wilberforce :—the last set free
 The Negroes, and is worth a million fighters ;
 While Wellington has but enslaved the Whites,
 And Malthus does the thing 'gainst which he writes.

XXI.

I'm serious—so are all men upon paper ;
 And why should I not form my speculation,
 And hold up to the sun my little taper ?
 Mankind just now seem wrapt in meditation
 On constitutions and steam-boats of vapour ;
 While sages write against all procreation,
 Unless a man can calculate his means
 Of feeding brats the moment his wife weans.

XXII.

That's noble ! That's romantic ! For my part,
 I think that " Philo-genitiveness " is—
 (Now here's a word quite after my own heart,
 Though there's a shorter a good deal than this,
 If that politeness set it not apart ;
 But I'm resolved to say nought that's amiss)—
 I say, methinks that " Philo-genitiveness "
 Might meet from men a little more forgiveness.

XXIII.

And now to business.—O my gentle Juan !
 Thou art in London—in that pleasant place,
 Where every kind of mischief's daily brewing,
 Which can await warm youth in its wild race.
 'T is true, that thy career is not a new one ;
 Thou art no novice in the headlong chase
 Of early life ; but this is a new land,
 Which foreigners can never understand.

XXIV.

What with a small diversity of climate,
 Of hot or cold, mercurial or sedate,
 I could send forth my mandate like a primate
 Upon the rest of Europe's social state ;
 But thou art the most difficult to rhyme at,
 Great Britain, which the Muse may penetrate.
 All countries have their " Lions," but in thee
 There is but one superb menagerie.

XXV.

But I am sick of politics. Begin
"Paulo Majora." Juan, undecided
Amongst the paths of being "taken in,"
Above the ice had like a skater glided :
When tired of play, he flirted without sin
With some of those fair creatures who have prided
Themselves on innocent tantalisation,
And hate all vice except its reputation.

XXVI.

But these are few, and in the end they make
Some devilish escapade or stir, which shows
That even the purest people may mistake
Their way through virtue's primrose paths of snows ;
And then men stare, as if a new ass spake
To Balaam, and from tongue to ear o'erflows
Quicksilver small talk, ending (if you note it) [it ?"
With the kind world's amen—"Who would have thought

XXVII.

The little Leila, with her Orient eyes,
And taciturn Asiatic disposition,
(Which saw all Western things with small surprise,
To the surprise of people of condition,
Who think that novelties are butterflies
To be pursued as food for inanition,)
Her charming figure and romantic history
Became a kind of fashionable mystery.

XXVIII.

The women much divided—as is usual
Amongst the sex in little things or great.
Think not, fair creatures, that I mean to abuse you all—
I have always liked you better than I state :
Since I've grown moral, still I must accuse you all
Of being apt to talk at a great rate ;
And now there was a general sensation
Amongst you, about Leila's education.

XXIX.

In one point only were you settled—and
You had reason ; 't was that a young child of grace,
As beautiful as her own native land,
And far away, the last bud of her race,

Howe'er our friend Don Juan might command
 Himself for five, four, three, or two years' space,
 Would be much better taught beneath the eye
 Of peeresses whose follies had run dry.

XXX.

So first there was a generous emulation,
 And then there was a general competition,
 To undertake the orphan's education.
 As Juan was a person of condition,
 It had been an affront on this occasion
 To talk of a subscription or petition;
 But sixteen dowagers, ten unwed she sages,
 Whose tale belongs to "Hallam's Middle Ages,"

XXXI.

And one or two sad, separate wives, without
 A fruit to bloom upon their withering bough—
 Begg'd to bring *up* the little girl, and "*out*,"—
 For that's the phrase that settles all things now,
 Meaning a virgin's first blush at a rout,
 And all her points as thorough-bred to show:
 And I assure you, that like virgin honey
 Tastes their first season (mostly if they have money).

XXXII.

How all the needy honourable misters,
 Each out-at-elbow peer, or desperate dandy,
 The watchful mothers, and the careful sisters,
 (Who, by the by, when clever, are more handy
 At making matches, where "'t is gold that glitters,"
 Than their *he* relatives), like flies o'er candy
 Buzz round "*the* Fortune" with their busy battery,
 To turn her head with waltzing and with flattery!

XXXIII.

Each aunt, each cousin, hath her speculation;
 Nay, married dames will now and then discover
 Such pure disinterestedness of passion,
 I've known them court an heiress for their lover.
 "Tantæne!" Such the virtues of high station,
 Even in the hopeful Isle, whose outlet's "Dover!"
 While the poor rich wretch, object of these cares,
 Has cause to wish her sire had had male heirs.

XXXIV.

Some are soon bagg'd, and some reject three dozen.
 'Tis fine to see them scattering refusals
 And wild dismay o'er every angry cousin
 (Friends of the party), who begin accusals
 Such as—"Unless Miss (Blank) meant to have chosen
 Poor Frederick, why did she accord perusals
 To his billets? *Why* waltz with him? Why, I pray,
 Look *yes* last night, and yet say *no* to-day?"

XXXV.

"Why?—Why?—Besides, Fred really was *attach'd*;
 'T was not her fortune—he has enough without;
 The time will come she'll wish that she had snatch'd
 So good an opportunity, no doubt:—
 But the old Marchioness some plan had hatch'd,
 As I'll tell Aurea at to-morrow's rout:
 And after all poor Frederick may do better—
 Pray did you see her answer to his letter?"

XXXVI.

Smart uniforms and sparkling coronets
 Are spurn'd in turn, until her turn arrives,
 After male loss of time, and hearts, and bets
 Upon the sweepstakes for substantial wives;
 And when at last the pretty creature gets
 Some gentleman,* who fights, or writes, or drives,
 It soothes the awkward squad of the rejected
 To find how very badly she selected.

XXXVII.

For sometimes they accept some long pursuer,
 Worn out with importunity; or fall
 (But here perhaps the instances are fewer)
 To the lot of him who scarce pursued at all.
 A hazy widower turn'd of forty's sure
 (If't is not vain examples to recall)
 To draw a high prize: now, howe'er he got her, I
 See nought more strange in this than t' other lottery.

XXXVIII.

I, for my part—(one "modern instance" more,
 "True, 't is a pity—pity 't is, 't is true")—
 Was chosen from out an amatory score,
 Albeit my years were less discreet than few;

But though I also had reform'd before
 Those became one who soon were to be two,
 I'll not gainsay the generous public's voice,
 That the young lady made a monstrous choice.

XXXIX.

Oh, pardon my digression—or at least
 Peruse! 'T is always with a moral end
 That I dissert, like grace before a feast:
 For like an aged aunt, or tiresome friend,
 A rigid guardian, or a zealous priest,
 My Muse by exhortation means to mend
 All people, at all times, and in most places,
 Which puts my Pegasus to these grave paces.

XL.

But now I'm going to be immoral; now
 I mean to show things really as they are,
 Not as they ought to be: for I avow,
 That till we see what's what in fact, we're far
 From much improvement with that virtuous plough
 Which skims the surface, leaving scarce a scar
 Upon the black loam long manured by Vice,
 Only to keep its corn at the old price.

XLI.

But first of little Leila we'll dispose;
 For like a day-dawn she was young and pure,
 Or like the old comparison of snows,
 Which are more pure than pleasant to be sure,
 Like many people everybody knows.
 Don Juan was delighted to secure
 A good y guardian for his infant charge,
 Who might not profit much by being at large.

XLII.

Besides, he had found out he was no tutor
 (I wish that others would find out the same),
 And rather wish'd in such things to stand neuter,
 For silly wards will bring their guardians blame:
 So when he saw each ancient dame a suitor
 To make his little wild Asiatic tame,
 Consulting "the Society for Vice
 Suppression," Lady Pinchbeck was his choice.

XLIII.

Olden she was—but had been very young:
Virtuous she was—and had been, I believe,
Although the world has such an evil tongue
That—but my chaster ear will not receive
An echo of a syllable that's wrong;
In fact, there's nothing makes me so much grieve,
As that abominable tittle-tattle,
Which is the cud eschew'd by human cattle.

XLIV.

Moreover I've remark'd (and I was once
A slight observer in a modest way),
And so may every one except a dunce,
'That ladies in their youth a little gay,
Besides their knowledge of the world, and sense
Of the sad consequence of going astray,
Are wiser in their warnings 'gainst the woe
Which the mere passionless can never know.

XLV.

While the harsh prude indemnifies her virtue
By railing at the unknown and envied passion,
Seeking far less to save you than to hurt you,
Or, what's still worse, to put you out of fashion—
The kinder veteran with calm words will court you,
Entreating you to pause before you dash on;
Expounding and illustrating the riddle
Of epic Love's beginning, end, and middle.

XLVI.

Now whether it be thus, or that they're stricter,
As better knowing why they should be so,
I think you'll find from many a family picture,
That daughters of such mothers as may know
The world by experience rather than by lecture,
Turn out much better for the Smithfield Show
Of vestals brought into the marriage mart,
Than those bred up by prudes without a heart.

XLVII.

I said that Lady Pinchbeck had been talk'd about—
As who has not, if female, young, and pretty?
But now no more the ghost of Scandal stalk'd about;
She merely was deem'd amiable and witty.

And several of her best bon-mots were hawk'd about :
 Then she was given to charity and pity,
 And pass'd (at least the latter years of life)
 For being a most exemplary wife.

XLVIII.

High in high circles, gentle in her own,
 She was the mild reprovcr of the young,
 Whenever—which means every day—they 'd shown
 An awkward inclination to go wrong.
 The quantity of good she did 's unknown,
 Or at the least would lengthen out my song :
 In brief, the little orphan of the East
 Had raised an interest in her, which increased.

XLIX.

Juan, too, was a sort of favourite with her,
 Because she thought him a good heart at bottom,
 A little spoil'd, but not so altogether ;
 Which was a wonder, if you think who got him,
 And how he had been toss'd, he scarce knew whither :
 Though this might ruin others, it did *not* him,
 At least entirely—for he had seen too many
 Changes in youth, to be surprised at any.

L.

And these vicissitudes tell best in youth ;
 For when they happen at a riper age,
 People are apt to blame the Fates, forsooth,
 And wonder Providence is not more sage.
 Adversity is the first path to truth :
 He who hath proved war, storm, or woman's rage,
 Whether his winters be eighteen or eighty,
 Hath won the experience which is deem'd so weighty.

LL.

How far it profits is another matter.—
 Our hero gladly saw his little charge
 Safe with a lady, whose last grown-up daughter
 Being long married, and thus set at large,
 Had left all the accomplishments she taught her
 To be transmitted, like the Lord Mayor's barge,
 To the next comer ; or—as it will tell
 More Muse-like—like to Cytherea's shell.

LII.

I call such things transmission ; for there is
A floating balance of accomplishment,
Which forms a pedigree from Miss to Miss,
According as their minds or backs are bent.
Some waltz ; some draw ; some fathom the abyss
Of metaphysics ; others are content
With music ; the most moderate shine as wits ;
While others have a genius turn'd for fits.

LIII.

But whether fits, or wits, or harpsichords,
Theology, fine arts, or finer stays,
May be the baits for gentlemen or lords
With regular descent, in these our days,
The last year to the new transfers its hoards ;
New vestals claim men's eyes with the same praise
Of "elegant" *et cætera*, in fresh batches—
All matchless creatures, and yet bent on matches.

LIV.

But now I will begin my poem. 'Tis
Perhaps a little strange, if not quite new,
That from the first of Cantos up to this
I've not begun what we have to go through.
These first twelve books are merely flourishes,
Preludios, trying just a string or two
Upon my lyre, or making the pegs sure ;
And when so, you shall have the overture.

LV.

My Muses do not care a pinch of rosin
About what's call'd success, or not succeeding ;
Such thoughts are quite below the strain they have chosen ;
'Tis a "great moral lesson" they are reading.
I thought, at setting off, about two dozen
Cantos would do ; but at Apollo's pleading,
If that my Pegasus should not be founder'd,
I think to canter gently through a hundred.

LVI.

Don Juan saw that microcosm on stilts,
Yclept the Great World ; for it is the least,
Although the highest ; but as swords have hilts
By which their power of mischief is increased,

When man in battle or in quarrel tilts,
 Thus the low world, north, south, or west, or east,
 Must still obey the high—which is their handle,
 Their moon, their sun, their gas, their farthing candle.

LVII.

He had many friends who had many wives, and was
 Well look'd upon by both, to that extent
 Of friendship which you may accept or pass,
 It does nor good nor harm; being merely meant
 To keep the wheels going of the higher class,
 And draw them nightly when a ticket's sent;
 And what with masquerades, and fêtes, and balls,
 For the first season such a life scarce palls.

LVIII.

A young unmarried man, with a good name
 And fortune has an awkward part to play;
 For good society is but a game,
 "The royal game of Goose," as I may say,
 Where everybody has some separate aim,
 An end to answer, or a plan to lay—
 The single ladies wishing to be double,
 The married ones to save the virgins trouble.

LIX.

I do n't mean this as general, but particular
 Examples may be found of such pursuits:
 Though several also keep their perpendicular
 Like poplars, with good principles for roots;
 Yet many have a method more *reticular*—
 "Fishers for men," like sirens with soft lutes:
 For talk six times with the same single lady,
 And you may get the wedding dresses ready.

LX.

Perhaps you'll have a letter from the mother,
 To say her daughter's feelings are trepann'd;
 Perhaps you'll have a visit from the brother,
 All strut, and stays, and whiskers, to demand
 What "your intentions are?"—One way or other
 It seems the virgin's heart expects your hand:
 And between pity for her case and yours,
 You'll add to Matrimony's list of cures.

LXI.

I've known a dozen weddings made even *thus*,
 And some of them high names : I've also known
 Young men who—though they hated to discuss
 Pretensions which they never dream'd to have shown—
 Yet neither frighten'd by a female fuss,
 Nor by mustachios moved, were let alone,
 And lived, as did the broken-hearted fair,
 In happier plight than if they form'd a pair.

LXII.

There's also nightly, to the uninitiated,
 A peril—not indeed like love or marriage,
 But not the less for this to be depreciated :
 It is—-I meant and mean not to disparage
 The show of virtue even in the vitiated—
 It adds an outward grace unto their carriage—
 But to denounce the amphibious sort of harlot,
 "Couleur de rose," who's neither white nor scarlet.

LXIII.

Such is your cold coquette, who can't say "No,"
 And won't say "Yes," and keeps you on and offing
 On a lee-shore, till it begins to blow—
 Then sees your heart wreck'd with an inward scoffing.
 This works a world of sentimental woe,
 And sends new Werters yearly to their coffin ;
 But yet is merely innocent flirtation,
 Not quite adultery, but adulteration.

LXIV.

"Ye gods, I grow a talker !" Let us prate.
 The next of perils, though I place it *sternest*,
 Is when, without regard to "church or state,"
 A wife makes or takes love in upright earnest.
 Abroad, such things decide few women's fate—
 (Such, early traveller ! is the truth thou learnest)—
 But in old England, when a young bride errs,
 Poor thing ! Eve's was a trifling case to hers.

LXV.

For 't is a low, newspaper, humdrum, lawsuit
 Country, where a young couple of the same ages
 Can't form a friendship, but the world o'erawes it.
 Then there's the vulgar trick of those d——d damages !

A verdict—grievous foe to those who cause it !—
 Forms a sad climax to romantic homages ;
 Besides those soothing speeches of the pleaders,
 And evidences which regale all readers.

LXVI.

But they who blunder thus are raw beginners ;
 A little genial sprinkling of hypocrisy
 Has saved the fame of thousand splendid sinners,
 The loveliest oligarchs of our gynocracy ;
 You may see such at all the balls and dinners,
 Among the proudest of our aristocracy,
 So gentle, charming, charitable, chaste—
 And all by having *tact* as well as taste.

LXVII.

Juan, who did not stand in the predicament
 Of a mere novice, had one safeguard more ;
 For he was sick—no 't was not the word *sick* I meant—
 But he had seen so much good love before,
 That he was not in heart so very weak ;—I meant
 But thus much, and no sneer against the shore
 Of white cliffs, white necks, blue eyes, bluer stockings,
 Tithes, taxes, duns, and doors with double knockings.

LXVIII.

But coming young from lands and scenes romantic,
 Where lives, not lawsuits, must be risk'd for Passion,
 And Passion's self must have a spice of frantic,
 Into a country where 't is half a fashion,
 Seem'd to him half commercial, half pedantic,
 Howe'er he might esteem this moral nation :
 Besides (alas ! his taste—forgive and pity !)
 At first he did not think the women pretty.

LXIX.

I say at *first*—for he found out at *last*,
 But by degrees, that they were fairer far
 Than the more glowing dames whose lot is cast
 Beneath the influence of the eastern star.
 A further proof we should not judge in haste ;
 Yet inexperience could not be his bar
 To taste : the truth is, if men would confess,
 That novelties *please less than they impress*.

LXX.

Though travell'd, I have never had the luck to
Trace up those shuffling negroes, Nile or Niger,
To that impracticable place Timbuctoo,
Where Geography finds no one to oblige her
With such a chart as may be safely stuck to—
For Europe ploughs in Afric like "bos piger ;"
But if I *had been* at Timbuctoo, there
No doubt I should be told that black is fair.

LXXI.

It is. I will not swear that black is white ;
But I suspect in fact that white is black,
And the whole matter rests upon eye-sight.
Ask a blind man, the best judge. You'll attack
Perhaps this new position—but I'm right ;
Or if I'm wrong, I'll not be ta'en aback :—
He hath no morn nor night, but all is dark
Within ; and what seest thou ? A dubious spark.

LXXII.

But I'm relapsing into metaphysics,
That labyrinth, whose clue is of the same
Construction as your cures for hectic phthisis,
Those bright moths fluttering round a dying flame :
And this reflection brings me to plain physics, .
And to the beauties of a foreign dame,
Compared with those of our pure pearls of price,
Those polar summers, *all* sun, and some ice.

LXXIII.

Or say they are like virtuous mermaids, whose
Beginnings are fair faces, ends mere fishes ;—
Not that there's not a quantity of those
Who have a due respect for their own wishes.
Like Russians rushing from hot baths to snows
Are they, at bottom virtuous even when vicious ;
They warm into a scrape, but keep of course,
As a reserve, a plunge into remorse.

LXXIV.

But this has nought to do with their outsides.
I said that Juan did not think them pretty
At the first blush ; for a fair Briton hides
Half her attractions—probably from pity—

And rather calmly into the heart glides,
 Than storms it as a foe would take a city;
 But once there (if you doubt this, prithee try)
 She keeps it for you like a true ally.

LXXV.

She cannot step as does an Arab barb,
 Or Andalusian girl from mass returning,
 Nor wear as gracefully as Gauls her garb,
 Nor in her eye Ausonia's glance is burning;
 Her voice, though sweet, is not so fit to war-
 ble those bravuras (which I still am learning
 To like, though I have been seven years in Italy,
 And have, or had, an ear that served me prettily);—

LXXVI.

She cannot do these things, nor one or two
 Others, in that off-hand and dashing style
 Which takes so much—to give the devil his due;
 Nor is she quite so ready with her smile,
 Nor settles all things in one interview,
 A thing approved as saving time and toil);—
 But though the soil may give you time and trouble,
 Well cultivated, it will render double.

LXXVII.

And if in fact she takes to a “grande passion,”
 It is a very serious thing indeed:
 Nine times in ten 't is but caprice or fashion,
 Coquetry, or a wish to take the lead,
 The pride of a mere child with a new sash on,
 Or wish to make a rival's bosom bleed:
 But the tenth instance will be a tornado,
 For there's no saying what they will or may do.

LXXVIII.

The reason's obvious: if there's an éclat,
 They lose their caste at once, as do the Parias;
 And when the delicacies of the law
 Have fill'd their papers with their comments various,
 Society, that china without flaw,
 (The hypocrite!) will banish them like Marius,
 To sit amidst the ruins of their guilt:
 For Fame's a Carthage not so soon rebuilt.

LXXIX.

Perhaps this is as it should be ;—it is
 A comment on the Gospel's "Sin no more,
 And be thy sins forgiven ;"—but upon this
 I leave the saints to settle their own score.
 Abroad, though doubtless they do much amiss,
 An erring woman finds an opener door
 For her return to Virtue—as they call
 That lady, who should be at home to all.

LXXX.

For me, I leave the matter where I find it,
 Knowing that such uneasy virtue leads
 People some ten times less in fact to mind it,
 And care but for discoveries, and not deeds.
 And as for chastity, you'll never bind it
 By all the laws the strictest lawyer pleads,
 But aggravate the crime you have not prevented,
 By rendering desperate those who had else repented.

LXXXI.

But Juan was no casuist, nor had ponder'd
 Upon the moral lessons of mankind :
 Besides, he had not seen of several hundred
 A lady altogether to his mind.
 A little "blasé"—'t is not to be wonder'd
 At, that his heart had got a tougher rind :
 And though not vainer from his past success,
 No doubt his sensibilities were less.

LXXXII.

He also had been busy seeing sights—
 The Parliament and all the other houses ;
 Had sat beneath the gallery at nights,
 To hear debates whose thunder *roused* (not *rouses*)
 The world to gaze upon those northern lights,
 Which flash'd as far as where the musk-bull browses ;
 He had also stood at times behind the throne—
 But Grey was not arrived, and Chatham gone.

LXXXIII.

He saw, however, at the closing session, *
 That noble sight, when *really* free the nation,
 A king in constitutional possession
 Of such a throne as is the proudest station,

Though despots know it not—till the progression
 Of freedom shall complete their education.
 'Tis not mere splendour makes the show august
 To eye or heart—it is the people's trust.

LXXXIV.

There, too, he saw (whate'er he may be now)
 A Prince, the prince of princes at the time,
 With fascination in his very bow,
 And full of promise, as the spring of prime.
 Though royalty was written on his brow,
 He had *then* the grace, too, rare in every clime,
 Of being, without alloy of fop or beau,
 A finish'd gentleman from top to toe.

LXXXV.

And Juan was received, as hath been said,
 Into the best society; and there
 Occurr'd what often happens, I'm afraid,
 However disciplined and debonnaire:—
 The talent and good humour he display'd,
 Besides the mark'd distinction of his air,
 Exposed him, as was natural, to temptation,
 Even though himself avoided the occasion.

LXXXVI.

But what, and where, with whom, and when, and why,
 Is not to be put hastily together;
 And as my object is morality
 (Whatever people say), I do n't know whether
 I'll leave a single reader's eyelid dry,
 But harrow up his feelings till they wither,
 And hew out a huge monument of pathos,
 As Philip's son proposed to do with Athos.

LXXXVII.

Here the twelfth Canto of our introduction
 Ends. When the body of the book's begun,
 You'll find it of a different construction
 From what some people say 't will be when done;
 The plan at present's simply in concoction.
 I can't oblige you, reader, to read on;
 That's your affair, not mine: a real spirit
 Should neither court neglect, nor dread to bear it.

LXXXVIII.

And if my thunderbolt not always rattles,
 Remember, reader! you have had before
 The worst of tempests and the best of battles,
 That e'er were brew'd from elements or gore,
 Besides the most sublime of—Heaven knows what else;
 An usurer could scarce expect much more—
 But my best canto, save one on astronomy,
 Will turn upon “political economy.”

LXXXIX.

That is your present theme for popularity:
 Now that the public hedge hath scarce a stake,
 It grows an act of patriotic charity,
 To shew the people the best way to break.
My plan (but I, if but for singularity,
 Reserve it) will be very sure to take.
 Meantime, read all the national-debt sinkers,
 And tell me what you think of our great thinkers.

CANTO THE THIRTEENTH.

I.

I **NOW** mean to be serious;—it is time,
 Since laughter now-a-days is deem'd too serious;
 A jest at Vice by Virtue's call'd a crime,
 And critically held as deleterious:
 Besides, the sad's a source of the sublime,
 Although when long a little apt to weary us;
 And therefore shall my lay soar high and solemn,
 As an old temple dwindled to a column.

II.

The Lady Adeline Amundeville
 ('Tis an old Norman name, and to be found
 In pedigrees, by those who wander still
 Along the last fields of that Gothic ground)
 Was high-born, wealthy by her father's will,
 And beauteous, even where beauties most abound,
 In Britain—which of course true patriots find
 The goodliest soil of body and of mind.

? III.

I'll not gainsay them ; it is not my cue ;
 I'll leave them to their taste, no doubt the best :
 An eye's an eye, and whether black or blue,
 Is no great matter, so 't is in request ;
 'T is nonsense to dispute about a hue—
 The kindest may be taken as a test.
 The fair sex should be always fair ; and no man,
 Till thirty, should perceive there's a plain woman.

IV.

And after that serene and somewhat dull
 Epoch, that awkward corner turn'd for days
 More quiet, when our moon's no more at full,
 We may presume to criticise or praise ;
 Because indifference begins to lull
 Our passions, and we walk in wisdom's ways ;
 Also because the figure and the face
 Hint, that 't is time to give the younger place.

V.

I know that some would fain postpone this era,
 Reluctant as all placemen to resign
 Their post ; but theirs is merely a chimera,
 For they have pass'd life's equinoctial line :
 But then they have their claret and Madeira
 To irrigate the dryness of decline ;
 And county meetings, and the parliament,
 And debt, and what not, for their solace sent.

VI.

And is there not religion, and reform,
 Peace, war, the taxes, and what's call'd the "Nation?"
 The struggle to be pilots in a storm?
 The landed and the monied speculation?
 The joys of mutual hate to keep them warm,
 Instead of love, that mere hallucination?
 Now hatred is by far the longest pleasure ;
 Men love in haste, but they detest at leisure.

VII.

Rough Johnson, the great moralist, profess'd,
 Right honestly, "he liked an honest hater!"—
 The only truth that yet has been confest
 Within these latest thousand years or later.

Perhaps the fine old fellow spoke in jest :—

For my part, I am but a mere spectator,
And gaze where'er the palace or the hovel is,
Much in the mode of Goethy's Mephistopheles ;

VIII.

But neither love nor hate in much excess ;
Though 't was not once so. If I sneer sometimes,
It is because I cannot well do less,

And now and then it also suits my rhymes.
I should be very willing to redress
Men's wrongs, and rather check than punish crimes,
Had not Cervantes, in that too true tale
Of Quixote, shown how all such efforts fail.

IX.

Of all tales 't is the saddest—and more sad,
Because it makes us smile : his hero's right,
And still pursues the right ;—to curb the bad
His only object, and 'g ainst odds to fight
His guerdon : 't is his virtue makes him mad !
But his adventures form a sorry sight ;—
A sorrier still is the great moral taught
By that real epic unto all who have thought.

X.

Redressing injury, revenging wrong,
To aid the damsel and destroy the caitiff ;
Opposing singly the united strong,
From foreign yoke to free the helpless native :—
Alas ! must noblest views, like an old song,
Be for mere fancy's sport a thing creative,
A jest, a riddle, Fame through thick and thin sought !
And Socrates himself but Wisdom's Quixote ?

XI.

Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away ;
A single laugh demolish'd the right arm
Of his own country ;—seldom since that day
Has Spain had heroes. While Romance could charm,
The world gave ground before her bright array ;
And therefore have his volumes done such harm,
That all their glory, as a composition,
Was dearly purchased by his land's perdition.

XII.

I'm "at my old lunes"—digression, and forget
 The Lady Adeline Amundeville;
 The fair most fatal Juan, ever met,
 Although she was not evil nor meant ill;
 But Destiny and Passion spread the net
 (Fate is a good excuse for our own will),
 And caught them;—what do they *not* catch, methinks?
 But I'm not *C*edipus, and life's a Sphinx.

XIII.

I tell the tale as it is told, nor dare
 To venture a solution: "Davus sum!"
 And now I will proceed upon the pair.
 Sweet Adeline, amidst the gay world's hum,
 Was the Queen Bee, the glass of all that's fair;
 Whose charms made all men speak, and women dumb.
 The last's a miracle, and such was reckon'd,
 And since that time there has not been a second.

XIV.

Chaste was she, to detraction's desperation,
 And wedded unto one she had loved well—
 A man known in the councils of the nation,
 Cool, and quite English, imperturbable,
 Though apt to act with fire upon occasion,
 Proud of himself and her: the world could tell
 Nought against either, and both seem'd secure—
 She in her virtue, he in his hauteur.

XV.

It chanced some diplomatical relations,
 Arising out of business, often brought
 Himself and Juan in their mutual stations
 Into close contact. Though reserved, nor caught
 By specious seeming, Juan's youth, and patience,
 And talent, on his haughty spirit wrought,
 And form'd a basis of esteem, which ends
 In making men what courtesy calls friends.

XVI.

And thus Lord Henry, who was cautious as
 Reserve and pride could make him, and full slow
 In judging men—when once his judgment was
 Determined, right or wrong, on friend or foe,

Had all the pertinacity pride has,
Which knows no ebb to its imperious flow,
And loves or hates, disdaining to be guided,
Because its own good pleasure hath decided.

XVII.

His friendships, therefore, and no less aversions,
Though oft well founded, which confirm'd but more
His prepossessions, like the laws of Persians
And Medes, would ne'er revoke what went before.
His feelings had not those strange fits, like tertians,
Of common likings, which make some deplore
What they should laugh at—the mere ague still
Of men's regard, the fever or the chill.

XVIII.

"'Tis not in mortals to command success:
But *do you more*, Sempronius—*do n't* deserve it,"
And take my word, you won't have any less.
Be wary, watch the time, and always serve it;
Give gently way, when there's too great a press;
And for your conscience only learn to nerve it,
For, like a racer or a boxer training,
'T will make, if proved, vast efforts without paining.

XIX.

Lord Henry also liked to be superior,
As most men do, the little or the great;
The very lowest find out an inferior,
At least they think so, to exert their state
Upon: for there are very few things wearier
Than solitary Pride's oppressive weight,
Which mortals generously would divide,
By bidding others carry while they ride.

XX.

In birth, in rank, in fortune likewise equal,
O'er Juan he could no distinction claim;
In years he had the advantage of time's sequel;
And, as he thought, in country much the same—
Because bold Britons have a tongue and free quill,
At which all modern nations vainly aim;
And the Lord Henry was a great debater,
So that few members kept the House up later.

XXI.

These were advantages : and then he thought—
 It was his foible, but by no means sinister—
 That few or none more than himself had caught
 Court mysteries, having been himself a minister :
 He liked to teach that which he had been taught,
 And greatly shone whenever there had been a stir ;
 And reconciled all qualities which grace man,
 Always a patriot, and sometimes a placeman.

XXII.

He liked the gentle Spaniard for his gravity ;
 He almost honour'd him for his docility ;
 Because, though young, he acquiesced with suavity,
 Or contradicted but with proud humility.
 He knew the world, and would not see depravity
 In faults which sometimes show the soil's fertility,
 If that the weeds o'erlive not the first crop—
 For then they 're very difficult to stop.

XXIII.

And then he talk'd with him about Madrid,
 Constantinople, and such distant places ;
 Where people always did as they were bid,
 Or did what they should not with foreign graces.
 Of coursers also spake they : Henry rid
 Well, like most Englishmen, and loved the races ;
 And Juan, like a true-born Andalusian,
 Could back a horse, as despots ride a Russian.

XXIV.

And thus acquaintance grew, at noble routs,
 And diplomatic dinners, or at other—
 For Juan stood well both with Ins and Outs,
 As in freemasonry a higher brother.
 Upon his talent Henry had no doubts ;
 His manner show'd him sprung from a high mother ;
 And all men like to show their hospitality
 To him whose breeding matches with his quality.

XXV.

At Blank-Blank Square ;—for we will break no squares
 By naming streets : since men are so censorious,
 And apt to sow an author's wheat with tares,
 Reaping allusions private and inglorious,

Where none were dreamt of, unto love's affairs,
Which were, or are, or are to be notorious,
That therefore do I previously declare,
Lord Henry's mansion was in Blank-Blank Square.

XXVI.

Also there bin another pious reason
For making squares and streets anonymous;
Which is, that there is scarce a single season
Which doth not shake some very splendid house
With some slight heart-quake of domestic treason—
A topic scandal doth delight to rouse:
Such I might stumble over unawares,
Unless I knew the very chastest squares.

XXVII.

'Tis true, I might have chosen Piccadilly,
A place where peccadillos are unknown;
But I have motives, whether wise or silly,
For letting that pure sanctuary alone.
Therefore I name not square, street, place, until I
Find one where nothing naughty can be shown,
A vestal shrine of innocence of heart:
Such are—but I have lost the London Chart.

XXVIII.

At Henry's mansion then, in Blank-Blank Square,
Was Juan a *recherché*, welcome guest,
As many other noble scions were;
And some who had but talent for their crest;
Or wealth, which is a passport everywhere;
Or even mere fashion, which indeed 's the best
Recommendation; and to be well drest
Will very often supersede the rest.

XXIX.

And since "there 's safety in a multitude
Of counsellors," as Solomon has said,
Or some one for him, in some sage grave mood;—
Indeed we see the daily proof display'd
In senates, at the bar, in the wordy feud,
Where'er collective wisdom can parade,
Which is the only cause that we can guess
Of Britain's present wealth and happiness;—

XXX.

But as "there's safety" grafted in the number
"Of counsellors" for men,—thus for the sex
A large acquaintance lets not Virtue slumber;
Or should it shake, the choice will more perplex—
Variety itself will more encumber.
'Midst many rocks we guard more against wrecks;
And thus with women: howsoe'er it shocks some's
Self-love, there's safety in a crowd of coxcombs.

XXXI.

But Adeline had not the least occasion
For such a shield, which leaves but little merit
To virtue proper, or good education.
Her chief resource was in her own high spirit,
Which judg'd mankind at their due estimation;
And for coquetry, she disdain'd to wear it:
Secure of admiration, its impression
Was faint as of an every-day possession.

XXXII.

To all she was polite without parade;
To some she show'd attention of that kind
Which flatters, but is flattery convey'd
In such a sort as cannot leave behind
A trace unworthy either wife or maid;—
A gentle, genial courtesy of mind,
To those who were, or pass'd for, meritorious,
Just to console sad glory for being glorious;

XXXIII.

Which is in all respects, save now and then,
A dull and desolate appendage. Gaze
Upon the shades of those distinguish'd men
Who were or are the puppet-shows of praise,
The praise of persecution. Gaze again
On the most favour'd; and amidst the blaze
Of sunset halos o'er the laurel-brow'd,
What can ye recognise?—a gilded cloud.

XXXIV.

There also was of course in Adeline
That calm patrician polish in the address,
Which ne'er can pass the equinoctial line
Of anything which nature would express;

Just as a mandarin finds nothing fine,—
 At least his manner suffers not to guess,
 That anything he views can greatly please.
 Perhaps we have borrow'd this from the Chinese—

XXXV.

Perhaps from Horace : his "*Nil admirari*"
 Was what he call'd the "Art of Happiness ;"
 An art on which the artists greatly vary,
 And have not yet attain'd to much success.
 However, 't is expedient to be wary :
 Indifference certes do n't produce distress ;
 And rash enthusiasm in good society
 Were nothing but a moral inebriety.

XXXVI.

But Adeline was not indifferent ; for
 (*Now* for a common-place !) beneath the snow,
 As a volcano holds the lava more
 Within—*et cetera*. Shall I go on ?—No !
 I hate to hunt down a tired metaphor,
 So let the often-used volcano go.
 Poor thing ! How frequently, by me and others,
 It hath been stirr'd up till its smoke quite smothers !

XXXVII.

I'll have another figure in a trice :—
 What say you to a bottle of champagne ?
 Frozen into a very vinous ice,
 Which leaves few drops of that immortal rain,
 Yet in the very centre, past all price,
 About a liquid glassful will remain ;
 And this is stronger than the strongest grape
 Could e'er express in its expanded shape :

XXXVIII.

'T is the whole spirit brought to a quintessence ;
 And thus the chilliest aspects may concentrate
 A hidden nectar under a cold presence.
 And such are many—though I only meant her
 From whom I now deduce these moral lessons,
 On which the Muse has always sought to enter,
 And your cold people are beyond all price,
 When once you've broken their confounded ice.

XXXIX.

But after all they are a North-West Passage
 Unto the glowing India of the soul ;
 And as the good ships sent upon that message
 Have not exactly ascertain'd the Pole
 (Though Parry's efforts look a lucky presage),
 Thus gentlemen may run upon a shoal ;
 For if the Pole's not open, but all frost
 (A chance still), 't is a voyage or vessel lost.

XL.

And young beginners may as well commence
 With quiet cruising o'er the ocean woman ;
 While those who are not beginners should have sense
 Enough to make for port, ere Time shall summon
 With his grey signal-flag ; and the past tense,
 The dreary "*Fuimus*" of all things human,
 Must be declined, while life's thin thread 's spun out
 Between the gaping heir and gnawing gout.

XLI.

But heaven must be diverted ; its diversion
 Is sometimes truculent—but never mind ;
 The world upon the whole is worth the assertion
 (If but for comfort) that all things are kind :
 And that same devilish doctrine of the Persian,
 Of the two principles, but leaves behind
 As many doubts as any other doctrine
 Has ever puzzled faith withal, or yoked her in.

XLII.

The English winter—ending in July,
 To recommence in August—now was done.
 'Tis the postilion's paradise : wheels fly ;
 On roads, east, south, north, west, there is a run.
 But for post-horses who finds sympathy ?
 Man's pity's for himself, or for his son,
 Always premising that said son at college
 Has not contracted much more debt than knowledge.

XLIII.

The London winter's ended in July—
 Sometimes a little later. I do n't err
 In this : whatever other blunders lie
 Upon my shoulders, here I must aver

My Muse a glass of weatherology;
 For parliament is our barometer:
 Let radicals its other acts attack,
 Its sessions form our only almanack.

XLIV.

When its quicksilver's down at zéro,—lo!
 Coach, chariot, luggage, baggage, equipage!
 Wheels whirl from Carlton palace to Soho,
 And happiest they who horses can engage;
 The turnpikes glow with dust; and Rotten Row
 Sleeps from the chivalry of this bright age;
 And tradesmen, with long bills and longer faces,
 Sigh—as the postboys fasten on the traces.

XLV.

They and their bills, “Arcadians both,” are left
 To the Greek kalends of another session.
 Alas! to them of ready cash bereft,
 What hope remains? Of *hope* the full possession
 Or generous draft, conceded as a gift,
 At a long date—till they can get a fresh one—
 Hawk'd about at a discount, small or large;
 Also the solace of an overcharge.

XLVI.

But these are trifles. Downward flies my lord,
 Nodding beside my lady in his carriage.
 Away! away! “Fresh horses!” are the word,
 And changed as quickly as hearts after marriage;
 The obsequious landlord hath the change restored;
 The postboys have no reason to disparage
 Their fee; but ere the water'd wheels may hiss hence,
 The ostler pleads too for a reminiscence.

XLVII.

'T is granted; and the valet mounts the dickey—
 That gentleman of lords and gentlemen;
 Also my lady's gentlewoman, tricky,
 Trick'd out, but modest more than poet's pen
 Can paint,—“*Così viaggino i Ricchi!*”
 (Excuse a foreign slipslop now and then,
 If but to show I've travell'd: and what's travel,
 Unless it teaches one to quote and cavil?)

XLVIII.

The London winter and the country summer
 Were well nigh over. 'T is perhaps a pity,
 When Nature wears the gown that doth become her
 To lose those best months in a sweaty city,
 And wait until the pightingale grows dumber,
 Listening debates not very wise or witty,
 Ere patriots their true *country* can remember ;—
 But there's no shooting (save grouse) till September.

XLIX.

I've done with my tirade. The world was gone ;
 The twice two thousand, for whom earth was made,
 Were vanish'd to be what they call alone—
 That is, with thirty servants for parade,
 As many guests, or more ; before whom groan
 As many covers, duly, daily laid.
 Let none accuse old England's hospitality—
 Its quantity is but condensed to quality.

L.

Lord Henry and the Lady Adeline
 Departed like the rest of their compeers,
 The peerage, to a mansion very fine ;
 The Gothic Babel of a thousand years.
 None than themselves could boast a longer line,
 Where time through heroes and through beauties steers ;
 And oaks as olden as their pedigree
 Told of their sires, a tomb in every tree.

LI.

A paragraph in every paper told
 Of their departure : such is modern fame :
 'T is pity that it takes no further hold
 Than an advertisement, or much the same ;
 When, ere the ink be dry, the sound grows cold.
 The Morning Post was foremost to proclaim—
 "Departure, for his country seat, to-day,
 Lord H. Amundeville and Lady A.

LII.

"We understand the splendid host intends
 To entertain, this autumn, a select
 And numerous party of his noble friends ;
 'Midst whom we have heard, from sources quite correct,

The Duke of D—— the shooting season spends,
With many more by rank and fashion deck'd;
Also a foreigner of high condition,
The envoy of the secret Russian mission."

LIII.

And thus we see—who doubts the Morning Post?
(Whose articles are like the "Thirty-nine,"
Which those most swear to who believe them most)—
Our gay Russ Spaniard was ordain'd to shine,
Deck'd by the rays reflected from his host,
With those who, Pope says, "greatly daring dine."—
'T is odd, but true,—last war the News abounded
More with these dinners than the kill'd or wounded;—

LIV.

As thus: "On Thursday there was a grand dinner;
Present, Lords A. B. C."—Earls, dukes, by name
Announced with no less pomp than victory's winner:
Then underneath, and in the very same
Column: date, "Falmouth. There has lately been here
The Slap-dash regiment, so well known to fame,
Whose loss in the late action we regret:
The vacancies are fill'd up—see Gazette."

•LV.

To Norman Abbey whirl'd the noble pair,—
An old, old monastery once, and now
Still older mansion,—of a rich and rare
Mix'd Gothic, such as artists all allow
Few specimens yet left us can compare
Withal: it lies perhaps a little low,
Because the monks preferr'd a hill behind,
To shelter their devotion from the wind.

LVI.

It stood embosom'd in a happy valley,
Crown'd by high woodlands, where the Druid oak
Stood, like Caractacus, in act to rally
His host, with broad arms 'gainst the thunder-stroke,
And from beneath his boughs were seen to sally
The dappled foresters; as day awoke,
The branching stag swept down with all his herd,
'To quaff a brook which murmur'd like a bird.

LVII.

Before the mansion lay a lucid lake,
 Broad as transparent, deep, and freshly fed
 By a river, which its soften'd way did take
 In currents through the calmer water spread
 Around : the wildfowl nestled in the brake
 And sedges, brooding in their liquid bed :
 The woods sloped downwards to its brink, and stood
 With their green faces fix'd upon the flood.

LVIII.

Its outlet dash'd into a deep cascade,
 Sparkling with foam, until again subsiding,
 Its shriller echoes—like an infant made
 Quiet—sank into softer ripples, gliding
 Into a rivulet : and thus allay'd,
 Pursued its course, now gleaming, and now hiding
 Its windings through the woods ; now clear, now blue,
 According as the skies their shadows threw.

LIX.

A glorious remnant of the Gothic pile
 (While yet the church was Rome's) stood half apart
 In a grand arch, which once screen'd many an aisle.
 These last had disappear'd—a loss to art :
 The first yet frown'd superbly o'er the soil,
 And kindled feelings in the roughest heart,
 Which mourn'd the power of time's or tempest's march,
 In gazing on that venerable arch.

LX.

Within a niche, nigh to its pinnacle,
 Twelve saints had once stood sanctified in stone ;
 But these had fallen, not when the friars fell,
 But in the war which struck Charles from his throne,
 When each house was a fortalice—as tell
 The annals of full many a line undone,—
 The gallant cavaliers, who fought in vain
 For those who knew not to resign or reign.

LXI.

But in a higher niche, alone, but crown'd,
 The Virgin-Mother of the God-born Child,
 With her Son in her blessed arms, look'd round ;
 Spared by some chance when all beside was spoil'd :

She made the earth below seem holy ground.

This may be superstition, weak or wild,
But even the faintest relics of a shrine
Of any worship wake some thoughts divine.

LXII. •

A mighty window, hollow in the centre,
Shorn of its glass of thousand colourings,
Through which the deepen'd glories once could enter,
Streaming from off the sun like seraph's wings,
Now yawns all desolate : now loud, now fainter,
The gale sweeps through its fretwork, and oft sings
The owl his anthem, where the silenced quire
Lie with their hallelujahs quench'd like fire.

LXIII.

But in the noontide of the moon, and when
The wind is winged from one point of heaven,
There moans a strange unearthly sound, which then
Is musical—a dying accent driven
Through the huge arch, which soars and sinks again.
Some deem it but the distant echo given
Back to the night wind by the waterfall,
And harmonised by the old choral wall :

LXIV.

Others, that some original shape, or form
Shaped by decay perchance, hath given the power
(Though less than that of Memnon's statue, warm
In Egypt's rays, to harp at a fix'd hour)
To this grey ruin, with a voice to charm :
Sad, but serene, it sweeps o'er tree or tower ;
The cause I know not, nor can solve ; but such
The fact :—I've heard it,—once perhaps too much.

LXV.

Amidst the court a Gothic fountain play'd,
Symmetrical, but deck'd with carvings quaint—
Strange faces, like to men in masquerade,
And here perhaps a monster, there a saint :
The spring gush'd through grim mouths of granite made,
And sparkled into basins, where it spent
Its little torrent in a thousand bubbles,
Like man's vain glory, and his vainer troubles.

LXVI.

The mansion's self was vast and venerable,
 With more of the monastic than has been
 Elsewhere preserved : the cloisters still were stable,
 The cells, too, and refectory, I ween :
 An exquisite small chapel had been able,
 Still unimpair'd, to decorate the scene ;
 The rest had been reform'd, replaced, or sunk,
 And spoke more of the baron than the monk.

LXVII.

Huge halls, long galleries, spacious chambers, join'd
 By no quite lawful marriage of the arts,
 Might shock a connoisseur ; but when combined,
 Form'd a whole which, irregular in parts,
 Yet left a grand impression on the mind,
 At least of those whose eyes are in their hearts :
 We gaze upon a giant for his stature,
 Nor judge at first if all be true to nature.

LXVIII.

Steel barons, molten the next generation
 To silken rows of gay and garter'd earls,
 Glanced from the walls in goodly preservation :
 And Lady Marys blooming into girls,
 With fair long locks, had also kept their station :
 And countesses mature in robes and pearls :
 Also some beauties of Sir Peter Lely,
 Whose drapery hints we may admire them freely.

LXIX.

Judges in very formidable ermine
 Were there, with brows that did not much invite
 The accused to think their lordships would determine
 His cause by leaning much from might to right :
 Bishops, who had not left a single sermon ;
 Attorneys-general, awful to the sight,
 As hinting more (unless our judgments warp us)
 Of the " Star Chamber " than of " Habeas Corpus."

LXX.

Generals, some all in armour, of the old
 And iron time, ere lead had ta'en the lead ;
 Others in wigs of Marlborough's martial fold,
 Huger than twelve of our degenerate breed :

Lordlings, with staves of white or keys of gold :
Nimrods, whose canvas scarce contain'd the steed ;
And here and there some stern high patriot stood,
Who could not get the place for which he sued.

LXXI.

But ever and anon, to soothe your vision,
Fatigued with these hereditary glories,
There rose a Carlo Dolce or a Titian,
Or wilder group of savage Salvatore's :
Here danced Albano's boys, and here the sea shone
In Vernet's ocean lights ; and there the stories
Of martyrs awed, as Spagnoletto tainted
His brush with all the blood of all the sainted.

LXXII.

Here sweetly spread a landscape of Lorraine ;
There Rembrandt made his darkness equal light,
Or gloomy Caravaggio's gloomier stain
Bronzed o'er some lean and stoic anchorite :—
But, lo ! a Teniers woos, and not in vain,
Your eyes to revel in a livelier sight :
His bell-mouth'd goblet makes me feel quite Danish
Or Dutch with thirst—What, ho ! a flask of Rhenish.

LXXIII.

O reader ! if that thou canst read,—and know,
'T is not enough to spell, or even to read,
To constitute a reader ; there must go
Virtues of which both you and I have need.
Firstly, begin with the beginning—(though
That clause is hard) ; and secondly, proceed :
Thirdly, commence not with the end—or, sinning
In this sort, end at last with the beginning.

LXXIV.

But reader, thou hast patient been of late,
While I, without remorse of rhyme, or fear,
Have built and laid out ground at such a rate,
Dan Phœbus takes me for an auctioneer.
That poets were so from their earliest date,
By Homer's " Catalogue of ships " is clear ;
But a mere modern must be moderate—
I spare you then the furniture and plate.

LXXV.

The mellow autumn came, and with it came
 The promised party, to enjoy its sweets.
 The corn is cut, the manor full of game ;
 The pointer ranges, and the sportsman beats
 In russet-jacket :—lynx-like is his aim ;
 Full grows his bag, and wonderful his feats.
 Ah, nutbrown partridges ! Ah, brilliant pheasants !
 And ah, ye poachers !—'T is no sport for peasants.

LXXVI.

An English autumn, though it hath no vines,
 Blushing with Bacchant coronals along
 The paths, o'er which the far festoon entwines
 The red grape in the sunny lands of song,
 Hath yet a purchased choice of choicest wines ;
 The claret light, and the Madeira strong ;
 If Britain mourn her bleakness, we can tell her,
 The very best of vineyards is the cellar.

LXXVII.

Then, if she hath not that serene decline
 Which makes the southern autumn's day appear
 As if 't would to a second spring resign
 The season, rather than to winter drear,—
 Of in-door comforts still she hath a mine,—
 The sea-coal fires, the "earliest of the year ;"
 Without-doors, too, she may compete in mellow,
 As what is lost in green is gain'd in yellow.

LXXVIII.

And for the effeminate *ville giatura*—
 Rife with more horns than hounds—she hath the chase,
 So animated that it might allure a
 Saint from his beads to join the jocund race ;
 Even Nimrod's self might leave the plains of Dura,
 And wear the Melton jacket for a space :
 If she hath no wild boars, she hath a tame
 Preserve of bores, who ought to be made game.

LXXIX.

The noble guests, assembled at the Abbey,
 Consisted of—we give the sex the *pas*—
 The Duchess of Fitz-Fulke ; the Countess Crabby ;
 The Ladies Scilly, Busey ;—Miss Eclat,

Miss Bombazeen, Miss Mackstay, Miss O'Tabby,
 And Mrs. Rabbi, the rich banker's squaw;
 Also the Honourable Mrs. Sleep,
 Who look'd a white lamb, yet was a black sheep:

LXXX.

With other Countesses of Blank—but rank;
 At once the “lie” and the “élite” of crowds;
 Who pass like water filter'd in a tank,
 All purged and pious from their native clouds;
 Or paper turn'd to money by the Bank:
 No matter how or why, the passport shrouds
 The “passée” and the past; for good society
 Is no less famed for tolerance than piety,—

LXXXI.

That is, up to a certain point; which point
 Forms the most difficult in punctuation.
 Appearances appear to form the joint
 On which it hinges in a higher station;
 And so that no explosion cry “Aroint
 Thee, witch!” or each Medea has her Jason;
 Or (to the point with Horace and with Pulci)
 “*Omne tulit punctum, quæ miscuit utile dulci.*”

LXXXII.

I can't exactly trace their rule of right,
 Which hath a little leaning to a lottery.
 I've seen a virtuous woman put down quite
 By the mere combination of a coterie;
 Also a so-so matron boldly fight
 Her way back to the world by dint of plottery,
 And shine the very *Siria* of the spheres,
 Escaping with a few slight, scarless sneers.

LXXXIII.

I have seen more than I'll say:—but we will see
 How our *villeggiatura* will get on.
 The party might consist of thirty-three
 Of highest caste—the Brahmins of the ton.
 I have named a few, not foremost in degree,
 But ta'en at hazard as the rhyme may run.
 By way of sprinkling, scatter'd amongst these
 There were also some Irish absentees.

LXXXIV.

There was Parolles, too, the legal bully,
 Who limits all his battles to the bar
 And senate: when invited elsewhere, truly,
 He shows more appetite for words than war.
 There was the young^g bard Rackrhyme, who had newly
 Come out and glimmer'd as a six weeks' star.
 There was Lord Pyrrho, too, the great free-thinker;
 And Sir John Pottledeep, the mighty drinker.

LXXXV.

There was the Duke of Dash, who was a—duke,
 “Ay, every inch a” duke; there were twelve peers
 Like Charlemagne's—and all such peers in look
 And intellect that neither eyes nor ears
 For commoners had ever them mistook.
 There were the six Miss Rawbolds—pretty dears!
 All song and sentiment; whose hearts were set
 Less on a convent than a coronet.

LXXXVI.

There were four Honourable Misters, whose
 Honour was more before their names than after;
 There was the preux Chevalier de la Ruse,
 Whom France and Fortune lately deign'd to waft here,
 Whose chiefly harmless talent was to amuse;
 But the clubs found it rather serious laughter,
 Because—such was his magic power to please—
 The dice seem'd charm'd, too, with his repartees.

LXXXVII.

There was Dick Dubious, the metaphysician,
 Who loved philosophy and a good dinner;
 Angle, the soi-disant mathematician;
 Sir Henry Silvercup, the great race-winner.
 There was the Reverend Rodomont Precisian,
 Who did not hate so much the sin as sinner;
 And Lord Augustus Fitz-Plantagenet,
 Good at all things, but better at a bet.

LXXXVIII.

There was Jack Jargon, the gigantic guardsman;
 And General Fireface, famous in the field,
 A great tactician, and no less a swordsman,
 Who ate, last war, more Yankees than he kill'd.

There was the waggish Welsh Judge, Jefferies Hardsman,
 In his grave office so completely skill'd,
 That when a culprit came for condemnation,
 He had his judge's joke for consolation.

LXXXIX.

Good company's a chess-board—there are kings,
 Queens, bishops, knights, rooks, pawns; the world's a
 Save that the puppets pull at their own strings, [game;
 Methinks gay Punch hath something of the same.
 My Muse, the butterfly, hath but her wings,
 Not stings, and flits through ether without aim,
 Alighting rarely:—were she but a hornet,
 Perhaps there might be vices which would mourn it.

XC.

I had forgotten—but must not forget—
 An orator, the latest of the session,
 Who had deliver'd well a very set
 Smooth speech, his first and maidenly transgression
 Upon debate: the papers echoed yet
 With his *début*, which made a strong impression,
 And rank'd with what is every day display'd—
 “The best first speech that ever yet was made.”

• XCI.

Proud of his “Hear him!” proud, too, of his vote
 And lost virginity of oratory,
 Proud of his learning (just enough to quote),
 He revell'd in his Ciceronian glory:
 With memory excellent to get by rote,
 With wit to hatch a pun or tell a story,
 Graced with some merit, and with more effrontery,
 “His country's pride,” he came down to the country.

XCII.

There also were two wits by acclamation,
 Longbow from Ireland, Strongbow from the Tweed,
 Both lawyers and both men of education;
 But Strongbow's wit was of more polish'd breed:
 Longbow was rich in an imagination
 As beautiful and as bounding as a steed,
 But sometimes stumbling over a potato;—
 While Strongbow's best things might have come from Cato.

XCIII.

Strongbow was like a new-tuned harpsichord;
 But Longbow wild as an Æolian harp,
 With which the winds of heaven can claim accord,
 And make a music, whether flat or sharp.
 Of Strongbow's talk you would not change a word:
 At Longbow's phrases you might sometimes carp:
 Both wits—one born so, and the other bred,
 This by his heart—his rival by his head.

XCIV.

If all these seem a heterogeneous mass
 To be assembled at a country seat,
 Yet think, a specimen of every class
 Is better than a humdrum tête-à-tête.
 The days of Comedy are gone, alas!
 When Congreve's fool could vie with Molière's *bête*:
 Society is smooth'd to that excess,
 That manners hardly differ more than dress.

XCV.

Our ridicules are kept in the background—
 Ridiculous enough, but also dull;
 Professions, too, are no more to be found
 Professional; and there is nought to cull
 Of folly's fruit; for though your fools abound,
 They're barren, and not worth the pains to pull.
 Society is now one polish'd horde,
 Form'd of two mighty tribes, the *Bores* and *Bored*.

XCVI.

But from being farmers, we turn gleaners, gleaning
 The scanty but right well-thresh'd ears of truth;
 And, gentle reader! when you gather meaning,
 You may be Boaz, and I—modest Ruth.
 Further I'd quote, but Scripture intervening
 Forbids. A great impression in my youth
 Was made by Mrs. Adams, where she cries
 "That Scriptures out of church are blasphemies."

XCVII.

But what we can we glean in this vile age
 Of chaff, although our gleanings be not grist.
 I must not quite omit the talking sage,
 Kif-Cat, the famous Conversationist,

Who, in his common-place book, had a page
Prepared each morn for evenings. "List, oh list!"
"Alas, poor ghost!"—What unexpected woes
Await those who have studied their *bons-mots*!

XCVIII.

Firstly, they must allure the conversation
By many windings to their clever clinch;
And secondly, must let slip no occasion,
Nor *bate* (abate) their hearers of an *inch*,
But take an ell—and make a great sensation,
If possible; and thirdly, never flinch
When some smart talker puts them to the test,
But seize the last word, which no doubt's the best.

XCIX.

Lord Henry and his lady were the hosts;
The party we have touch'd on were the guests.
Their table was a board to tempt even ghosts
To pass the Styx for more substantial feasts.
I will not dwell upon ragoûts or roasts,
Albeit all human history attests
That happiness for man—the hungry sinner!—
Since Eve ate apples, much depends on dinner.

Witness the lands which "flow'd with milk and honey,"
Held out unto the hungry Israelites:
To this we have added since, the love of money,
The only sort of pleasure which requites.
Youth fades, and leaves our days no longer sunny;
We tire of mistresses and parasites;
But oh, ambrosial cash! Ah! who would lose thee?
When we no more can use, or even abuse thee!

CI.

The gentlemen got up betimes to shoot,
Or hunt: the young, because they liked the sport—
The first thing boys like after play and fruit;
The middle-aged, to make the day more short;
For *ennui* is a growth of English root,
Though nameless in our language: we retort
The fact for words, and let the French translate
That awful yawn which sleep cannot abate.

CII.

The elderly walk'd through the library,
 And tumbled books, or criticised the pictures,
 Or saunter'd through the gardens piteously,
 And made upon the hot-house several strictures,
 Or rode a nag which trotted not too high,
 Or on the morning-papers read their lectures,
 Or on the watch their longing eyes would fix,
 Longing at sixty for the hour of six.

CIII.

But none were "géné:" the great hour of union
 Was rung by dinner's knell; till then all were
 Masters of their own time—or in communion,
 Or solitary, as they chose to bear
 The hours, which how to pass is but to few known.
 Each rose up at his own, and had to spare
 What time he chose for dress, and broke his fast
 When, where, and how he chose for that repast.

CIV.

The ladies—some rouged, some a little pale—
 Met the morn as they might. If fine, they rode,
 Or walk'd; if foul, they read, or told a tale,
 Sung, or rehearsed the last dance from abroad;
 Discuss'd the fashion which might next prevail,
 And settled bonnets by the newest code,
 Or cramm'd twelve sheets into one little letter,
 To make each correspondent a new debtor.

CV.

For some had absent lovers, all had friends,
 The earth has nothing like a she epistle,
 And hardly heaven—because it never ends.
 I love the mystery of a female missal,
 Which, like a creed, ne'er says all it intends,
 But full of cunning as Ulysses' whistle,
 When he allured poor Dolon:—you had better
 Take care what you reply to such a letter.

CVI.

Then there were billiards; cards, too, but *no* dice;—
 Save in the clubs no man of honour plays;—
 Boats when 't was water, skating when 't was ice,
 And the hard frost destroy'd the scenting days:

And angling, too, that solitary vice,
 Whatever Izaak Walton sings or says :
 The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, in his gullet
 Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it.

CVII.

With evening came the banquet and the wine ;
 The conversazione ; the duet,
 Attuned by voices more or less divine
 (My heart or head aches with the memory yet).
 The four Miss Rawbolds in a glee would shine ;
 But the two youngest loved more to be set
 Down to the harp—because to music's charms
 They added graceful necks, white hands and arms.

CVIII.

Sometimes a dance (though rarely on field days,
 For then the gentlemen were rather tired)
 Display'd some sylph-like figures in its maze ;
 Then there was small talk ready when required ;
 Flirtation—but decorous ; the mere praise
 Of charms that should or should not be admired.
 The hunters fought their fox-hunt o'er again,
 And then retreated soberly—at ten.

• CIX.

The politicians, in a nook apart,
 Discuss'd the world, and settled all the spheres ;
 The wits watch'd every loophole for their art,
 To introduce a bon-mot head and ears ;
 Small is the rest of those who would be smart,
 A moment's good thing may have cost them years
 Before they find an hour to introduce it ;
 And then, even *then*, some bore may make them lose it.

CX.

But all was gentle and aristocratic
 In this our party ; polish'd, smooth, and cold,
 As Phidian forms cut out of marble Attic.
 There now are no Squire Westerns as of old ;
 And our Sophias are not so emphatic,
 But fair as then, or fairer to behold.
 We have no accomplish'd blackguards, like Tom Jones,
 But gentlemen in stays, as stiff as stones.

CXI.

They separated at an early hour ;
 That is, ere midnight—which is London's noon ;
 But in the country ladies seek their bower
 A little earlier than the waning moon.
 Peace to the slumbers of each folded flower—
 May the rose call back its true colour soon !
 Good hours of fair cheeks are the fairest tinters,
 And lower the price of rouge—at least some winters.

CANTO THE FOURTEENTH.

I.

If from great nature's or our own abyss
 Of thought we could but snatch a certainty,
 Perhaps mankind might find the path they miss—
 But then 't would spoil much good philosophy.
 One system eats another up, and this
 Much as old Saturn ate his progeny ;
 For when his pious consort gave him stones
 In lieu of sons, of these he made no bones.

II.

But System doth reverse the Titan's breakfast,
 And eats her parents, albeit the digestion
 Is difficult. Pray tell me, can you make fast,
 After due search, your faith to any question ?
 Look back o'er ages, ere upon the stake fast
 You bind yourself, and call some mode the best one.
 Nothing more true than *not* to trust your senses ;
 And yet what are your other evidences ?

III.

For me, I know nought ; nothing I deny,
 Admit, reject, condemn ; and what know *you*,
 Except perhaps that you were born to die ?
 And both may after all turn out untrue.
 An age may come, Font of Eternity,
 When nothing shall be either old or new.
 Death, so call'd, is a thing which makes men weep,
 And yet a third of life is pass'd in sleep.

IV.

A sleep without dreams, after a rough day
 Of toil, is what we covet most ; and yet
 How clay shrinks back from more quiescent clay !
 The very Suicide that pays his debt
 At once without instalments (an old way
 Of paying debts, which creditors regret),
 Lets out impatiently his rushing breath,
 Less from disgust of life than dread of death.

V.

'T is round him, near him, here, there, everywhere,
 And there's a courage which grows out of fear,
 Perhaps of all most desperate, which will dare
 The worst to *know* it :—when the mountains rear
 Their peaks beneath your human foot, and there
 You look down o'er the precipice, and drear
 The gulf of rock yawns,—you can't gaze a minute,
 Without an awful wish to plunge within it.

VI.

'T is true, you do n't—but, pale and struck with terror,
 Retire ; but look into your past impression !
 And you will find, though shuddering at the mirror
 Of your own thoughts, in all their self-confession,
 The lurking bias, be it truth or error,
 To the *unknown* ; a secret prepossession,
 To plunge with all your fears—but where ? You know not,
 And that's the reason why you do—or do not.

VII.

But what's this to the purpose ? you will say.
 Gent. reader, nothing ; a mere speculation,
 For which my sole excuse is—'t is my way ;
 Sometimes *with* and sometimes without occasion,
 I write what's uppermost, without delay ;
 This narrative is not meant for narration,
 But a mere airy and fantastic basis,
 To build up common things with common places.

VIII.

You know, or do n't know, that great Bacon saith,
 "Fling up a straw, 't will show the way the wind blows ;"
 And such a straw, borne on by human breath,
 Is poesy, according as the mind glows ;

A paper kite which flies 'twixt life and death,
 A shadow which the onward soul behind throws;
 And mine's a bubble, not blown up for praise,
 But just to play with, as an infant plays.

IX.

The world is all before me—or behind;
 For I have seen a portion of that same,
 And quite enough for me to keep in mind;—
 Of passions, too, I have proved enough to blame,
 To the great pleasure of our friends, 'mankind,
 Who like to mix some slight alloy with fame;
 For I was rather famous in my time,
 Until I fairly knock'd it up with rhyme.

X.

I have brought this world about my ears, and eke
 The other; that's to say, the clergy—who
 Upon my head have bid their thunders break
 In pious libels by no means a few.
 And yet I can't help scribbling once a week,
 Tiring old readers, nor discovering new.
 In youth I wrote because my mind was full,
 And now because I feel it growing dull.

XI.

But "why then publish?"—There are no rewards,
 Of fame or profit when the world grows weary.
 I ask in turn.—Why do you play at cards?
 Why drink? Why read?—To make some hour less
 It occupies me to turn back regards [dreary.
 On what I've seen or ponder'd, sad or cheery;
 And what I write I cast upon the stream,
 To swim or sink—I have had at least my dream.

XII.

I think that were I *certain* of success,
 I hardly could compose another line:
 So long I've battled either more or less,
 That no defeat can drive me from the Nine.
 This feeling 't is not easy to express,
 And yet 't is not affected, I opine.
 In play, there are two pleasures for your choosing—
 The one is winning, and the other losing.

XIII.

Besides, my Muse by no means deals in fiction :
She gathers a repertory of facts,
Of course with some reserve and slight restriction,
But mostly signs of human things and acts—
And that's one cause she meets with contradiction ;
For too much truth, at first sight, ne'er attracts ;
And were her object only what's call'd glory,
With more ease too she'd tell a different story.

XIV.

Love, war, a tempest—surely there's variety :
Also a seasoning slight of lucubration ;
A bird's-eye view, too, of that wild, Society :
A slight glance thrown on men of every station.
If you have nought else, here's at least satiety,
Both in performance and in preparation ;
And though these lines should only line portmanteaus,
Trade will be all the better for these Cantos.

XV.

The portion of this world which I at present
Have taken up to fill the following sermon,
Is one of which there's no description recent :
The reason why, is easy to determine :
Although it seems both prominent and pleasant,
There is a sameness in its gems and ermine,
A dull and family likeness through all ages,
Of no great promise for poetic pages.

XVI.

With much to excite, there's little to exalt ;
Nothing that speaks to all men and all times ;
A sort of varnish over every fault ;
A kind of common-place, even in their crimes ;
Factitious passions, wit without much salt,
A want of that true nature which sublines
Whate'er it shows with truth ; a smooth monotony
Of character, in those at least who have got any.

XVII.

Sometimes, indeed, like soldiers off parade,
They break their ranks and gladly leave the drill ;
But then the roll-call draws them back afraid,
And they must be or seem what they were : still

Doubtless it is a brilliant masquerade :

But when of the first sight you have had your fill,
It palls—at least it did so upon me,
This paradise of pleasure and ennui.

XVIII.

When we have made our love, and gamed our gaming,
Drest, voted, shone, and, may be, something more ;
With dandies dined ; heard senators declaiming ;
Seen beauties brought to market by the score,
Sad rakes to sadder husbands chaste'y taming ;
There's little left but to be bored or bore.
Witness those "*ci-devant jeunes hommes*" who stem
The stream, nor leave the world which leaveth them.

XIX.

'Tis said—indeed a general complaint—
That no one has succeeded in describing
The monde, exactly as they ought to paint :
Some say, that authors only snatch, by bribing
The porter, some slight scandals strange and quaint,
To furnish matter for their moral gibing ;
And that their books have but one style in common—
My lady's prattle, filter'd through her woman.

XX.

But this can't well be true, just now ; for writers
Are grown of the beau monde a part potential :
I've seen them balance even the scale with fighters,
Especially when young, for that's essential.
Why do their sketches fail them as inditers
Of what they deem themselves most consequential,
The *real* portrait of the highest tribe ?
'T is that, in fact, there's little to describe.

XXI.

"*Haud ignara loquor ;*" these are *Nugæ*, "*quarum
Pars parva fui,*" but still art and part.
Now I could much more easily sketch a harem,
A battle, wreck, or history of the heart,
Than these things ; and besides, I wish to spare 'em,
For reasons which I choose to keep apart.
"*Velabo Cereris sacrum qui vulgarit*"—
Which means, that vulgar people must not share it.

XXII.

And therefore what I throw off is ideal—

Lower'd, leaven'd, like a history of free-masons,
Which bears the same relation to the real,

As Captain Parry's voyage may do to Jason's
The grand arcanum's not for men to see all ;

My music has some mystic diapasons ;
And there is much which could not be appreciated
In any manner by the uninitiated.

XXIII.

Alas ! worlds fall—and woman, since she fell'd

The world (as, since that history, less polite
Than true, hath been a creed so strictly held),

Has not yet given up the practice quite.

Poor thing of usages ! coerced, compell'd,

Victim when wrong, and martyr oft when right,

Condemn'd to child-bed, as men for their sins

Have shaving too entail'd upon their chins,—

XXIV.

A daily plague, which in the aggregate

May average on the whole with parturition.

But as to women, who can penetrate

The real sufferings of their sex condition ?

Man's very sympathy with their estate

Has much of selfishness, and more suspicion.

Their love, their virtue, beauty, education,

But form good housekeepers, to breed a nation.

XXV.

All this were very well, and can't be better ;

But even this is difficult, Heaven knows,

So many troubles from her birth beset her,

Such small distinction between friends and foes,

The gilding wears so soon from off her fetter,

That—but ask any woman if she'd choose

(Take her at thirty, that is) to have been

Female or male ? a schoolboy or a queen ?

XXVI.

"Petticoat influence" is a great reproach,

Which even those who obey would fain be thought

To fly from, as from hungry pikes a roach ;

But since beneath it upon earth we're brought,

By various joltings of life's hackney coach,
 I for one venerate a petticoat—
 A garment of a mystical sublimity,
 No matter whether russet, gilk, or dimity.

. XXVII.

Much I respect, and much I have adored,
 In my young days, that chaste and goodly veil,
 Which holds a treasure, like a miser's hoard,
 And more attracts by all it doth conceal—
 A golden scabbard on a Damasque sword,
 A loving letter with a mystic seal,
 A cure for grief—for what can ever rankle
 Before a petticoat and peeping ankle?

XXVIII.

And when upon a silent, sullen day,
 With a sirocco, for example, blowing,
 When even the sea looks dim with all its spray,
 And sulkily the river's ripple's flowing,
 And the sky shows that very ancient gray,
 The sober, sad antithesis to glowing,—
 'T is pleasant, if *then* anything is pleasant,
 To catch a glimpse even of a pretty peasant.

XXIX.

We left our heroes and our heroines
 In that fair clime which do n't depend on climate,
 Quite independent of the Zodiac's signs,
 Though certainly more difficult to rhyme at,
 Because the sun, and stars, and aught that shines,
 Mountains, and all we can be most sublime at,
 Are there oft dull and dreary as a *dun*—
 Whether a sky's or tradesman's is all one.

XXX.

An in-door life is less poetical;
 And out-of-door hath showers, and mists, and sleet,
 With which I could not brew a pastoral.
 But be it as it may, a bard must meet
 All difficulties, whether great or small,
 To spoil his undertaking, or complete,
 And work away like spirit upon matter,
 Embarrass'd somewhat both with fire and water.

XXXI.

Juan—in this respect, at least, like saints—
 Was all things unto all people of all sorts,
 And lived contentedly, without complaints,
 In camps, in ships, in cottages, or courts—
 Born with that happy soul which seldom faints,
 And mingling modestly in toils or sports.
 He likewise could be most things to all women,
 Without the coxcombry of certain *she* men.

XXXII.

A fox-hunt to a foreigner is strange ;
 'T is also subject to the double danger
 Of tumbling first, and having in exchange
 Some pleasant jesting at the awkward stranger ;
 But Juan had been early taught to range
 The wilds, as doth an Arab turn'd avenger,
 So that his horse, or charger, hunter, hack,
 Knew that he had a rider on his back.

XXXIII.

And now in this new field, with some applause,
 He clear'd hedge, ditch, and double post and rail,
 And never *craned*, and made but few "*faux pas*,"
 And only fretted when the scent 'gan fail.
 He broke, 't is true, some statutes of the laws .
 Of hunting—for the sagest youth is frail ;
 Rode o'er the hounds, it may be, now and then,
 And once o'er several country gentlemen.

XXXIV.

But on the whole, to general admiration
 He acquitted both himself and horse : the squires
 Marvell'd at merit of another nation ;
 The boors cried " Dang it ! who'd have thought it ? "—
 The Nestors of the sporting generation, [Sires,
 Swore praises, and recall'd their former fires ;
 The huntsman's self relented to a grin,
 And rated him almost a whipper-in.

XXXV.

Such were his trophies—not of spear and shield,
 But leaps, and bursts, and sometimes foxes' brushes ;
 Yet I must own,—although in this I yield
 To patriot sympathy a Briton's blushes,—

He thought at heart like courtly Chesterfield,
 Who, after a long chase o'er hills, dales, bushes,
 And what not, though he rode beyond all price,
 Ask'd next day, "If men ever hunted *twice*?"

XXXVI.

He also had a quality uncommon
 To early risers after a long chase,
 Who wake in winter ere the cock can summon
 December's drowsy day to his dull race,—
 A quality agreeable to woman,
 When her soft, liquid words run on apace,
 Who likes a listener, whether saint or sinner,—
 He did not fall asleep just after dinner;

XXXVII.

But, light and airy, stood on the alert,
 And shone in the best part of dialogue,
 By humouring always what they might assert,
 And listening to the topics most in vogue,—
 Now grave, now gay, but never dull or pert;
 And smiling but in secret—cunning rogue!—
 He ne'er presumed to make an error clearer;—
 In short, there never was a better hearer.

XXXVIII.

And then he danced,—all foreigners excel
 The serious Angles in the eloquence
 Of pantomime,—he danced, I say, right well,
 With emphasis, and also with good sense—
 A thing in footing indispensable;
 He danced without theatrical pretence,
 Not like a ballet-master in the van
 Of his drill'd nymphs, but like a gentleman.

XXXIX.

Chaste were his steps, each kept within due bound,
 And elegance was sprinkled o'er his figure;
 Like swift Camilla, he scarce skimm'd the ground,
 And rather held in than put forth his vigour;
 And then he had an ear for music's sound,
 Which might defy a crotchets critic's rigour.
 Such classic pas—sans flaws—set off our hero,
 He glanced like a personified Bolero;

XL.

Or like a flying Hour before Aurora,
In Guido's famous fresco, which alone
Is worth a tour to Rome, although no more a
Remnant were there of the old world's sole throne.
The "*tout ensemble*" of his movements wore a
Grace of the soft ideal, seldom shown,
And ne'er to be described ; for to the colour
Of bards and proser, words are void of colour.

XLI.

No marvel then he was a favourite ;
A full-grown Cupid, very much admired ;
A little spoilt, but by no means so quite ;
At least he kept his vanity retired.
Such was his tact, he could alike delight
The chaste, and those who are not so much inspired.
The Duchess of Fitz-Fulke, who loved "*tracasserie*,"
Began to treat him with some small "*agacerie*."

XLII.

She was a fine and somewhat full-blown blonde,
Desirable, distinguish'd, celebrated
For several winters in the grand, *grande monde*.
I'd rather not say what might be related
Of her exploits, for this were ticklish ground ;
Besides, there might be falsehood in what's stated ;
Her late performance had been a dead set
At Lord Augustus Fitz-Plantagenet.

XLIII.

This noble personage began to look
A little black upon this new flirtation ;
But such small licences must lovers brook,
Mere freedoms of the female corporation.
Woe to the man who ventures a rebuke !
'T will but precipitate a situation
Extremely disagreeable, but common
To calculators when they count on woman.

XLIV.

The circle smiled, then whisper'd, and then sneer'd ;
The misses bridled, and the matrons frown'd ;
Some hoped things might not turn out as they fear'd ;
Some would not deem such women could be found ;

Some ne'er believed one half of what they heard ;
 Some look'd perplex'd, and others look'd profound ;
 And several pitied with sincere regret
 Poor Lord Augustus Fitz-Plantagenet:

XLV.

But what is odd, none ever named the duke
 Who, one might think, was something in the affair :
 True, he was absent, and, 't was rumour'd, took
 But small concern about the when, or where,
 Or what his consort did : if he could brook
 Her gaieties, none had a right to stare :
 Theirs was that best of unions, past all doubt,
 Which never meets, and therefore can't fall out.

XLVI.

But, oh ! that I should ever pen so sad a line !
 Fired with an abstract love of virtue, she
 My Dian of the Ephesians, Lady Adeline,
 Began to think the duchess' conduct free ;
 Regretting much that she had chosen so bad a line,
 And waxing chiller in her courtesy,
 Look'd grave and pale to see her friend's fragility,
 For which most friends reserve their sensibility.

XLVII.

There 's nought in this bad world like sympathy ;
 'T is so becoming to the soul and face,
 Sets to soft music the harmonious sigh,
 And robes sweet friendship in a Brussels lace.
 Without a friend, what were humanity,
 To hunt our errors up with a good grace ?
 Consoling us with—" Would you had thought twice !
 Ah ! if you had but follow'd my advice ! "

XLVIII.

O Job ! you had two friends : one 's quite enough,
 Especially when we are ill at ease ;
 They're but bad pilots when the weather 's rough,
 Doctors less famous for their cures than fees.
 Let no man grumble when his friends fall off,
 As they will do like leaves at the first breeze :
 When your affairs come round, one way or 't other,
 Go to the coffee-house, and take another.

XLIX.

But this is not my maxim : had it been,
 Some heart-aches had been spared me : yet I care not—
 I would not be a tortoise in his screen
 Of stubborn shell, which waves and weather wear not ;
 'Tis better on the whole to have felt and seen
 That which humanity may bear, or bear not ;
 'T will teach discernment to the sensitive,
 And not to pour their ocean in a sieve.

L.

Of all the horrid, hideous notes of woe,
 Sadder than owl songs or the midnight blast,
 Is that portentous phrase, " I told you so,"
 • Utter'd by friends, those prophets of the past,
 Who, 'stead of saying what you now should do,
 Own they foresaw that you would fall at last,
 And solace your slight lapse 'gainst "*bonos mores*,"
 With a long memorandum of old stories.

LI.

The Lady Adeline's serene severity
 Was not confined to feeling for her friend,
 Whose fame she rather doubted with posterity,
 Unless her habits should begin to mend :
 But Juan also shared in her austerity,
 But mix'd with pity, pure as ere was penn'd :
 His inexperience moved her gentle ruth,
 And (as her junior by six weeks) his youth.

LII.

These forty days' advantage of her years—
 And hers were those which can face calculation,
 Boldly referring to the list of peers
 And noble births, nor dread the enumeration—
 Gave her a right to have maternal fears
 For a young gentleman's fit education,
 Though she was far from that leap year, whose leap,
 In female dates, strikes Time all of a heap.

LIII.

This may be fix'd at somewhere before thirty—
 Say seven-and-twenty ; for I never knew
 The strictest in chronology and virtue
 Advance beyond, while they could pass for new.

O Time ! why dost not pause ? Thy scythe, so dirty
 With rust, should surely cease to hack and hew.
 Reset it : shave more smoothly, also slower,
 If but to keep thy credit as a mower.

LIV.

But Adeline was far from that ripe age,
 Whose ripeness is but bitter at the best :
 'T was rather her experience made her sage,
 For she had seen the world and stood its test,
 As I have said in—I forget what page ;
 My Muse despises reference, as you have guess'd
 By this time ;—but strike six from seven-and-twenty,
 And you will find her sum of years in plenty.

LV.

At sixteen she came out ; presented, vaunted,
 She put all coronets into commotion ;
 At seventeen, too, the world was still enchanted
 With the new Venus of their brilliant ocean :
 At eighteen, though below her feet still panted
 A hecatomb of suitors with devotion,
 She had consented to create again
 That Adam, call'd " the happiest of men."

LVI.

Since then, she had sparkled through three glowing winters,
 Admired, adored ; but also so correct,
 That she had puzzled all the acute-t hinters,
 Without the apparel of being circumspect :
 They could not even glean the slightest splinters
 From off the marble, which had no defect.
 She had also snatch'd a moment since her marriage
 To bear a son and heir—and one miscarriage.

LVII.

Fondly the wheeling fire-flies flew around her,
 Those little glitterers of the London night ;
 But none of these possess'd a sting to wound her—
 She was a pitch beyond a coxcomb's fling.
 Perhaps she wish'd an aspirant profounder ;
 But whatsoe'er she wish'd, she acted right ;
 And whether coldness, pride, or virtue, dignify
 A woman, so she 's good, what does it signify ?

LVIII.

I hate a motive, like a lingering bottle
 Which with the landlord makes too long a stand,
 Leaving all claretless the unmoisten'd throttle,
 Especially with politics on hand ;
 I hate it, as I hate a drove of cattle,
 Who whirl the dust as simooms whirl the sand ;
 I hate it, as I hate an argument,
 A laureate's ode, or servile peer's "content."

LIX.

'T is sad to hack into the roots of things,
 They're so much intertwined with the earth ;
 So that the branch a goodly verdure flings,
 I reckon not if an acorn gave it birth.
 To trace all actions to their secret springs
 Would make indeed some melancholy mirth ;
 But this is not at present my concern,
 And I refer you to wise Oxenstiern.

LX.

With the kind view of saving an éclat,
 Both to the duchess and diplomatist,
 The Lady Adeline, as soon 's she saw
 That Juan was unlikely to resist—
 (For foreigners do n't know that a *faux pas*
 In England ranks quite on a different list
 From those of other lands unblest with juries,
 Whose verdict for such sin a certain cure is ;—)

LXI.

The Lady Adeline resolved to take
 Such measures as she thought might best impede
 The further progress of this sad mistake.
 She thought with some simplicity indeed ;
 But innocence is bold even at the stake,
 And simple in the world, and doth not need
 Nor use those palisades by dames erected,
 Whose virtue lies in never being detected.

LXII.

It was not that she fear'd the very worst :
 His Grace was an enduring, married man,
 And was not likely all at once to burst
 Into a scene, and swell the clients' clan

Of Doctors' Commons : but she dreaded first
 The magic of her Grace's talisman,
 And next a quarrel (as he seem'd to fret)
 With Lord Augustus Fritz-Plantagenet.

LXIII.

Her Grace, too, pass'd for being an intrigante,
 And somewhat *méchante* in her amorous sphere :
 One of those pretty, precious plagues, which haunt
 A lover with caprices soft and dear,
 That like to *make* a quarrel, when they can't
 Find one, each day of the delightful year ;
 Bewitching, torturing, as they freeze or glow,
 And—what is worst of all—won't let you go ;

LXIV.

The sort of thing to turn a young man's head,
 Or make a Werter of him in the end.
 No wonder then a purer soul should dread
 This sort of chaste *liaison* for a friend ;
 It were much better to be wed or dead,
 Than wear a heart a woman loves to rend.
 'Tis best to pause, and think, ere you rush on,
 If that a "*bonne fortune*" be really "*bonne*."

LXV.

And first, in the o'erflowing of her heart,
 Which really knew or thought it knew no guile,
 She call'd her husband now and then apart,
 And bade him counsel Juan. With a smile
 Lord Henry heard her plans of artless art
 To wean Don Juan from the siren's wile ;
 And answer'd, like a statesman or a prophet,
 In such guise that she could make nothing of it.

LXVI.

Firstly, he said, " he never interfered
 In anybody's business but the king's : "
 Next, that " he never judged from what appear'd,
 Without strong reason, of those sort of things : "
 Thirdly, that " Juan had more brain than beard,
 And was not to be held in leading-strings ; "
 And fourthly, what need hardly be said twice,
 " That good but rarely came from good advice."

LXVII.

And, therefore, doubtless to approve the truth
 Of the last axiom, he advised his spouse
 To leave the parties to themselves, forsooth—
 At least as far as *bienséance* allows :
 That time would temper Juan's faults of youth ;
 That young men rarely make monastic vows ;
 That opposition only more attaches—
 But here a messenger brought in despatches :

LXVIII.

And being of the council call'd " the Privy,"
 Lord Henry walk'd into his cabinet,
 To furnish matter for some future Livy
 . To tell how he reduced the nation's debt ;
 And if their full contents I do not give ye,
 It is b. cause I do not know them yet ;
 But I shall add them in a brief appendix,
 To come between mine epic and its index.

LXIX.

But ere he went, he added a slight hint,
 Another gentle common-place or two,
 Such as are coin'd in conversation's mint,
 And pass, for want of better, though not new :
 Then broke his packet, to see what was in 't,
 And having casually glanced it through,
 Retired : and, as he went out, calmly kiss'd her,
 Less like a young wife than an aged sister.

LXX.

He was a cold, good, honourable man,
 Proud of his birth, and proud of everything ;
 A goodly spirit for a state divan,
 A figure fit to walk before a king ;
 Tall, stately, form'd to lead the courtly van
 On birthdays, glorious with a star and string ;
 The very model of a chamberlain—
 And such I mean to make him when I reign.

LXXI.

But there was something wanting on the whole—
 I do n't know what, and therefore cannot tell—
 Which pretty women—the sweet souls !—call *soul*.
Certes it was not body ; he was well

Proportion'd, as a poplar or a pole,
 A handsome man, that human miracle ;
 And in each circumstance of love or war
 Had still preserved his perpendicular.

LXXII.

Still there was something wanting, as I've said—
 That undefinable "*Je ne sais quoi*,"
 Which, for what I know, may of yore have led
 To Homer's Iliad, since it drew to Troy
 The Greek Eve, Helen, from the Spartan's bed ;
 Though on the whole, no doubt, the Dardan boy
 Was much inferior to King Menelaüs :—
 But thus it is some women will betray us.

LXXIII.

There is an awkward thing which much perplexes,
 Unless like wise Tiresias we had proved
 By turns the difference of the several sexes ;
 Neither can show quite *how* they would be loved.
 The sensual for a short time but connects us—
 The sentimental boasts to be unmoved ;
 But both together form a kind of centaur,
 Upon whose back 't is better not to venture.

LXXIV.

A something all-sufficient for the *heart*
 Is that for which the sex are always seeking :
 But how to fill up that same vacant part ?
 There lies the rub—and this they are but weak in.
 Frail mariners afloat without a chart,
 They run before the wind through high seas breaking ;
 And when they have made the shore through every shock,
 'T is odd, or odds, it may turn out a rock.

LXXV.

There is a flower call'd "Love in Idleness,"
 For which see Shakspere's ever-blooming garden ;—
 I will not make his great description less,
 And beg his British godship's humble pardon,
 If, in my extremity of rhyme's distress,
 I touch a single leaf where he is warden ;—
 But though the flower is different, with the French
 Or Swiss Rousseau, cry "*Voilà la Peruvanche !*"

LXXVI.

Eureka ! I have found it ! What I mean
 To say is, not that love is idleness,
 But that in love such idleness has been
 An accessory, as I have cause to guess.
 Hard labour 's an indifferent go-between ;
 Your men of business are not apt to express
 Much passion, since the merchant-ship, the Argo,
 Convey'd Medea as her supercargo.

LXXVII.

" *Beatus ille procul !*" from "*negotiis*,"
 Saith Horace : the great little poet 's wrong ;
 His other maxim, "*Nescitur a sociis*,"
 Is much more to the purpose of his song ;
 • Though even that were sometimes too ferocious,
 Unless good company be kept too long ;
 But, in his teeth, whate'er their state or station,
 Thrice happy they who *have* an occupation !

LXXVIII.

Adam exchanged his Paradise for ploughing,
 Eve made up millinery with fig leaves—
 The earliest knowledge from the tree so knowing,
 As far as I know, that the church receives :
 And since that time it need not cost much showing,
 That many of the ills o'er which man grieves,
 And still more woman, spring from not employing
 Some hours to make the remnant worth enjoying.

LXXIX.

And hence high life is oft a dreary void,
 A rack of pleasures, where we must invent
 A something wherewithal to be annoy'd.
 Bards may sing what they please about *Content* ;
Contented, when translated, means but cloy'd ;
 And hence arise the woes of sentiment,
 Blue-devils, and blue-stockings, and romances
 Reduced to practice, and perform'd like dances.

LXXX.

I do declare, upon an affidavit,
 Romances I ne'er read like those I have seen ;
 Nor, if unto the world I ever gave it,
 Would some believe that such a tale had been :

But such intent I never had, nor have it.
 Some truths are better kept behind a screen,
 Especially when they would look like lies;
 I therefore deal in generalities.

LXXXI.

"An oyster may be cross'd in love,"—and why?
 Because he mopeth idly in his shell,
 And heaves a lonely subterraqueous sigh,
 Much as a monk may do within his cell:
 And *à-propos* of monks, their piety
 With sloth hath found it difficult to dwell;
 Those vegetables of the Catholic creed
 Are apt exceedingly to run to seed.

LXXXII.

O Wilberforce! thou man of black renown,
 Whose merit none enough can sing or say,
 Thou hast struck one immense Colossus down,
 Thou moral Washington of Africa!
 But there's another little thing, I own,
 Which you should perpetrate some summer's day,
 And set the other half of earth to rights;
 You have freed the *blacks*—now pray shut up the whites.

LXXXIII.

Shut up the bald-coot bully Alexander!
 Ship off the Holy Three to Senegal;
 Teach them that "sauce for goose is sauce for gander,"
 And ask them how *they* like to be in thrall?
 Shut up each high heroic salamander,
 Who eats fire gratis (since the pay's but small);
 Shut up—no, *not* the King, but the Pavilion,
 Or else 't will cost us all another million.

LXXXIV.

Shut up the world at large, let Bedlam out;
 And you will be perhaps surprised to find
 All things pursue exactly the same route,
 As now with those of *soi-disant* sound mind.
 This I could prove beyond a single doubt,
 Were there a jot of sense among mankind;
 But till that *point d'appui* is found, alas!
 Like Archimedes, I leave earth as 't was.

LXXXV.

Our gentle Adeline had one defect—

Her heart was vacant, though a splendid mansion ;
Her conduct had been perfectly correct,

As she had seen nought claiming its expansion.

A wavering spirit may be easier wreck'd,

Because 't is frailer, doubtless, than a stanch one ;

But when the latter works its own undoing,

Its inner crash is like an earthquake's ruin.

LXXXVI.

She loved her lord, or thought so ; but *that* love

Cost her an effort, which is a sad toil,

The stone of Sysiphus, if once we move

Our feelings 'gainst the nature of the soil.

•She had nothing to complain of, or reprove,

No bickerings, no connubial turmoil :

Their union was a model to behold,

Serene and noble,—conjugal, but cold.

LXXXVII.

There was no great disparity of years,

Though much in temper ; but they never clash'd :

They moved like stars united in their spheres,

Or like the Rhone by Lemau's waters wash'd,

Where mingled and yet separate appears

The river from the lake, all blue dash'd

Through the serene and placid glassy deep,

Which fain would lull its river-child to sleep.

LXXXVIII.

Now when she once had ta'en an interest

In anything, however she might flatter

Herself that her intentions were the best,

Intense intentions are a dangerous matter :

Impressions were much stronger than she guess'd,

And gather'd as they run like growing water

Upon her mind : the more so, as her breast

Was not at first too readily impress'd.

LXXXIX.

But when it was, she had that lurking demon

Of double nature, and thus doubly named—

Firminess yclept in heroes, kings, and seamen,

That is, when they succeed ; but greatly blamed

As *obstinacy*, both in men and women,
 Whene'er their triumph pales, or star is tamed :—
 And 't will perplex the casuist in morality
 To fix the due bounds of this dangerous quality.

XC.

Had Buonaparte won at Waterloo,
 It had been firmness ; now 't is pertinacity :
 Must the event decide between the two ?
 I leave it to your people of sagacity
 To draw the line between the false and true,
 If such can e'er be drawn by man's capacity :
 My business is with Lady Adeline,
 Who in her way too was a heroine.

XCI.

She knew not her own heart ; then how should I ?
 I think not she was *then* in love with Juan :
 If so, she would have had the strength to fly
 The wild sensation, unto her a new one :
 She merely felt a common sympathy
 (I will not say it was a false or true one)
 In him, because she thought he was in danger,—
 Her husband's friend, her own, young, and a stranger.

XCII.

She was, or thought she was, his friend—and this
 Without the farce of friendship, or romance
 Of platonism, which leads so oft amiss
 Ladies who have studied friendship but in France,
 Or Germany, where people *purely* kiss.
 To thus much Adeline would not advance ;
 But of such friendship as man's may to man be
 She was as capable as woman can be.

XCIII.

No doubt the secret influence of the sex
 Will there, as also in the ties of blood,
 An innocent predominance annex,
 And tune the concord to a finer mood.
 If free from passion, which all friendship checks,
 And your true feelings fully understood,
 No friend like to a woman earth discovers,
 So that you have not been nor will be lovers.

XCIV.

Love bears within its breast the very germ
 • Of change ; and how should this be otherwise ?
 That violent things more quickly find a term
 Is shown through nature's whole analogies ;
 And how should the most fierce of all be firm ?
 Would you have endless lightning in the skies ?
 Methinks Love's very title says enough :
 How should "the *tender* passion" e'er be *tough* ?

XCV.

Alas ! by all experience, seldom yet
 (I merely quote what I have heard from many)
 Had lovers not some reason to regret
 The passion which made Solomon a zany.
 I've also seen some wives (not to forget
 The marriage state, the best or worst of any)
 Who were the very paragons of wives,
 Yet made the misery of at least two lives.

XCVI.

I've also seen some female *friends* ('tis odd,
 But true—as, if expedient, I could prove)
 That faithful were through thick and thin, abroad,
 At home, far more than ever yet was Love—.
 Who did not quit me when Oppression trod
 Upon me ; whom no scandal could remove ;
 Who fought, and fight, in absence, too, my battles,
 Despite the snake Society's loud rattles.

XCVII.

Whether Don Juan and chaste Adeline
 Grew friends in this or any other sense,
 Will be discuss'd hereafter, I opine :
 At present I am glad of a pretence
 To leave them hovering, as the effect is fine,
 And keeps the atrocious reader in *suspense* :
 The surest way for ladies and for books
 To bait their tender or their tenter hooks.

XCVIII.

Whether they rode, or walk'd, or studied Spanish,
 To read Don Quixote in the original,
 A pleasure before which all others vanish ;
 Whether their talk was of the kind call'd "small,"

Or serious, are the topics I must banish
 To the next Canto; where perhaps I shall
 Say something to the purpose, and display
 Considerable talent in my way.

XCIX.

Above all, I beg all men to forbear
 Anticipating aught about the matter:
 They'll only make mistakes about the fair,
 And Juan too, especially the latter.
 And I shall take a much more serious air
 Than I have yet done in this epic satire.
 It is not clear that Adeline and Juan
 Will fall; but if they do, 't will be their ruin.

C.

But great things spring from little:—Would you think,
 That in our youth, as dangerous a passion
 As e'er brought man and woman to the brink
 Of ruin, rose from such a slight occasion,
 As few would ever dream could form the link
 Of such a sentimental situation?
 You'll never guess, I'll bet you millions, millions—
 It all sprung from a harmless game at billiards.

CI.

'T is strange,—but true; for truth is always strange;
 Stranger than fiction: if it could be told,
 How much would novels gain by the exchange!
 How differently the world would men behold!
 How oft would vice and virtue places change!
 The new world would be nothing to the old,
 If some Columbus of the moral seas
 Would show mankind their souls' antipodes.

CII.

What "antres vast and deserts idle" then
 Would be discover'd in the human soul!
 What icebergs in the hearts of mighty men,
 With self-love in the centre as their pole!
 What Anthropophagi are nine or ten
 Of those who hold the kingdoms in control!
 Were things but only call'd by their right name,
 Cæsar himself would be ashamed of fame.

CANTO THE FIFTEENTH.

I.

AH!—What should follow slips from my reflection ;
Whatever follows ne'ertheless may be
As à-propos of hope or retrospection,
As though the lurking thought had follow'd free.
All present life is but an interjection,
An "Oh!" or "Ah!" of joy or misery,
Or a "Ha! ha!" or "Bah!"—a yawn, or "Pooh!"
Of which, perhaps the latter is most true.

II.

But, more or less, the whole 's a syncopé
Or a singultus—emblems of emotion,
That grand antithesis to great ennui,
Wherewith we break our bubbles on the ocean,
That watery outline of eternity,
Or miniature at least, as is my notion,
Which ministers unto the soul's delight,
In seeing matters which are out of sight.

III.

But all are better than the sigh suppress,
Corroding in the cavern of the heart,
Making the countenance a masque of rest,
And turning human nature to an art.
Few men dare show their thoughts of worst or best ;
Dissimulation always sets apart
A corner for herself ; and therefore fiction
Is that which passes with least contradiction.

IV.

Ah! who can tell? or rather, who cannot
Remember, without telling, passion's errors?
The drainer of oblivion, even the sot,
Hath got blue-devils for his morning mirrors :
What though on Lethe's stream he seem to float,
He cannot sink his tremours or his terrors ;
The ruby glass that shakes within his hand
Leaves a sad sediment of Time's worst sand.

V.

And as for love—O love !——We will proceed.
 The Lady Adeline Amundeville,
 A pretty name as one would wish to read,
 Must perch harmonious on my tuneful quill.
 There's music in the sighing of a reed ;
 There's music in the gushing of a rill ;
 There's music in all things if men had ears :
 Their earth is but an echo of the spheres.

VI.

The Lady Adeline, right honourable,
 And honour'd, ran a risk of growing less so ;
 For few of the soft sex are very stable
 In their resolves—alas ! that I should say so ;
 They differ as wine differs from its label,
 When once decanted ;—I presume to guess so,
 But will not swear : yet both upon occasion,
 Till old, may undergo adulteration.

VII.

But Adeline was of the purest vintage,
 The unmingled essence of the grape ; and yet
 Bright as a new Napoleon from its mintage,
 Or glorious as a diamond richly set ;
 A page where Time should hesitate to print age,
 And for which Nature might forego her debt—
 Sole creditor whose process doth involve in 't
 The luck of finding everybody solvent.

VIII.

O Death ! thou dunnest of all duns ! thou daily
 Knockest at doors, at first with modest tap,
 Like a meek tradesman when, approaching palely,
 Some splendid debtor he would take by sap :
 But oft denied, as patience 'gins to fail, he
 Advances with exasperated rap,
 And (if let in) insists, in terms unhandsome,
 On ready money, or "a draft on Ransom."

IX.

Whate'er thou takest, spare awhile poor Beauty !
 She is so rare, and thou hast so much prey.
 What though she now and then may slip from duty,
 The more 's the reason why you ought to stay ;

Gaunt Gourmand ! with whole nations for your booty,
You should be civil in a modest way :
Suppress, then, some slight feminine diseases,
And take as many heroes as Heaven pleases.

X.

Fair Adeline, the more ingenuous
Where she was interested (as was said),
Because she was not apt, like some of us,
To like too readily, or too high bred
To show it—(points we need not now discuss)—
Would give up artlessly both heart and head
Unto such feelings as seem'd innocent,
For objects worthy of the sentiment.

XI.

Some parts of Juan's history, which Rumour,
That live gazette, had scatter'd to disfigure,
She had heard ; but women hear with more good humour
Such aberrations than we men of rigour :
Besides, his conduct, since in England, grew more
Strict, and his mind assumed a manlier vigour ;
Because he had, like Alcibiades,
The art of living in all climes with ease.

XII.

His manner was perhaps the more seductive,
Because he ne'er seem'd anxious to seduce ;
Nothing affected, studied, or constructive
Of coxcombry or conquest : no abuse
Of his attractions marr'd the fair perspective,
To indicate a Cupidon broke loose,
And seem to say, " Resist us if y^e u can "—
Which makes a dandy while it spoils a man.

XIII.

They are wrong—that's not the way to set about it ;
As, if they told the truth, could well be shown.
But, right or wrong, Don Juan was without it ;
In fact, his manner was his own along :
Sincere he was—at least you could not doubt it,
In listening merely to his voice's tone.
The devil hath not in all his quiver's choice
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice.

XIV.

By nature soft, his whole address held off
 Suspicion ; though not timid, his regard
 Was such as rather seem'd to keep aloof,
 To shield himself than put you on your guard :
 Perhaps 't was hardly quite assured enough,
 But modesty 's at times its own reward,
 Like virtue ; and the absence of pretension
 Will go much farther than there 's need to mention.

XV.

Serene, accomplish'd, cheerful but not loud ;
 Insinuating without insinuation ;
 Observant of the foibles of the crowd,
 Yet ne'er betraying this in conversation ;
 Proud with the proud, yet courteously proud,
 So as to make them feel he knew his station
 And theirs :—without a struggle for priority,
 He neither brook'd nor claim'd superiority—

XVI.

That is, with men : with women he was what
 They pleased to make or take him for ; and their
 Imagination 's quite enough for that :
 So that the outline 's tolerably fair,
 They fill the canvas up—and “ *verbum sat.* ”
 If once their phantasies be brought to bear
 Upon an object, whether sad or playful,
 They can transfigure brighter than a Raphael.

XVII.

Adeline, no deep judge of character,
 Was apt to add a colouring from her own :
 'T is thus the good will amiably err,
 And eke the wise, as has been often shown.
 Experience is the chief philosopher,
 But saddest when his science is well known ;
 And persecuted sages teach the schools
 Their folly in forgetting there are fools.

XVIII.

Was it not so, great Locke ? and greater Bacon ?
 Great Socrates ? And thou, Diviner still,
 Whose lot it is by man to be mistaken,
 And thy pure creed made sanction of all ill ?

Redeeming worlds to be by bigots shaken,
 How was thy toil rewarded? We might fill
 Volumes with similar sad illustrations,
 But leave them to the conscience of the nations.

XIX.

I perch upon an humbler promontory,
 Amidst life's infinite variety ;
 With no great care for what is nicknamed glory,
 But speculating as I cast mine eye
 On what may suit or may not suit my story,
 And never straining hard to versify,
 I rattle on exactly as I'd talk
 With anybody in a ride or walk.

XX.

I do n't know that there may be much ability
 Shown in this sort of desultory rhyme ;
 But there 's a conversational facility,
 Which may round off an hour upon a time
 Of this I'm sure at least, there 's no servility
 In mine irregularity of chime,
 Which rings what 's uppermost of new or hoary,
 Just as I feel the " Improvvisatore."

XXI.

" Omnia vult *belle* Matho dicere—dic aliquando
 Et *bene*, dic *neutrum*, dic aliquando *male*."
 The first is rather more than mortal can do ;
 The second may be sadly done or gaily ;
 The third is still more difficult to stand to ;
 The fourth we hear, and see, and say too, daily :
 The whole together is what I could wish
 To serve in this conundrum of a dish.

XXII.

A modest hope—but modesty's my forte,
 And pride my feeble :—let us ramble on.
 I meant to make this poem very short,
 But now I can't tell where it may not run.
 No doubt, if I had wish'd to pay my court
 To critics, or to hail the *setting* sun
 Of tyranny of all kinds, my concision
 Were more ;—but I was born for opposition.

XXIII.

But then 't is mostly on the weaker side ;
 So that I verily believe if they
 Who now are basking in their full-blown pride
 Were shaken down, and " dogs had had their day,"
 Though at the first I might perchance deride
 Their tumble, I shall turn the other way,
 And wax an ultra-royalist in loyalty,
 Because I hate even democratic royalty.

XXIV.

I think I should have made a decent spouse,
 If I had never proved the soft condition ;
 I think I should have made monastic vows,
 But for my own peculiar superstition :
 'Gainst rhyme I never should have knock'd my brows,
 Nor broken my own head, nor that of Priscian,
 Nor worn the motley mantle of a poet,
 If some one had not told me to forego it.

XXV.

But " laissez aller "—knights and dames I sing,
 Such as the times may furnish. 'T is a flight
 Which seems at first to need no lofty wing,
 Plumed by Longinus or the Stagyrte :
 The difficulty lies in colouring " "
 (Keeping the due proportions still in sight)
 With nature manners which are artificial,
 And rend'ring general that which is especial.

XXVI.

The difference is, that in the days of old
 Men made the manners ; manners now make men—
 Penn'd like a flock, and fleeced too in their fold,
 At least nine, and a ninth beside, of ten.
 Now this at all events must render cold
 Your writers, who must either draw again
 Days better drawn before, or else assume
 The present, with their common-place costume.

XXVII.

We'll do our best to make the best on 't :—March !
 March, my Muse ! If you cannot fly, yet flutter ;
 And when you may not be sublime, be arch,
 Or starch, as are the edicts statesmen utter.

We surely may find something worth research :
Columbus found a new world in a cutter,
Or brigantine, or pink, of no great tonnage,
While yet America was in her non-age.

XXVIII.

When Adeline, in all her growing sense
Of Juan's merits and his situation,
Felt on the whole an interest intense,—
Partly perhaps because a fresh sensation,
Or that he had an air of innocence,
Which is for innocence a sad temptation—
As women hate half measures, on the whole,
She 'gan to ponder how to save his soul.

XXIX.

She had a good opinion of advice,
Like all who give and eke receive it gratis,
For which small thanks are still the market price,
Even where the article at highest rate is :
She thought upon the subject twice or thrice,
And morally decided, the best state is
For morals, marriage ; and this question carried,
She seriously advised him to get married.

XXX.

Juan replied, with all becoming deference,
He had a predilection for that tie ;
But that, at present, with immediate reference
To his own circumstances, there might lie
Some difficulties, as in his own preference,
Or that of her to whom he might apply :
That still he 'd wed with such or such a lady,
If that they were not married all already.

XXXI.

Next to the making matches for herself,
And daughters, brothers, sisters, kith or kin,
Arranging them like books on the same shelf,
There 's nothing women love to dabble in
More (like a stock-holder in growing pelf)
Than match-making in general : 't is no sin
Certes, but a preventative, and therefore
That is, no doubt, the only reason wherefore.

XXXII.

But never yet (except of course a miss
 Unwed, or mistress never to be wed,
 Or wed already, who object to this)
 Was there chaste dame who had not in her head
 Some drama of the marriage unities,
 Observed as strictly both at board and bed
 As those of Aristotle, though sometimes
 They turn out melodrames or pantomimes.

XXXIII.

They generally have some only son,
 Some heir to a large property, some friend
 Of an old family, some gay Sir John,
 Or grave Lord George, with whom perhaps might end
 A line, and leave posterity undone,
 Unless a marriage was applied to mend
 The prospect and their morals: and besides,
 They have at hand a blooming glut of brides.

XXXIV.

From these they will be careful to select,
 For this an heiress, and for that a beauty;
 For one a songstress who hath no defect,
 For t' other one who promises much duty;
 For this a lady no one can reject,
 Whose sole accomplishments were quite a booty;
 A second for her excellent connexions;
 A third, because there can be no objections.

XXXV.

When Rapp the Harmonist embargo'd marriage
 In his harmonious settlement—(which flourishes
 Strangely enough as yet without miscarriage,
 Because it breeds no more mouths than it nourishes
 Without those sad expenses which disparage
 What Nature naturally most encourages)—
 Why call'd he "Harmony" a state sans wedlock?
 Now here I have got the preacher at a dead lock.

XXXVI.

Because he either meant to sneer at harmony,
 Or marriage, by divorcing them thus oddly.
 But whether reverend Rapp learn'd this in Germany
 Or no, 't is said his sect is rich and godly,

Pious and pure, beyond what I can term any
 Of ours, although they propagate more broadly.
 My objection 's to his title, not his ritual,
 Although I wonder how it grew habitual.

XXXVII.

But Rapp is the reverse of zealous matrons,
 Who favour, malgré Malthus, generation—
 Professors of that genial art, and patrons
 Of all the modest part of propagation ;
 Which after all at such a desperate rate runs,
 That half its produce tends to emigration,
 That sad result of passions and potatoes—
 Two weeds which pose our economic Catos.

XXXVIII.

Had Adeline read Malthus? I can't tell ;
 I wish she had : his book 's the eleventh commandment,
 Which says, "Thou shalt not marry," unless *well* :
 This he (as far as I can understand) meant.
 'T is not my purpose on his views to dwell,
 Nor canvass what "so eminent a hand" meant ;
 But certes it conducts to lives ascetic,
 Or turning marriage into arithmetic.

XXXIX.

But Adeline, who probably presumed
 That Juan had enough of maintenance,
 Or *separate* maintenance, in case 't was doom'd—
 As on the whole it is an even chance
 That bridegrooms, after they are fairly *groom'd*,
 May retrograde a little in the dance
 Of marriage—(which might form a painter's fame,
 Like Holbein's "Dance of Death"—but 't is the same) ;—

XL.

But Adeline determined Juan's wedding
 In her own mind, and that 's enough for woman :
 But then, with whom? There was the sage Miss Reading,
 Miss Raw, Miss Flaw, Miss Showman, and Miss Know—
 And the two fair co-heiresses, Giltbedding. [man,
 She deem'd his merits something more than common :
 All these were unobjectionable matches,
 And might go on, if well wound up, like watches.

XLI.

There was Miss Millpond, smooth as summer's sea,
That usual paragon, an only daughter,
Who seem'd the cream of equanimity,
Till skimm'd—and then there was some milk and water,
With a slight shade of blue too, it might be,
Beneath the surface; but what did it matter?
Love's riotous, but marriage should have quiet,
And being consumptive, live on a milk diet.

XLII.

And then there was the Miss Audacia Shoestring,
A dashing demoiselle of good estate,
Whose heart was fix'd upon a star or blue string;
But whether English dukes grew rare of late,
Or that she had not harp'd upon the true string,
By which such sirens can attract our great,
She took up with some foreign younger brother,
A Russ or Turk—the one's as good as t' other.

XLIII.

And then there was—but why should I go on,
Unless the ladies should go off?—there was
Indeed a certain fair and fairy one,
Of the best class, and better than her class,—
Aurora Raby, a young star who shone
O'er life, too sweet an image for such glass,
A lovely being, scarcely form'd or moulded,
A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded;

XLIV.

Rich, noble, but an orphan; left an only
Child to the care of guardians good and kind;
But still her aspect had an air so lonely!
Blood is not water; and where shall we find
Feelings of youth like those which overthrown lie
By death, when we are left, alas! behind,
To feel, in friendless palaces, a home
Is wanting, and our best ties in the tomb?

XLV.

Early in years, and yet more infantine
In figure, she had something of sublime
In eyes which sadly shone, as seraphs' shine.
All youth—but with an aspect beyond time;

Radiant and grave—as pitying man's decline;
 Mournful—but mournful of another's crime,
 She look'd as if she sat by Eden's door,
 And grieved for those who could return no more.

XLVI.

She was a Catholic, too, sincere, austere,
 As far as her own gentle heart allow'd,
 And deem'd that fallen worship far more dear
 Perhaps because 't was fallen: her sires were proud
 Of deeds and days when they had fill'd the ear
 Of nations, and had never bent or bow'd
 To novel power; and as she was the last,
 She held their old faith and old feelings fast.

XLVII.

She gazed upon a world she scarcely knew,
 As seeking not to know it; silent, lone,
 As grows a flower, thus quietly she grew,
 And kept her heart serene within its zone.
 There was awe in the homage which she drew;
 Her spirit seem'd as seated on a throne
 Apart from the surrounding world, and strong
 In its own strength—most strange in one so young!

XLVIII.

Now it so happen'd, in the catalogue
 Of Adeline, Aurora was omitted,
 Although her birth and wealth had given her vogue,
 Beyond the charmers we have already cited;
 Her beauty also seem'd to form no clog
 Against her being mention'd as well fitted,
 By many virtues, to be worth the trouble
 Of single gentlemen who would be double.

XLIX.

And this omission, like that of the bust
 Of Brutus at the pageant of Tiberius,
 Made Juan wonder, as no doubt he must.
 This he express'd half smiling and half serious;
 When Adeline replied with some disgust,
 And with an air, to say the least, imperious,
 She marvell'd "what he saw in such a baby
 As that prim, silent, cold Aurora Raby?"

L.

Juan rejoin'd—"She was a Catholic,
 And therefore fittest, as of his persuasion;
 Since he was sure his mother would fall sick,
 And the Pope thund'ring excommunication,
 If——" But here Adeline, who seem'd to pique
 Herself extremely on the inoculation
 Of others with her own opinions, stated—
 As usual—the same reason which she late did.

LI.

And wherefore not? A reasonable reason,
 If good, is none the worse for repetition;
 If bad, the best way's certainly to tease on,
 And amplify: you lose much by concision,
 Whereas insisting in or out of season
 Convinces all men, even a politician;
 Or—what is just the same—it wearies out.
 So the end's gain'd, what signifies the route?

LII.

Why Adeline had this slight prejudice—
 For prejudice it was—against a creature
 As pure as sanctity itself from vice,
 With all the added charm of form and feature,
 For me appears a question far too nice,
 Since Adeline was liberal by nature;
 But nature's nature, and has more caprices
 Than I have time, or will, to take to pieces.

LIII.

Perhaps she did not like the quiet way
 With which Aurora on those baubles look'd,
 Which charm most people in their earlier day:
 For there are few things by mankind less brook'd,
 And womankind too, if we so may say,
 Than finding thus their genius stand rebuked,
 Like "Antony's by Cæsar," by the few
 Who look upon them as they ought to do.

LIV.

It was not envy—Adeline had none;
 Her place was far beyond it, and her mind.
 It was not scorn—which could not light on one
 Whose greatest *fault* was leaving few to find.

It was not jealousy, I think : but shun
Following the "ignes fatui" of mankind.
It was not—but 't is easier far, alas !
To say what it was not than what it was.

LV.

Little Aurora deem'd she was the theme
Of such discussion. She was there a guest ;
A beauteous ripple of the brilliant stream
Of rank and youth, though purer than the rest,
Which flow'd on for a moment in the beam
Time sheds a moment o'er each sparkling crest.
Had she known this, she would have calmly smiled—
She had so much, or little, of the child.

LVI.

The dashing and proud air of Adeline
Imposed not upon her : she saw her blaze
Much as she would have seen a glow-worm shine,
Then turn'd unto the stars for loftier rays.
Juan was something she could not divine,
Being no sibyl in the new world's ways ;
Yet she was nothing dazzled by the meteor,
Because she did not pin her faith on feature.

LVII.

His fame too,—for he had that kind of fame
Which sometimes plays the deuce with womankind,
A heterogeneous mass of glorious blame,
Half virtues and whole vices being combined ;
Faults which attract because they are not tame ;
Follies trick'd out so brightly that they blind :—
These seals upon her wax made no impression,
Such was her coldness or her self-possession.

LVIII.

Juan knew nought of such a character—
High, yet resembling not his lost Haidée ;
Yet each was radiant in her proper sphere :
The island girl, bred up by the lone sea,
More warm, as lovely, and not less sincere,
Was Nature's all : Aurora could not be,
Nor would be thus :—the difference in them
Was such as lies between a flower and gem.

LIX.

Having wound up with this sublime comparison,

Methinks we may proceed upon our narrative,
And, as my friend Scott says, "I sound my warison ;"

Scott, the superlative of my comparative—

Scott, who can paint your Christian knight or Saracen,

Serf, lord, man, with such skill as none would share it, if
There had not been one Shakspeare and Voltaire,
Of one or both of whom he seems the heir.

LX.

I say, in my slight way I may proceed

To play upon the surface of humanity.

I write the world, nor care if the world read,

At least for this I cannot spare its vanity.

My Muse hath bred, and still perhaps may breed,

More foes by this same scroll : when I began it, I
Thought that it might turn out so—*now* I *know* it,
But still I am, or was, a pretty poet.

LXI.

The conference or congress (for it ended

As congresses of late do) of the Lady

Adeline and Don Juan rather blended

Some acids with the sweets—for she was heady ;

But, ere the matter could be marr'd or mended,

The silvery bell rang, not for "dinner ready,"

But for that hour, call'd *half-hour*, given to dress.

Though ladies' robes seem scant enough for less.

LXII.

Great things were now to be achieved at table,

With massy plate for armour, knives and forks

For weapons ; but what Muse since Homer's able

(His feasts are not the worst part of his works)

To draw up in array a single day-bill

Of modern dinners ? where more mystery lurks,

In soups or sauces, or a sole ragoût,

Than witches, b—ches, or physicians, brew.

LXIII.

There was a goodly "*soupe à la bonne femme*,"

Though God knows whence it came from ; there was,
A turbot for relief of those who cram, [too,

Relieved with "*dindon à la Parigieux* : "

There also was—the sinner that I am !
 How shall I get this gourmand stanza through?—
 “Soupe à la Beauveau,” whose relief was dory,
 Relieved itself by pork, for greater glory.

•
 LXIV.

But I must crowd all into one grand mess,
 Or mass ; for should I stretch into detail,
 My Muse would run much more into excess,
 Than when some squeamish people deem her frail ;
 But though a “bonne vivante,” I must confess
 Her stomach’s not her peccant part ; this tale,
 However doth require some slight refection,
 Just to relieve her spirits from dejection.

•
 LXV.

Fowls “à la Condé,” slices eke of salmon,
 With “sauces Gênévoises,” and haunch of venison :
 Wines, too, which might again have slain young Ammon—
 A man like whom I hope we shan’t see many soon ;
 They also set a glazed Westphalian ham on,
 Whereon Apicius would bestow his benison ;
 And then there was champagne with foaming whirls,
 As white as Cleopatra’s melted pearls.

LXVI.

Then there was God knows what “à l’Allemande,”
 “A l’Espagnole,” “timballe,” and “salpicon”—
 With things I can’t withstand or understand,
 Though swallow’d with much zest upon the whole ;
 And “entremets” to piddle with at hand,
 Gently to lull down the subsiding soul ;
 While great Lucilius’ *Rome triumphal* muffles—
 (*There’s fame*)—young partridge fillets, deck’d with truffles.

LXVII.

What are the *fill-ts* on the victor’s brow
 To these? They’re rags or dust. Where is the arch
 Which nodded to the nation’s spoils below?
 Where the triumphal chariots’ haughty march?
 Gone to where victories must like dinners go.
 Farther I shall not follow the research :
 But oh ! ye modern heroes with your cartridges,
 When will your names lend lustre e’en to partridges?

LXVIII.

Those truffles too are no bad accessories,
 Follow'd by "petits puits d'amour"—a dish
 Of which perhaps the cookery rather varies,
 So every one may dress it to his wish,
 According to the best of dictionaries,
 Which encyclopedise both flesh and fish;
 But even sans "confitures," it no less true is,
 There's pretty picking in those "petits puits."

LXIX.

The mind is lost in mighty contemplation
 Of intellect expanded on two courses;
 And indigestion's grand multiplication
 Requires arithmetic beyond my forces.
 Who would suppose, from Adam's simple ration,
 That cookery could have call'd forth such resources,
 As form a science and a nomenclature
 From out the commonest demands of nature?

LXX.

The glasses jingled, and the palates tingled;
 The diners of celebrity dined well;
 The ladies with more moderation mingled
 In the feast, pecking less than I can tell;
 Also the younger men too for a springald
 Can't, like ripe age, in gormandise excel,
 But thinks less of good eating than the whisper
 (When seated next him) of some pretty lisper.

LXXI.

Alas! I must leave undescribed the gibier,
 The salmi, the consommé, the purée,
 All which I use to make my rhymes run glibber
 Than could roast beef in our rough John Bull way;
 I must not introduce even a spare rib here,
 "Bubble and squeak" would spoil my liquid lay,
 But I have dined, and must forego, alas!
 The chaste description even of a "bécasse;"

LXXII.

And fruits, and ice, and all that art refines
 From nature for the service of the goût—
 Taste or the *gout*,—pronounce it as inclines
 Your stomach? Ere you dine, the French will do;

But *after*, there are sometimes certain signs
Which prove plain English truer of the two.
Hast ever *had* the *gout*? I have not had it—
But I may have, and you too, reader, dread it.

LXXIII.

The simple olives, best allies of wine,
Must I pass over in my bill of fare?
I must, although a favourite "plat" of mine
In Spain, and Lucca, Athens, everywhere:
On them and bread 't was oft my luck to dine,
The grass my table-cloth, in open air,
On Sunium or Hymettus, like Diogenes,
Of whom half my philosophy the progeny is.

LXXIV.

Amidst this tumult of fish, flesh, and fowl,
And vegetables, all in masquerade,
The guests were placed according to their roll,
But various as the various meats display'd:
Don Juan sat next an. "*à l'Espagnole*"—
No damsel, but a dish, as hath been said:
But so far like a lady, that 't was drest
Superbly, and contain'd a world of zest.

LXXV.

By some odd chance, too, he was placed between
Aurora and the Lady Adeline—
A situation difficult, I ween,
For man therein, with eyes and heart, to dine.
Also the conference which we have seen
Was not such as to encourage him to shine,
For Adeline, addressing few words to him,
With two transcendent eyes seem'd to look through him.

LXXVI.

I sometimes almost think that eyes have ears:
This much is sure, that, out of earshot, things
Are somehow echoed to the pretty dears,
Of which I can't tell whence their knowledge springs.
Like that same mystic music of the spheres,
Which no one hears, so loudly though it rings,
'T is wonderful how oft the sex have heard
Long dialogues—which pass'd without a word!

LXXVII.

Aurora sat with that indifference
 Which piques a *preux chevalier*—as it ought :
 Of all offences that's the worst offence,
 Which seems to hint you are not worth a thought.
 Now Juan, though no coxcomb in pretence,
 Was not exactly pleased to be so caught ;
 Like a good ship entangled among ice,
 And after so much excellent advice.

LXXVIII.

To his gay nothings, nothing was replied,
 Or something which was nothing, as urbanity
 Required. Aurora scarcely look'd aside,
 Nor even smiled enough for any vanity.
 The devil was in the girl ! Could it be pride ?
 Or modesty, or absence, or inanity ?
 Heaven knows ! But Adeline's malicious eyes
 Sparkled with her successful prophecies,

LXXIX.

And look'd as much as if to say, " I said it ;"
 A kind of triumph I'll not recommend,
 Because it sometimes, as I've seen or read it,
 Both in the case of lover and of friend,
 Will pique a gentleman, for his own credit,
 To bring what was a jest to a serious end :
 For all men prophesy what *is* or *was*,
 And hate those who won't let them come to pass.

LXXX.

Juan was drawn thus into some attentions,
 Slight but select, and just enough to express,
 To females of perspicuous comprehensions,
 That he would rather make them more than less.
 Aurora at the last (so history mentions,
 Though probably much less a fact than guess)
 So far relax'd her thoughts from their sweet prison,
 As once or twice to smile, if not to listen.

LXXXI.

From answering she began to question : this
 With her was rare ; and Adeline, who as yet
 Thought her predictions went not much amiss,
 Began to dread she 'd thaw to a coquette—

So very difficult, they say, it is
 To keep extremes from meeting, when once set
 In motion ; but she here too much refined—
 Aurora's spirit was not of that kind.

LXXXI.

But Juan had a sort of winning way,
 A proud humility, if such there be,
 Which show'd such deference to what females say,
 As if each charming word were a decree.
 His tact, too, temper'd him from grave to gay,
 And taught him when to be reserved or free :
 He had the art of drawing people out,
 Without their seeing what he was about.

LXXXIII.

Aurora, who in her indifference
 Confounded him in common with the crowd
 Of flatterers, though she deem'd he had more sense
 Than whispering foplings, or than wittings loud—
 Commenced (from such slight things will great commence)
 To feel that flattery which attracts the proud
 Rather by deference than compliment,
 And wins even by a delicate dissent.

LXXXIV.

And then he had good looks ;—that point was carried
Nem. con. amongst the women, which I grieve
 To say leads oft to *crim. con.* with the married—
 A case which to the juries we may leave,
 Since with digressions we too long have tarried.
 Now though we know of old that looks deceive,
 And always have done, somehow those good looks
 Make more impression than the best of books.

LXXXV.

Aurora, who look'd more on books than faces,
 Was very young, although so very sage,
 Admiring more Minerva than the Graces,
 Especially upon a printed page.
 But Virtue's self, with all her tightest laces,
 Has not the natural stays of strict old age ;
 And Socrates, that model of all duty,
 Own'd to a penchant, though discreet, for beauty.

LXXXVI.

And girls of sixteen are thus far Socratic,
 But innocently so, as Socrates ;
 And really, if the sage sublime and Attic
 At seventy years had phantasies like these,
 Which Plato in his dialogues dramatic
 Has shown, I know not why they should displease
 In virgins—always in a modest way,
 Observe ; for that with me 's a "sine qua."

LXXXVII.

Also observe, that, like the great Lord Coke
 (See Littleton), whene'er I have express'd
 Opinions two, which at first sight may look
 Twin opposites, the second is the best.
 Perhaps I have a third too, in a nook,
 Or none at all—which seems a sorry jest :
 But if a writer should be quite consistent,
 How could he possibly show things existent ?

LXXXVIII.

If people contradict themselves, can I
 Help contradicting them, and everybody,
 Even my veracious self ?—But that 's a lie :
 I never did so, never will—how should I ?
 He who doubts all things nothing can deny :
 Truth's fountains may be clear—her streams are muddy,
 And cut through such canals of contradiction,
 That she must often navigate o'er fiction.

LXXXIX.

Apologue, fable, poesy, and parable,
 Are false, but may be render'd also true.
 By those who sow them in a land that 's arable.
 'T is wonderful what fable will not do !
 'T is said it makes reality more bearable :
 But what 's reality ? Who has its clue ?
 Philosophy ? No ; she too much rejects.
 Religion ? Yes ; but which of all her sects ?

XC.

Some millions must be wrong, that 's pretty clear ;
 Perhaps it may turn out that all were right.
 God help us ! Since we have need on our career
 To keep our holy beacons always bright,

'T is time that some new prophet should appear,
 Or old indulge man with a second sight.
 Opinions wear out in some thousand years,
 Without a small refreshment from the spheres.

xci.

But here again, why will I thus entangle
 Myself with metaphysics? None can hate
 So much as I do any kind of wrangle;
 And yet, such is my folly, or my fate,
 I always knock my head against some angle
 About the present, past, or future state:
 Yet I wish well to Trojan and to Tyrian,
 For I was bred a moderate Presbyterian.

xcii.

But though I am a temperate theologian,
 And also meek as a metaphysician,
 Impartial between Tyrian and Trojan
 As Eldon on a lunatic commission,
 In politics my duty is to show John
 Bull something of the lower world's condition.
 It makes my blood boil like the springs of Hecla,
 To see men let these scoundrel sovereigns break law.

• xciii.

But politics, and policy, and piety,
 Are topics which I sometimes introduce,
 Not only for the sake of their variety,
 But as subservient to a moral use;
 Because my business is to *dress* society,
 And stuff with *sage* that very verdant goose.
 And now, that we may furnish with some matter all
 Tastes, we're going to try the supernatural.

xciv.

And now I will give up all argument;
 And positively henceforth no temptation
 Shall "fool me to the top up of my bent;"—
 Yes, I'll begin a thorough reformation.
 Indeed, I never knew what people meant
 By deeming that my Muse's conversation
 Was dangerous;—I think she is as harmless
 As some who labour more and yet may charm less.

XCV.

Grim reader ! did you ever see a ghost ?

No ; but you have heard—I understand—be dumb !
And do n't regret the time you may have lost,

For you have got that pleasure still to come :
And do not think I mean to sneer at most

Of these things, or by ridicule benumb
That source of the sublime and the mysterious :—
For certain reasons my belief is serious.

XCVI.

Serious ? You laugh ;—you may : that will I not ;

My smiles must be sincere or not at all.

I say I do believe a haunted spot

Exists—and where ? That shall I not recall,
Because I'd rather it should be forgot,

“ Shadows the soul of Richard ” may appal.
In short, upon that subject I've some qualms very
Like those of the philosopher of Malmsbury.

XCVII.

The night—(I sing by night—sometimes an owl,

And now and then a nightingale)—is dim,
And the loud shriek of sage Minerva's fowl

Rattles around me her discordant hymn :
Old portraits from old walls upon me scowl—
I wish to heaven they would not look so grim ;

The dying embers dwindle in the grate—
I think too that I have sat up too late :

XCVIII.

And therefore, though 't is by no means my way

To rhyme at noon—when I have other things
To think of, if I ever think—I say

I feel some chilly midnight shudderings,
And prudently postpone, until mid-day,

Treating a topic which, alas ! but brings
Shadows ;—but you must be in my condition
Before you learn to call this superstition.

XCIX.

Between two worlds life hovers like a star,

'Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's verge :
How little do we know that which we are !

How less what we may be ! The eternal surge

Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar
Our bubbles ; as the old burst, new emerge,
Lash'd from the foam of ages ; while the graves
Of empires heave but like some passing waves.

CANTO THE SIXTEENTH.

I.

THE antique Persians taught three useful things,
To draw the bow, to ride, and speak the truth.
This was the mode of Cyrus, best of kings—
A mode adopted since by modern youth.
Bows have they, generally with two strings ;
Horses they ride without remorse or ruth ;
At speaking truth perhaps they are less clever,
But draw the long bow better now than ever.

II.

The cause of this effect, or this defect,—
“ For this effect defective comes by cause,”—
Is what I have not leisure to inspect ;
But this I must say in my own applause,
Of all the Muses that I recollect,
Whate'er may be her follies or her flaws,
In some things, mine's beyond all contradiction
The most sincere that ever dealt in fiction.

III.

And as she treats all things, and ne'er retreats
From anything, this epic will contain
A wilderness of the most rare conceits,
Which you might elsewhere hope to find in vain.
'T is true there be some bitters with the sweets,
Yet mix'd so slightly, that you can't complain,
But wonder they so few are, since my tale is
“ De rebus cunctis et quibusdam aliis.”

IV.

But of all truths which she has told, the most
True is that which she is about to tell.
I said it was a story of a ghost—
What then ? I only know it so befell.

Have you explored the limits of the coast,
 Where all the dwellers of the earth must dwell?
 'Tis time to strike such puny doubters dumb as
 The sceptics who would not believe Columbus.

v.

Some people would impose now with authority,
 Turpin's or Monmouth Geoffry's Chronicle;
 Men whose historical superiority
 Is always greatest at a miracle.
 But Saint Augustine has the great priority,
 Who bids all men believe the impossible,
Because 't is so. Who nibble, scribble, quibble, he
 Quiets at once with "*quia impossibile.*"

VI.

And therefore, mortals, cavil not at all;
 Believe:—if 't is improbable, you *must*,
 And if it is impossible, you *shall*:
 'Tis always best to take things upon trust.
 I do not speak profanely, to recall
 Those holier mysteries which the wise and just
 Receive as gospel, and which grow more rooted,
 As all truths must, the more they are disputed:

VII. •

I merely mean to say what Johnson said,
 That in the course of some six thousand years,
 All nations have believed that from the dead
 A visitant at intervals appears;
 And what is strangest upon this strange head
 Is, that whatever bar the reason rears
 'Gainst such belief, there's something stronger still
 In its behalf, let those deny who will.

VIII.

The dinner and the soirée too were done,
 The supper too discuss'd, the dames admired,
 The banqueteers had dropp'd off one by one—
 The song was silent, and the dance expired:
 The last thin petticoats were vanish'd, gone
 Like fleecy clouds into the sky retired,
 And nothing brighter gleam'd through the saloon
 Than dying tapers—and the peeping moon.

IX.

The evaporation of a joyous day
Is like the last glass of champagne, without
The foam which made its virgin bumper gay;
Or like a system coupled with a doubt;
Or like a soda bottle when its spray
Has sparkled and let half its spirit out;
Or like a billow left by storms behind,
Without the animation of the wind;

X.

Or like an opiate, which brings troubled rest,
Or none; or like—like nothing that I know
Except itself;—such is the human breast;
A thing, of which similitudes can show
No real likeness,—like the old Tyrian vest
Dyed purple, none at present can tell how,
If from a shell-fish or from cochineal.
So perish every tyrant's robe piece-meal!

XI.

But next to dressing for a rout or ball,
Undressing is a woe; our robe de chambre
May sit like that of Nessus, and recall
Thoughts quite as yellow, but less clear than amber.
Titus exclaim'd, "I've lost a day!" Of all
The nights and days most people can remember,
(I have had of both, some not to be disdain'd,)
I wish they'd state how many they have gain'd.

XII.

And Juan, on retiring for the night,
Felt restless, and perplex'd, and compromised:
He thought Aurora Raby's eyes more bright
Than Adeline (such is advice) advised;
If he had known exactly his own plight,
He probably would have philosophised;
A great resource to all, and ne'er denied
Till wanted; therefore Juan only sigh'd.

XIII.

He sigh'd;—the next resource is the full moon,
Where all sighs are deposited; and now
It happen'd luckily, the chaste orb shone
As clear as such a climate will allow;

And Juan's mind was in the proper tone
 To hail her with the apostrophe—"O thou!"
 Of amatory egotism the *Tuism*,
 Which further to explain would be a truism.

XIV.

But lover, poet, or astronomer,
 Shepherd, or swain, whoever may behold,
 Feel some abstraction when they gaze on her;
 Great thoughts we catch from thence (besides a cold
 Sometimes, unless my feelings rather err);
 Deep secrets to her rolling light are told;
 The ocean's tides and mortals' brains she sways,
 And also hearts, if there be truth in lays.

XV.

Juan felt somewhat pensive, and disposed
 For contemplation rather than his pillow:
 The Gothic chamber, where he was enclosed,
 Let in the rippling sound of the lake's billow,
 With all the mystery by midnight caused:
 Below his window waved (of course) a willow;
 And he stood gazing out on the cascade
 That flash'd and after darken'd in the shade.

XVI.

Upon his table or his toilet,—*which*
 Of these is not exactly ascertain'd,—
 (I state this, for I'm cautious to a pitch
 Of nicety, where a fact is to be gain'd,)
 A lamp burn'd high, while he leant from a niche,
 Where many a Gothic ornament remain'd,
 In chisell'd stone and painted glass, and all
 That time has left our fathers of their hall.

XVII.

Then, as the night was clear though cold, he threw
 His chamber door wide open—and went forth
 Into a gallery, of a sombre hue,
 Long, furnish'd with old pictures of great worth,
 Of knights and dames heroic and chaste too,
 As doubtless should be people of high birth.
 But by dim lights the portraits of the dead
 Have something ghastly, desolate, and dread.

XVIII.

The forms of the grim knight and pictured 'saint
Look living in the moon ; and as you turn
Backward and forward to the echoes faint
Of your own footsteps—voices from the urn
Appear to wake, and shadows wild and quaint
Start from the frames which fence their aspects stern,
As if to ask how you can dare to keep
A vigil there, where all but death should sleep.

XIX.

And the pale smile of beauties in the grave,
The charms of other days, in starlight gleams,
Glimmer on high ; their buried locks still wave
Along the canvas ; their eyes glance like dreams
On ours, or spars within some dusky cave,
But death is imaged in their shadowy beams.
A picture is the past ; even ere its frame
Be gilt, who sate hath ceased to be the same.

XX.

As Juan mused on mutability,
Or on his mistress—terms synonymous—
No sound except the echo of his sigh
Or step ran sadly through that antique house ;
When suddenly he heard, or thought so, nigh,
A supernatural agent—or a mouse,
Whose little nibbling rustle will embarrass
Most people as it plays along the arras.

XXI.

It was no mouse, but lo ! a monk, array'd
In cowl and beads, and dusky garb, appear'd,
Now in the moonlight, and now lapsed in shade,
With steps that trod as heavy, yet unheard ;
His garments only a slight murmur made ;
He moved as shadowy as the sisters weird,
But slowly ; and as he pass'd Juan by,
Glanced, without pausing, on him a bright eye.

XXII.

Juan was petrified ; he had heard a hint
Of such a spirit in these halls of old,
But thought, like most men, there was nothing in 't
Beyond the rumour which such spots unfold,

Coin'd from surviving superstition's mint,
Which passes ghosts in currency like gold,
But rarely seen, like gold compared with paper.
And did he see this? or was it a vapour?

XXIII.

Once, twice, thrice pass'd, repass'd—the thing of air,
Of earth beneath, or heaven, or t' other place;
And Juan gazed upon it with a stare,
Yet could not speak or move; but, on its base
As stands a statue, stood: he felt his hair
Twine like a knot of snakes around his face;
He tax'd his tongue for words which were not granted,
To ask the reverend person what he wanted.

XXIV.

The third time, after a still longer pause,
The shadow pass'd away—but where? the hall
Was long, and thus far there was no great cause
To think his vanishing unnatural:
Doors there were many, through which, by the laws
Of physics, bodies whether short or tall
Might come or go; but Juan could not state
Through which the spectre seem'd to evaporate.

XXV.

He stood—how long he knew not, but it seem'd
An age—expectant, powerless, with his eyes
Strain'd on the spot where first the figure gleam'd;
Then by degrees recall'd his energies,
And would have pass'd the whole off as a dream,
But could not wake; he was, he did surmise,
Waking already, and return'd at length
Back to his chamber, shorn of half his strength.

XXVI.

All there was as he left it: still his taper
Burnt, and not *blue*, as modest tapers use,
Receiving sprites with sympathetic vapour;
He rubb'd his eyes, and they did not refuse
Their office; he took up an old newspaper;
The paper was right easy to peruse;
He read an article the king attacking,
And a long eulogy of "patent blacking."

XXVII.

This savour'd of this world ; but his hand shook :
He shut his door, and after having read
A paragraph, I think about Horne Tooke,
Undrest, and rather slowly, went to bed.
There, couch'd all snugly on his pillow's nook,
With what he'd seen his phantasy he fed ;
And though it was no opiate, slumber crept
Upon him by degrees and so he slept.

XXVIII.

He woke betimes ; and, as may be supposed,
Ponder'd upon his visitant or vision,
And whether it ought not to be disclosed,
At risk of being quizz'd for superstition.
The more he thought, the more his mind was posed ;
In the mean time, his valet, whose precision
Was great, because his master brook'd no less,
Knock'd to inform him it was time to dress.

XXIX.

He dress'd ; and like young people he was wont
To take some trouble with his toilet, but
This morning rather spent less time upon 't ;
Aside his very mirror soon was put ;
His curls fell negligently o'er his front,
His clothes were not curb'd to their usual cut,
His very neckcloth's Gordian knot was tied
Almost a hair's-breadth too much on one side.

XXX.

And when he walk'd down into the saloon,
He sate him pensive o'er a dish of tea,
Which he perhaps had not discover'd soon,
Had it not happen'd scalding hot to be,
Which made him have recourse unto his spoon ;
So much distrait he was, that all could see
That something was the matter—Adeline
The first—but *what* she could not well divine.

XXXI.

She look'd, and saw him pale, and turn'd as pale
Herself ; then hastily look'd down, and mutter'd
Something, but what 's not stated in my tale.
Lord Henry said, his muffin was ill-butter'd ;

*The Duchess of Fitz-Fulke play'd with her veil,
And look'd at Juan hard, but nothing utter'd.
Aurora Raby with her large dark eyes
Survey'd him with a kind of calm surprise.*

XXXII.

But seeing him all cold and silent still,
And everybody wondering more or less,
Fair Adeline inquired "If he were ill?"
He started, and said, "Yes—no—rather—yes."
The family physician had great skill,
And being present, now began to express
His readiness to feel his pulse and tell
The cause, but Juan said, "He was quite well."

XXXIII.

"Quite well; yes,—no."—These answers were mysterious,
And yet his looks appear'd to sanction both,
However they might savour of delirious;
Something like illness of a sudden growth
Weigh'd on his spirit, though by no means serious:
But for the rest, as he himself seem'd loth
To state the case, it might be ta'en for granted
It was not the physician that he wanted.

XXXIV.

Lord Henry, who had now discuss'd his chocolate
Also the muffin whereof he complain'd,
Said, Juan had not got his usual look elate,
At which he marvell'd, since it had not rain'd;
Then ask'd her Grace what news were of the duke of late?
Her Grace replied, *his Grace* was rather pain'd
With some slight, light, hereditary twinges
Of gout, which rusts aristocratic hinges.

XXXV.

Then Henry turn'd to Juan, and address'd
A few words of condolence on his state:
"You look," quoth he, "as if you had had your rest
Broke in upon by the Black Friar of late."
"What Friar?" said Juan; and he did his best
To put the question with an air sedate,
Or careless; but the effort was not valid
To hinder him from growing still more pallid.

XXXVI.

"Oh! have you never heard of the Black Friar?
The spirit of these walls?"—"In truth not I."
"Why Fame—but Fame you know's sometimes a liar—
Tells an odd story, of which by and by:
Whether with time the spectre has grown shyer,
Or that our sires had a more gifted eye
For such sights, though the tale is half believed,
The Friar of late has not been oft perceived.

XXXVII.

"The last time was——"—"I pray," said Adeline—
(Who watch'd the changes of Don Juan's brow,
And from its context thought she could divine
Cornexions stronger than he chose to avow
With this same legend)—"if you but design
To jest, you'll choose some other theme just now,
Because the present tale has oft been told,
And is not much improved by growing old."

XXXVIII.

"Jest!" quoth Milor; "why, Adeline, you know
That we ourselves—'t was in the honeymoon—
Saw——"—"Well, no matter, 't was so long ago;
But, come, I'll set your story to a tune."
Graceful as Dian when she draws her bow,
She seized her harp, whose strings were kindled soon
As touch'd, and plaintively began to play
The air of "'T was a Friar of Orders Gray."

XXXIX.

"But add the words," cried Henry, "which you made;
For Adeline is half a poetess,"
Turning round to the rest, he smiling said.
Of course the others could not but express
In courtesy their wish to see display'd
By one *three* talents, for there were no less—
The voice, the words, the harper's skill, at once,
Could hardly be united by a dunce.

XL.

After some fascinating hesitation,—
The charming of these charmers, who seem bound,
I can't tell why, to this dissimulation,—
Fair Adeline, with eyes fix'd on the ground

At first, then kindling into animation,
 Added her sweet voice to the lyric sound,
 And sang with much simplicity,—a merit
 Not the less precious, that we seldom hear it.

1.

Beware! beware! of the Black Friar,
 Who sitteth by Norman stone,
 For he mutters his prayer in the midnight air,
 And his mass of the days that are gone.
 When the Lord of the Hill, Amundeville,
 Made Norman Church his prey,
 And expell'd the friars, one friar still
 Would not be driven away.

2.

Though he came in his might, with King Henry's right,
 To turn church lands to lay,
 With sword in hand, and torch to light
 Their walls, if they said nay;
 A monk remain'd, unchased, unchain'd,
 And he did not seem form'd of clay, [church,
 For he 's seen in the porch, and he's seen in the
 Though he is not seen by day.

3.

And whether for good, or whether for ill,
 It is not mine to say;
 But still with the house of Amundeville
 He abideth night and day.
 By the marriage-bed of their lords, 't is said,
 He flits on the bridal eve;
 And 't is held as faith, to their bed of death
 He comes—but not to grieve.

4.

When an heir is born, he's heard to mourn,
 And when aught is to befall
 That ancient line, in the pale moonshine
 He walks from hall to hall.
 His form you may trace, but not his face,
 'T is shadow'd by his cowl;
 But his eyes may be seen from the folds between,
 And they seem of a parted soul.

5.

But beware ! beware ! of the Black Friar,
 He still retains his sway,
 For he is yet the church's heir
 Whoever may be the^olay.
 Amundeville is lord by day;
 But the monk is lord by night;
 Nor wine nor wassail could raise a vassal
 To question that friar's right.

6.

Say nought to him as he walks his hall,
 And he'll say nought to you ;
 He sweeps along in his dusky pall,
 As o'er the grass the dew.
 Then ~~g~~amercy ! for the Black Friar ;
 Heaven sain him ! fair or foul,
 And whatsoe'er may be his prayer,
 Let ours be for his soul.

. XLI.

The lady's voice ceased, and the thrilling wires
 Died from the touch that kindled them to sound ;
 And the pause follow'd, which when song expires
 Pervades a moment those who listen round ;
 And then of course the circle much admires,
 Nor less applauds, as in politeness bound,
 The tones, the feeling, and the execution,
 To the performer's diffident confusion.

XLII.

Fair Adeline, though in a careless way,
 As if she rated such accomplishment
 As the mere pastime of an idle day,
 Pursued an instant for her own content,
 Would now and then, as 't were *without* display,
 Yet *with* display in fact, at times relent
 To such performances with haughty smile,
 To show she *could*, if it were worth her while.

XLIII.

Now this (but we will whisper it aside)
 Was—pardon the pedantic illustration—
 Trampling on Plato's pride with greater pride,
 As did the Cynic on some like occasion :

Deeming the sage would be much mortified,
 Or thrown into a philosophic passion,
 For a spoilt carpet—but the “Attic bee”
 Was much consoled by his own repartee.

XLIV.

Thus Adeline would throw into the shade
 (By doing easily, whene’er she chose,
 What dilettanti do with vast parade)
 Their sort of *half profession*; for it grows
 To something like this when too oft display’d;
 And that it is so, everybody knows,
 Who’ve heard Miss That or This, or Lady T’ other,
 Show off—to please their company or mother.

XLV.

Oh! the long evenings of duets and trios!
 The admirations and the speculations;
 The “Mamma Mia’s!” and the “Amor Mio’s!”
 The “Tanti palpiti’s” on such occasions:
 The “Lasciami’s,” and quavering “Addio’s!”
 Amongst our own most musical of nations;
 With “Tu mi chamas’s” from Portingale,
 To soothe our ears, lest Italy should fail.

XLVI.

In Babylon’s bravuras—as the home
 Heart-ballads of Green Erin or Grey Highlands,
 That bring Lochaber back to eyes that roam
 O’er far Atlantic continents or islands,
 The calentures of music which o’ercome
 All mountaineers with dreams that they are nigh lands,
 No more to be beheld but in such visions—
 Was Adeline well versed, as compositions.

XLVII.

She also had a twilight tinge of “Blue,”
 Could write rhymes, and compose more than she wrote,
 Made epigrams occasionally too
 Upon her friends, as everybody ought.
 But still from that sublimer azure hue,
 So much the present dye, she was remote;
 Was weak enough to deem Pope a great poet,
 And what was worse, was not ashamed to show it.

XLVIII.

Aurora—since we are touching upon taste,
Which now-a-days is the thermometer
By whose degrees all characters are class'd—
Was more Shaksperian, if I do not err.
The worlds beyond this world's perplexing waste
Had more of her existence, for in her
There was a depth of feeling to embrace
Thoughts, boundless, deep, but silent too as Space.

XLIX.

Not so her gracious, graceful, graceless Grace,
The full-grown Hebe of Fitz-Fulke, whose mind,
If she had any, was upon her face,
And that was of a fascinating kind.
A little turn for mischief you might trace
Also thereon,—but that's not much; we find
Few females without some such gentle leaven,
For fear we should suppose us quite in heaven.

L.

I have not heard she was at all poetic,
Though once she was seen reading the "Bath Guide,"
And "Hayley's Triumphs," which she deem'd pathetic,
Because, she said, *her temper* had been tried
So much, the bard had really been prophetic
Of what she had gone through with—since a bride.
But of all verse, what most insured her praise
Were sonnets to herself, or "bouts rimés."

LI.

'T were difficult to say what was the object
Of Adeline, in bringing this same lay
To bear on what appear'd to her the subject
Of Juan's nervous feelings on that day.
Perhaps she merely had the simple project
To laugh him out of his supposed dismay;
Perhaps she might wish to confirm him in it,
Though why I cannot say—at least this minute.

LII.

But so far the immediate effect
Was to restore him to his self-propriety,
A thing quite necessary to the elect,
Who wish to take the tone of their society;

In which you cannot be too circumspect,
 Whether the mode be persiflage or piety,
 But wear the newest mantle of hypocrisy,
 On pain of much displeasing the gynocracy.

LIII.

And therefore Juan now began to rally
 His spirits, and without more explanation
 To jest upon such themes in many a sally.
 Her Grace, too, also seized the same occasion,
 With various similar remarks to tally,
 But wish'd for a still more detail'd narration
 Of this same mystic friar's curious doings,
 About the present family's deaths and wooings.

LIV.

Of these few could say more than has been said ;
 They pass'd as such things do, for superstition
 With some, while others, who had more in dread
 The theme, half credited the strange tradition ;
 And much was talk'd on all sides on that head :
 But Juan, when cross-question'd on the vision,
 Which some supposed (though he had not avow'd it)
 Had stir'd him, answer'd in a way to cloud it.

LV.

And then, the mid-day having worn to one,
 The company prepared to separate ;
 Some to their several pastimes, or to none,
 Some wondering 't was so early, some so late.
 There was a goodly match too, to be run
 Between some greyhounds on my lord's estate,
 And a young race-horse of old pedigree,
 Match'd for the spring, whom several went to see.

LVI.

There was a picture-dealer who had brought
 A special Titian, warranted original,
 So precious that it was not to be bought,
 Though princes the possessor were besieging all.
 The king himself had cheapen'd it, but thought
 The civil list he deigns to accept (obliging all
 His subjects by his gracious acceptation)—
 Too scanty, in these times of low taxation.

LVII.

But as Lord Henry was a connoisseur,—
The friend of artists, if not arts,—the owner,
With motives the most classical and pure,
So that he would have been the very donor,
Rather than seller, had his wants been fewer,
So much he deem'd his patronage an honour,
Had brought the capo d'opera, not for sale,
But for his judgment—never known to fail.

LVIII.

There was a modern Goth, I mean a Gothic
Bricklayer of Babel, call'd an architect,
Brought to survey these grey walls, which though so thick,
Might have from time acquired some slight defect ;
Who, after summing the Abbey through thick
And thin, produced a plan whereby to erect
New buildings of correctest conformation,
And throw down old, which he call'd *restoration*.

LIX.

The cost would be a trifle—an “old song,”
Set to some thousands ('t is the usual burthen
Of that same tune, when people hum it long)—
The price would speedily repay its worth in
An edifice no less sublime than strong,
By which Lord Henry's good taste would go forth in
Its glory, through all ages shining sunny,
For Gothic daring shown in English money.

LX.

There were two lawyers busy on a mortgage
Lord Henry wish'd to raise for a new purchase ;
Also a lawsuit upon tenures burgage,
And one on tithes, which sure are Discord's torches,
Kindling Religion till she throws down *her* gage,
“Untying” squires “to fight against the churches ;”
There was a prize ox, a prize pig, and ploughman,
For Henry was a sort of Sabine showman.

LXI.

There were two poachers caught in a steel trap,
Ready for gnol, their place of convalescence ;
There was a country girl in a close cap
And scarlet cloak (I hate the sight to see, since—

Since—since—in youth, I had the sad mishap—
 But luckily I have paid few parish fees since):
 That scarlet cloak, alas ! unclosed with rigour,
 Presents the problem of a double figure.

LXII.

A reel within a bottle is a mystery,
 One can't tell how it e'er got in or out ;
 Therefore the present piece of natural history
 I leave to those who are fond of solving doubt ;
 And merely state, though not for the consistory,
 Lord Henry was a justice, and that Scout
 The constable, beneath a warrant's banner,
 Had bagg'd this poacher upon Nature's manor.

LXIII.

Now justices of peace must judge all pieces
 Of mischief of all kinds, and keep the game
 And morals of the country from caprices
 Of those who have not a licence for the same ;
 And of all things, excepting tithes and leases,
 Perhaps these are most difficult to tame :
 Preserving partridges and pretty wenches
 Are puzzles to the most precautions benches.

LXIV.

The present culprit was extremely pale,
 Pale as if painted so ; her cheek being red
 By nature, as in higher dames less hale
 'T is white, at least when they just rise from bed.
 Perhaps she was ashamed of seeming frail,
 Poor soul ! for she was country born and bred,
 And knew no better in her immorality
 Than to wax white—for blushes are for quality.

LXV.

Her black, bright, downcast, yet espiègle eye,
 Had gather'd a large tear into its corner,
 Which the poor thing at times essay'd to dry,
 For she was not a sentimental mourner
 Parading all her sensibility,
 Nor insolent enough to scorn the scorner,
 But stood in trembling, patient tribulation,
 To be call'd up for her examination.

LXVI.

Of course these groups were scatter'd here and there,
 Not nigh the gay saloon of ladies gent.
 The lawyers in the study; and in air
 The prize pig, ploughman, poachers; the men sent
 From town, viz. architect and dealer, were
 Both busy (as a general in his tent
 Writing despatches) in their several stations,
 Exulting in their brilliant lucubrations.

LXVII.

But this poor girl was left in the great hall,
 While Scout, the parish guardian of the frail,
 Discuss'd (he hated beer yclept the "small")
 A mighty mug of *moral* double ale.
 She waited until Justice could recall
 Its kind attentions to their proper pale,
 To name a thing in nomenclature rather
 Perplexing for most virgins—a child's father.

LXVIII.

You see here was enough of occupation
 For the Lord Henry, link'd with dogs and horses.
 There was much bustle too, and preparation
 Below-stairs on the score of second courses;
 Because, as suits their rank and situation,
 Those who in counties have great land resources
 Have "public days," when all men may carouse,
 Though not exactly what 's call'd "open house."

LXIX.

But once a week or fortnight, *uninvited*
 (Thus we translate a *general invitation*),
 All country gentlemen, esquired or knighted,
 May drop in without cards, and take their station
 At the full board, and sit alike delighted
 With fashionable wines and conversation;
 And, as the isthmus of the grand connexion,
 Talk o'er themselves the past and next election.

LXX.

Lord Henry was a great electioneerer,
 Burrowing for boroughs like a rat or rabbit.
 But county contests cost him rather dearer,
 Because the neighbouring Scotch Earl of Giftgabbit

Had English influence, in the self-same sphere here ;
 His son, the Honourable Dick Dicedrabbitt,
 Was member for the "other interest" (meaning
 The same self-interest, with a different leaning).

LXXI.

Courteous and cautious therefore in his county,
 He was all things to all men, and dispensed
 To some civility, to others bounty,
 And promises to all—which last commenced
 To gather to a somewhat large amount, he
 Not calculating how much they condensed ;
 But what with keeping some, and breaking others,
 His word had the same value as another's.

LXXII.

A friend to freedom and freeholders—yet
 No less a friend to government—he held,
 That he exactly the just medium hit
 'Twixt place and patriotism—albeit compell'd,
 Such was his sovereign's pleasure, (though unfit,
 He added modestly, when rebels rail'd,)
 To hold some sinecures he wish'd abolish'd,
 But that with them all law would be demolish'd.

LXXIII.

He was "free to confess"—(whence comes this phrase ?
 Is't English ? No—'t is only parliamentary)
 That innovation's spirit now-a-days
 Had made more progress than for the last century.
 He would not tread a factious path to praise,
 Though for the public weal disposed to venture high ;
 As for his place, he could but say this of it,
 That the fatigue was greater than the profit.

LXXIV.

Heaven, and his friends, knew that a private life
 Had ever been his sole and whole ambition ;
 But could he quit his king in times of strife,
 Which threaten'd the whole country with perdition ?
 When demagogues would with a butcher's knife
 Cut through and through (oh ! damnable incision !)
 The Gordian or the Geordi-an knot, whose strings
 Have tied together commons, lords, and kings.

LXXV.

Sooner "come place into the civil list
And champion him to the utmost—" he would keep it,
Till duly disappointed or dismiss'd :
Profit he cared not for, let others reap it ;
But should the day come when place ceased to exist,
The country would have far more cause to weep it :
For how could it go on ? Explain who can !
He gloried in the name of Englishman.

LXXVI.

He was as independent—ay, much more—
Than those who were not paid for independence,
As common soldiers, or a common—shore,
Have in their several arts or parts ascendance
• O'er the irregulars in lust or gore,
Who do not give professional attendance.
Thus on the mob all statesmen are as eager
To prove their pride, as footmen to a beggar.

LXXVII.

All this (save the last stanza) Henry said,
And thought. I say no more—I've said too much ;
For all of us have either heard or read—
Off—or *upon* the hustings—some slight such
Hints from the independent heart or head
Of the official candidate. I'll touch
No more on this—the dinner-bell hath rung,
And grace is said ; the grace I *should* have sung—

LXXVIII.

But I'm too late, and therefore must make play.
'T was a great banquet, such as Albion old
Was wont to boast—as if a glutton's tray
Were something very glorious to behold.
But 't was a public feast and public day,—
Quite full, right dull, guests hot, and dishes cold,
Great plenty, much formality, small cheer,
And everybody out of their own sphere.

LXXIX.

The squires familiarly formal, and
My lords and ladies proudly condescending ;
The very servants puzzling how to hand
Their plates—without it might be too much bending

From their high places by the sideboard's stand—
 Yet, like their masters, fearful of offending,
 For any deviation from the graces
 Might cost both man and master too—their *places*.

LXXX.

There were some hunters bold, and coursers keen,
 Whose hounds ne'er err'd, nor greyhounds deign'd to
 Some deadly shots too, Septembrizers, seen [lurch ;
 Earliest to rise, and last to quit the search
 Of the poor partridge through his stubble screen.
 There were some massy members of the Church,
 Takers of tithes, and makers of good matches,
 And several who sung fewer psalms than catches.

LXXXI.

There were some country wags too—and, alas !
 Some exiles from the town, who had been driven
 To gaze, instead of pavement, upon grass,
 And rise at nine in lieu of long eleven.
 And lo ! upon that day it came to pass,
 I sate next that o'erwhelming son of heaven,
 The very powerful parson, Peter Pith,
 The loudest wit I e'er was deafen'd with.

LXXXII.

I knew him in his livelier London days,
 A brilliant diner out, though but a curate ;
 And not a joke he cut but earn'd its praise,
 Until preferment, coming at a sure rate,
 (O Providence ! how wondrous are thy ways !
 Who would suppose thy gifts sometimes obdurate ?)
 Gave him, to lay the devil who looks o'er Lincoln,
 A fat fen vicarage, and nought to think on.

LXXXIII.

His jokes were sermons, and his sermons jokes ;
 But both were thrown away amongst the fens ;
 For wit hath no great friend in aguish folks.
 No longer ready ears and short-hand pens
 Imbided the gay bon-mot, or happy hoax :
 The poor priest was reduced to common sense,
 Or to coarse efforts very loud and long,
 To hammer a hoarse laugh from the thick throng.

LXXXIV.

There *is* a difference, says the song, "between
 A beggar and a queen," or *was* (of late
 The latter worse used of the two we've seen.
 But we'll say nothing of affairs of state);
 A difference "'twixt a bishop and a dean,"
 A difference between crockery ware and plate,
 As between English beef and Spartan broth—
 And yet great heroes have been bred by both.

• LXXXV.

But of all nature's discrepancies, none
 Upon the whole is greater than the difference
 Beheld between the country and the town,
 Of which the latter merits every preference
 From those who have few resources of their own,
 And only think, or act, or feel, with reference
 To some small plan of interest or ambition—
 Both which are limited to no condition.

• LXXXVI.

But "en avant!" The light loves languish o'er
 Long banquets and too many guests, although
 A slight repast makes people love much more,
 Bacchus and Ceres being, as we know,
 Even from our grammar upwards, friends of yore.
 With vivifying Venus, who doth owe
 To these the invention of champagne and truffles:
 Temperance delights her, but long fasting ruffles.

LXXXVII.

Dully pass'd o'er the dinner of the day;
 And Juan took his place he knew not where,
 Confused, in the confusion and drait,
 And sitting as if nail'd upon his chair:
 Though knives and forks clang'd round as in a fray,
 He seem'd unconscious of all passing there,
 Till some one, with a groan, exprest a wish
 (Unheeded twice) to have a fin of fish.

LXXXVIII.

On which, at the *third* asking of the banns,
 He started; and perceiving smiles around
 Broadening to grins, he colour'd more than once,
 And hastily—as nothing can confound

A wise man more than laughter from a dunce—
 Inflicted on the dish a deadly wound,
 And with such hurry, that, ere he could curb it,
 He'd paid his neighbour's prayer with half a turbot.

LXXXIX.

This was no bad mistake, as it occur'd,
 The supPLICATOR being an amateur ;
 But others, who were left with scarce a third,
 Were angry—as they well might, to be sure.
 They wonder'd how a young man so absurd
 Lord Henry at his table should endure,
 And this, and his not knowing how much oats
 Had fall'n last market, cost his host three votes.

XC.

They little knew, or might have sympathised,
 That he the night before had seen a ghost,
 A prologue which but slightly harmonised
 With the substantial company engross'd
 By matter, and so much materialised,
 That one scarce knew at what to marvel most
 Of two things—how (the question rather odd is) ✓
 Such bodies could have souls, or souls such bodies.

XCI.

But what confused him more than smile or stare,
 From all the 'squires and 'squiresses around,
 Who wonder'd at the abstraction of his air,
 Especially as he had been renown'd
 For some vivacity among the fair,
 Even in the country circle's narrow bound—
 (For little things upon my lord's estate
 Were good small talk for others still less great)—

XCII.

Was, that he caught Aurora's eye on his,
 And something like a smile upon her cheek.
 Now this he really rather took amiss ;
 In those who rarely smile, their smile bespeaks
 A strong external motive ; and in this
 Smile of Aurora's there was nought to pique
 Or hope or love, with any of the wiles
 Which some pretend to trace in ladies' smiles.

XCIII.

'T was a mere quiet smile of contemplation,
 Indicative of some surprise and pity;
 And Juan grew carnation with vexation,
 Which was not very wise, and still less witty,
 Since he had gain'd at least her observation,
 A most important outwork of the city—
 As Juan should have known, had not his senses
 By last night's ghost been driven from their defences.

XCIV.

But what was bad, she did not blush in turn,
 Nor seem embarrass'd—quite the contrary;
 Her aspect was as usual, still—*not* stern—
 And she withdrew, but cast not down, her eye,
 Yet grew a little pale—with what? concern?
 I know not; but her colour ne'er was high—
 Though sometimes faintly flush'd—and always clear,
 As deep seas in a sunny atmosphere.

XCV.

But Adeline was occupied by fame
 This day; and watching, witching, condescending
 To the consumers of fish, fowl, and game,
 And dignity with courtesy so blending,
 As all must blend whose part it is to aim
 (Especially as the sixth year is ending)
 As their lord's, son's, or similar connexion's
 Safe conduct through the rocks of reflections.

XCVI.

Though this was most expedient on the whole,
 And usual—Juan, when he cast a glance
 On Adeline while playing her grand rôle,
 Which she went through as though it were a dance,
 Betraying only now and then her soul
 By a look scarce perceptibly askance
 (Of weariness or scorn), began to feel
 Some doubt how much of Adeline was *real*;

XCVII.

So well she acted all and every part
 By turns—with that vivacious versatility,
 Which many people take for want of heart.
 They err—'t is merely what is call'd mobility,

A thing of temperament and not of art,
 Though seeming so, from its supposed facility ;
 And false—though true ; for surely they're sincerest
 Who are strongly acted on by what is nearest.

xcviii.

This makes your actors, artists, and romancers,
 Heroes sometimes, though seldom—sages never :
 But speakers, bards, diplomatists, and dancers,
 Little that's great, but much of what is clever ;
 Most orators, but very few financiers,
 Though all Exchequer chancellors endeavour,
 Of late years, to dispense with Cocker's rigours,
 And grow quite figurative with their figures.

xcix.

The poets of arithmetic are they
 Who, though they prove not two and two to be
 Five, as they might do in a modest way,
 Have plainly made it out that four are three,
 Judging by what they take, and what they pay.
 The Sinking Fund's unfathomable sea,
 That most unliquidating liquid, leaves
 The debt unsunk, yet sinks all it receives.

c.

While Adeline dispensed her airs and graces,
 The fair Fitz-Fulke seem'd very much at ease ;
 Though too well bred to quiz men to their faces,
 Her laughing blue eyes with a glance could seize
 The ridicules of people in all places—
 That honey of your fashionable bees—
 And store it up for mischievous enjoyment ;
 And this at present was her kind employment.

ci.

However, the day closed, as days must close ;
 The evening also waned—and coffee came.
 Each carriage was announced, and ladies rose,
 And curtsying off, as curtsies country dame,
 Retired : with most unfashionable bows
 Their docile esquires also did the same,
 Delighted with their dinner and their host,
 But with the Lady Adeline the most.

CII.

Some praised her beauty : others her great grace ;
The warmth of her politeness, whose sincerity
Was obvious in each feature of her face,
Whose traits were radiant with the rays of verity.
Yes : *she* was truly worthy *her* high place !
No one could envy her deserved prosperity.
And then her dress—what beautiful simplicity
Draperied her form with curious felicity !

CIII.

Meanwhile sweet Adeline deserved their praises,
By an impartial indemnification
For all her past exertion and soft phrases,
In a most edifying conversation,
Which turn'd upon their late guests' miens and faces,
And families, even to the last relation ;
Their hideous wives, their horrid selves and dresses,
And truculent distortion of their tresses.

CIV.

True, *she* said little—'t was the rest that broke
Forth into universal epigram ;
But then 't was to the purpose what she spoke :
Like Addison's "faint praise," so wont to damn,
Her own but served to set off every joke,
As music chimes in with a melodrame.
How sweet the task to shield an absent friend !
I ask but this of mine, to—*not* defend.

CV.

There were but two exceptions to this keen
Skirmish of wits o'er the departed ; one
Aurora, with her pure and placid mien ;
And Juan, too, in general behind none
In gay remark on what he'd heard or seen,
Sate silent now, his usual spirits gone :
In vain he heard the others rail or rally,
He would not join them in a single sally.

CVI.

'T is true he saw Aurora look as though
She approved his silence ; she perhaps mistook
Its motives for that charity we owe
But seldom pay the absent, nor would look

Further ; it might or it might not be so.

But Juan, sitting silent in his nook,
Observing little in his reverie,
Yet saw this much, which he was glad to see.

CVII.

The ghost at least had done him this much good,
In making him as silent as a ghost,
If in the circumstances which ensued

He gain'd esteem where it was worth the most ;
And certainly Aurora had renew'd

In him some feelings he had lately lost,
Or harden'd ; feelings which, perhaps ideal,
Are so divine, that I must deem them real :—

CVIII.

The love of higher things and better days ;
The unbounded hope, and heavenly ignorance
Of what is call'd the world, and the world's ways ;

The moments when we gather from a glance
More joy than from all future pride or praise,
Which kindle manhood, but can ne'er entrance
The heart in an existence of its own,
Of which another's bosom is the zone.

CIX.

Who would not sigh *Αι αι ταν Κυθρηταιν*

That *hath* a memory, or that *had* a heart ?

Alas ! *her* star must fade like that of Dian :

Ray fades on ray, as years on years depart.

Anacreon only had the soul to tie an

Unwithering myrtle round the unblunted dart
Of Eros : but though thou hast play'd us many tricks,
Still we respect thee, " *Alma Venús Genetrix* ! "

CX.

And full of sentiments, sublime as billows

Heaving between this world and worlds beyond,

Don Juan, when the midnight hour of pillows

Arrived, retired to his ; but to despond

Rather than rest. Instead of poppies, willows

Waved o'er his couch ; he meditated, fond

Of those sweet bitter thoughts which banish sleep,

And make the worldling sneer, the youngling weep.

CXI.

The night was as before : he was undrest,
 Saving his night-gown, which is an undress ;
 Completely "sans culotte," and without vest ;
 In short, he hardly could be clothed with less :
 But apprehensive of his spectral guest,
 He sate with feelings awkward to express
 (By those who have not had such visitations),
 Expectant of the ghost's fresh operations.

CXII.

And not in vain he listen'd ;—Hush ! what's that ?
 I see—I see—Ah, no !—'t is not—yet 't is—
 Ye powers ! it is the—the—the—Pooh ! the cat !
 The devil may take that stealthy pace of his !
 *So like a spiritual pit-a-pat,
 (Or tiptoe* of an amatory Miss,
 Gliding the first time to a rendezvous,
 And dreading the chaste echoes of her shoe.

CXIII.

Again—what is 't ? *The wind ? No, no,—this time
 It is the sable Friar as before,
 *With awful footsteps regular as rhyme,
 Or (as rhymes may be in these days) much more.
 Again through shadows of the night sublime,
 When deep sleep fell on men, and the world wore
 The starry darkness round her like a girdle
 Spangled with gems—the monk made his blood curdle.

CXIV.

A noise like to wet fingers drawn on glass,
 Which sets the teeth on edge ; and a slight clatter
 Like showers which on the midnight gusts will pass,
 Sounding like very supernatural water,
 Came over Juan's ear, which throb'd, alas !
 For immaterialism's a serious matter ;
 So that even those whose faith is the most great
 In souls immortal, shun them tête-à-tête.

CXV.

Were his eyes open ?—Yes ! and his mouth too.
 Surprise has this effect—to make one dumb,
 Yet leave the gate which eloquence slips through
 As wide, as if a long speech were to come.

Nigh and more nigh the awful echoes drew,
 Tremendous to a mortal tympanum :
 His eyes were open, and (as was before
 Stated) his mouth. What open'd next?—the door.

CXVI.

It open'd with a most infernal creak,
 Like that of hell. “Lasciate ogni speranza
 Voi ch'entrate!” The hinge seem'd to speak,
 Dreadful as Dante's rhima, or this stanza ;
 Or—but all words upon such themes are weak :
 A single shade's sufficient to entrance a
 Hero—for what is substance to a spirit ?
 Or how is't *matter* trembles to come near it ?

CXVII.

The door flew wide, not swiftly,—but, as fly
 The sea-gulls, with a steady, sober flight—
 And then swung back ; nor close—but stood awry,
 Half letting in long shadows on the light,
 Which still in Juan's candlesticks burn'd high,
 For he had two, both tolerably bright,
 And in the doorway, darkening darkness, stood
 The sable Friar in his solemn hood.

CXVIII.

Don Juan shook, as erst he had been shaken
 The night before ; but being sick of shaking,
 He first inclined to think he had been mistaken ;
 And then to be ashamed of such mistaking ;
 His own internal ghost began to awaken
 Within him, and to quell his corporal quaking—
 Hinting that soul and body on the whole
 Were odds against a disembodied soul.

CXIX.

And then his dread grew wrath, and his wrath fierce,
 And he arose advanced—the shade retreated ;
 But Juan, eager now the truth to pierce,
 Follow'd, his veins no longer cold, but heated,
 Resolved to thrust the mystery carte and tierce,
 At whatsoever risk of being defeated :
 The ghost stopp'd, menaced, then retired, until
 He reach'd the ancient wall, then stood **stone still.**

CXX.

Juan put forth one arm—Eternal powers !
It touch'd no soul, nor body, but the wall,
On which the moonbeams tell in silvery showers,
Chequer'd with all the tracery of the hall ;
He shudder'd, as no doubt the bravest cowers
When he can't tell what 't is that doth appal.
How odd, a single hobgoblin's nonentity
Should cause more fear than a whole host's identity !

CXXI.

But still the shade remain'd : the blue eyes glared,
And rather variably for stony death ;
Yet one thing rather good the grave had spared,
The ghost had a remarkably sweet breath :
' A straggling curl show'd he had been fair-hair'd ;
A red lip, with two rows of pearl beneath,
Gleam'd forth, as through the casement's ivy shroud
The moon peep'd, just escaped from a grey cloud.

CXXII.

And Juan, puzzled, but still curious, thrust
His other arm forth—Wonder upon wonder !
It press'd upon a hard but glowing bust,
Which beat as if there was a warm heart under.
He found, as people on most trials must,
That he had made at first a silly blunder,
And that in his confusion he had caught
Only the wall, instead of what he sought.

CXXIII.

The ghost, if ghost it were, seem'd a sweet soul
As ever lurk'd beneath a holy hood :
A dimpled chin, a neck of ivory, stole
Forth into something much like flesh and blood ;
Back fell the sable frock and dreary cowl,
And they reveal'd—alas ! that e'er they should !
In full, voluptuous, but *not o'ergrown* bulk,
The phantom of her frolic Grace—Fitz-Fulke !

Poems on Napoleon.

ODE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

"Expende Annibalem :—quot libras in duce summo
Invenies?"—JUVENAL, *Sat.* x.

"The Emperor Nepos was acknowledged by the Senate, by the Italians, and by the Provincials of Gaul; his moral virtues, and military talents, were loudly celebrated; and those who derived any private benefit from his government announced in prophetic strains the restoration of public felicity. * * By this shameful abdication, he protracted his life a few years, in a very ambiguous state, between an Emperor and an Exile, till——."—GIBBON'S *Decline and Fall*, vol. vi., p. 220.

I.

'T is done—but yesterday a King!
And arm'd with Kings to strive—
And now thou art a nameless thing:
So abject—yet alive!
Is this the man of thousand thrones,
Who strew'd our earth with hostile bones,
And can he thus survive?
Since he, miscall'd the Morning Star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.

II.

Ill-minded man! why scourge thy kind
Who bow'd so low the knee?
By gazing on thyself grown blind,
Thou taught'st the rest to see.
With might unquestion'd,—power to save,—
Thine only gift hath been the grave,
To those that worshipp'd thee;
Nor till thy fall could mortals guess
Ambition's less than littleness!

III.

Thanks for that lesson—It will teach
 To after-warriors more,
 Than high Philosophy can preach,
 And vainly preach'd before.
 That spell upon the minds of men
 Breaks never to unite again,
 That led them to adore
 Those Pagod things of sabre sway
 With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.

IV.

The triumph and the vanity,
 The rapture of the strife—
 The earthquake voice of Victory,
 To thee the breath of life;
 The sword, the sceptre, and that sway
 Which man seem'd made but to obey,
 Wherewith renown was rife—
 All quell'd !—Dark Spirit ! what must be
 The madness of thy memory !

V.

The Desolator desolate !
 The Victor overthrown !
 The Arbitrator of others' fate
 A Suppliant for his own !
 Is it some yet imperial hope
 That with such change can calmly cope ?
 Or dread of death alone ?
 To die a prince—or live a slave—
 Thy choice is most ignobly brave !

VI.

He who of old would rend the oak,
 Dream'd not of the rebound :
 Chain'd by the trunk he vainly broke—
 Alone—how look'd he round ?
 'Thou in the sternness of thy strength,
 An equal deed hast done at length,
 And darker fate hast found :
 He fell, the forest prowlers' prey ;
 But thou must eat thy heart away !

VII.

The Roman, when his burning heart
 Was slaked with blood of Rome,
 Threw down the dagger—dared depart,
 In savage grandeur, home—
 He dared depart in utter scorn
 Of men that such a yoke had borne,
 Yet left him such a doom !
 His only glory was that hour
 Of self-upheld abandon'd power.

VIII.

The Spaniard, when the lust of sway
 Had lost its quickening spell,
 Cast crowns for rosaries away,
 An empire for a cell ;
 A strict accountant of his beads,
 A subtle disputant on creeds,
 His dotage trifled well ;
 Yet better had he neither known
 A bigot's shrine, nor despot's throne.

IX.

But thou—from thy reluctant hand
 The thunderbolt is wrung—
 Too late thou leav'st the high command
 To which thy weakness clung ;
 All Evil Spirit as thou art,
 It is enough to grieve the heart
 To see thine own unstrung ;
 To think that God's fair world hath been
 The footstool of a thing so mean ;

X.

And Earth hath spilt her blood for him,
 Who thus can hoard his own !
 And monarchs bow'd the trembling limb,
 And thank'd him for a throne !
 Fair Freedom ! we may hold thee dear,
 When thus their mightiest foes their fear
 In humblest guise hath shown,
 Oh ! ne'er may tyrant leave behind
 A brighter name to lure mankind !

XI.

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,
Nor written thus in vain—
Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,
Or deepen every stain :
If thou hadst died as honour dies,
Some new Napoleon might arise,
To shame the world again—
But who would soar the solar height,
To set in such a starless night?

XII.

Weigh'd in the balance, hero dust
Is vile as vulgar clay ;
Thy scales, Mortality ! are just
To all that pass away :
But yet methought the living great
Some higher sparks should animate,
To dazzle and dismay :
Nor deem'd Contempt could thus make mirth
Of these, the Conquerors of the earth.

XIII.

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,
Thy still imperial bride ;
How bears her breast the torturing hour ?
Still clings she to thy side ?
Must she too bend, must she too share
Thy late repentance, long despair,
Thou throneless Homicide ?
If still she loves thee, hoard that gem,—
'Tis worth thy vanquish'd diadem !

XIV.

Then haste thee to thy sullen Isle,
And gaze upon the sea ;
That element may meet thy smile—
It ne'er was ruled by thee !
Or trace with thine all idle hand
In loitering mood upon the sand
That Earth is now as free !
That Corinth's pedagogue hath now
Transferr'd his by-word to thy brow.

XV.

Thou Timour ! in his captive's cage
 What thoughts will there be thine,
 While brooding in thy prison'd rage ?
 But one—"The world *was* mine !"
 Unless, like he of Babylon,
 All sense is with thy sceptre gone,
 Life will not long confine
 That spirit pour'd so widely forth—
 So long obey'd—so little worth !

XVI.

Or, like the thief of fire from heaven,
 Wilt thou withstand the shock ?
 And share with him, the unforgiven,
 His vulture and his rock !
 Foredoom'd by God—by man accurst,
 And that last act, though not thy worst,
 The very Fiend's arch mock ;
 He in his fall preserved his pride,
 And, if a mortal, had as proudly died !

XVII.

There was a day—there was an hour,
 While earth was Gaul's—Gaul thine—
 When that immeasurable power
 Unsated to resign
 Had been an act of purer fame
 Than gathers round Marengo's name,
 And gilded thy decline,
 Through the long twilight of all time,
 Despite some passing clouds of crime.

XVIII.

But thou forsooth must be a king,
 And don the purple vest,
 As if that foolish robe could wring
 Remembrance from thy breast.
 Where is that faded garment ? where
 The gewgaws thou wert fond to wear,
 The star, the string, the crest ?
 Vain froward child of empire ! say,
 Are all thy playthings snatch'd away ?

XIX.

Where may the wearied eye repose
 When gazing on the Great ;
 Where neither guilty glory glows,
 Nor despicable state ?
 Yes—one—the first—the last—the best—
 The Cincinnatus of the West,
 Whom envy dared not hate,
 Bequeath'd the name of Washington,
 To make man blush there was but one !

ON NAPOLEON'S ESCAPE FROM ELBA

ONCE fairly set out on his party of pleasure,
 Taking towns at his liking, and crowns at his leisure,
 From Elba to Lyons and Paris he goes,
 Making *balls for* the ladies, and *bows to* his foes.

March 27, 1815.

ODE FROM THE FRENCH.

I.

WE do not curse thee, Waterloo !
 Though Freedom's blood thy plain bedew ;
 'There 't was shed, but is not sunk—
 Rising from each gory trunk,
 Like the water-spout from ocean,
 With a strong and growing motion—
 It soars, and mingles in the air,
 With that of lost Labedoyère—
 With that of him whose honour'd grave
 Contains the "bravest of the brave."
 A crimson cloud it spreads and glows,
 But shall return to whence it rose ;
 When 't is full 't will burst asunder—
 Never yet was heard such thunder •
 As then shall shake the world with wonder—
 Never yet was seen such lightning
 As o'er heaven shall then be bright'ning !

Like the Wormwood Star foretold
By the sainted Seer of old,
Show'ring down a fiery flood,
Turning rivers into blood.

II.

The Chief has fallen, but not by you,
Vanquishers of Waterloo !
When the soldier citizen
Sway'd not o'er his fellow-men—
Save in deeds that led them on
Where Glory smiled on Freedom's son—
Who of all the despots banded,
With that youthful chief competed ?
Who could boast o'er France defeated,
Till lone Tyranny commanded ?
Till, goaded by ambition's sting,
The Hero sunk into the King ?
Then he fell :—so perish all,
Who would men by man enthral !

III.

And thou, too, of the snow-white plume !
Whose realm refused thee ev'n a tomb ;
Better hadst thou still been leading
France o'er hosts of hirelings bleeding,
Than sold thyself to death and shame
For a meanly royal name ;
Such as he of Naples wears,
Who thy blood-bought title bears.
Little didst thou deem, when dashing
On thy war-horse through the ranks,
Like a stream which burst its banks,
While helmets cleft, and sabres clashing,
Shone and shiver'd fast around thee—
Of the fate at last which found thee :
Was that haughty plume laid low
By a slave's dishonest blow ?
Once—as the moon sways o'er the tide,
It roll'd in air, the warrior's guide ;
Through the smoke-created night
Of the black and sulphurous fight,

The soldier raised his seeking eye
 To catch that crest's ascendancy,—
 And, as it onward rolling rose,
 So moved his heart upon our foes.
 There, where death's brief pang was quickest,
 And the battle's wreck lay thickest,
 Strew'd beneath the advancing banner
 Of the eagle's burning crest—
 (There with thunder-clouds to fan her,
Who could then her wing arrest—
 Victory beaming from her breast?)
 While the broken line enlarging
 Fell, or fled along the plain;
 There be sure was Murat charging!
 There he ne'er shall charge again!

IV.

O'er glories gone the invaders march,
 Weeps Triumph o'er each levell'd arch—
 But let Freedom rejoice,
 With her heart in her voice;
 But, her hand on her sword,
 Doubly shall she be adored;
 France hath twice too well been taught
 The "moral lesson" dearly bought—
 Her safety sits not on a throne,
 With Capet or Napoleon!
 But in equal rights and laws,
 Hearts and hands in one great cause—
 Freedom such as God has given
 Unto all beneath his heaven,
 With their breath, and from their birth,
 Though guilt would sweep it from the earth;
 With a fierce and lavish hand
 Scattering nations' wealth like sand;
 Pouring nations' blood like water,
 In imperial seas of slaughter!

V.

But the heart and the mind,
 And the voice of mankind,
 Shall arise in communion—
 And who shall resist that proud union?

The time is past when swords subdued—
 Man may die—the soul's renew'd :
 Even in this low world of care
 Freedom ne'er shall want an heir ;
 Millions breathe but to inherit
 Her for ever bounding spirit—
 When once more her hosts assemble,
 Tyrants shall believe and tremble—
 Smile they at this idle threat ?
 Crimson tears will follow yet.

FROM THE FRENCH.

I.

MUST thou go, my glorious Chief,
 Sever'd from thy faithful few ?
 Who can tell thy warrior's grief,
 Maddening o'er that long adieu ?
 Women's love, and friendship's zeal,
 Dear as both have been to me—
 What are they to all I feel,
 With a soldier's faith for thee ?

II.

Idol of the soldier's soul !
 First in fight, but mightiest now ;
 Many could a world control ;
 Thee alone no doom can bow.
 By thy side for years I dared
 Death ; and envied those who fell,
 When their dying shout was heard,
 Blessing him they served so well.

III.

Would that I were cold with those,
 Since this hour I live to see ;
 When the doubts of coward foes
 Scarce dare trust a man with thee,
 Dreading each should set thee free !
 Oh ! although in dungeons pent,
 All their chains were light to me,
 Gazing on thy soul unbent.

IV.

Would the sycophants of him
Now so deaf to duty's prayer,
Were his borrow'd glories dim,
In his native darkness share?
Were that world this hour his own,
All thou calmly dost resign,
Could he purchase with that throne
Hearts like those which still are thine!

V.

My chief, my king, my friend, adieu!
Never did I droop before;
Never to my sovereign sue,
As his foes I now implore:
All I ask is to divide
Every peril he must brave;
Sharing by the hero's side
His fall, his exile, and his grave.

ON THE STAR OF "THE LEGION OF HONOUR."

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

STAR of the brave!—whose beam hath shed
Such glory o'er the quick and dead—
Thou radiant and adored deceit!
Which millions rush'd in arms to greet,—
Wild meteor of immortal birth;
Why rise in Heaven to sit on Earth?

Souls of slain heroes form'd thy rays;
Eternity flash'd through thy blaze;
The music of thy martial sphere
Was fame on high and honour here;
And thy light broke on human eyes,
Like a volcano of the skies.

Like lava roll'd thy stream of blood,
And swept down empires with its flood;

Earth rock'd beneath thee to her base,
 As thou didst lighten through all space;
 And the shorn Sun grew dim in air,
 And set while thou wert dwelling there.

Before thee rose, and with thee grew,
 A rainbow of the loveliest hue
 Of three bright colours, each divine,
 And fit for that celestial sign;
 For Freedom's hand had blended them,
 Like tints in an immortal gem.

One tint was of the sunbeam's dyes;
 One the blue depth of Seraph's eyes;
 One, the pure Spirit's veil of white
 Had robed in radiance of its light:
 The three so mingled did beseem
 The texture of a heavenly dream.

Star of the brave! thy ray is pale,
 And darkness must again prevail!
 But, oh thou Rainbow of the free!
 Our tears and blood must flow for thee.
 When thy bright promise fades away,
 Our life is but a load of clay.

And Freedom hallows with her tread
 The silent cities of the dead;
 For beautiful in death are they
 Who proudly fall in her array;
 And soon, oh Goddess! may we be
 For evermore with them or thee!

NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

I.

FAREWELL to the Land where the gloom of my Glory
 Arose and o'ershadow'd the earth with her name—
 She abandons me now—but the page of her story,
 The brightest or blackest, is fill'd with my fame.

I have warr'd with a world which vanquish'd me only
When the meteor of conquest allured me too far ;
I have coped with the nations which dread me thus lonely,
The last single Captive to millions in war.

II.

Farewell to thee, France ! when thy diadem crown'd me,
I made thee the gem and the wonder of earth,
But thy weakness decrees I should leave as I found thee,
Decay'd in thy glory, and sunk in thy worth.
Oh ! for the veteran hearts that were wasted
In strife with the storm, when their battles were won—
Then the Eagle, whose gaze in that moment was blasted,
Had still soar'd with eyes fix'd on victory's sun !

III.

Farewell to thee, France !—but when Liberty rallies
Once more in thy regions, remember me then,—
The violet still grows in the depth of thy valleys ;
Though wither'd, thy tear will unfold it again—
Yet, yet, I may baffle the hosts that surround us,
And yet may thy heart leap awake to my voice—
There are links which must break in the chain that has
bound us,
Then turn thee and call on the chief of thy choice !

The Lament of Tasso.

ADVERTISEMENT.

AT Ferrara, in the Library, are preserved the original MSS. of Tasso's *Gierusalemme* and of Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, with letters of Tasso, one from Titian to Ariosto, and the inkstand and chair, the tomb and the house, of the latter. But, as misfortune has a greater interest for posterity, and little or none for the cotemporary, the cell where Tasso was confined in the hospital of St. Anna attracts a more fixed attention than the residence or the monument of Ariosto—at least it had this effect on me. There are two inscriptions, one on the outer gate, the second over the cell itself, inviting, unnecessarily, the wonder and the indignation of the spectator. Ferrara is much decayed and depopulated; the castle still exists entire; and I saw the court where Parisina and Hugo were beheaded, according to the annal of Gibbon.

L.

LONG years!—It tries the thrilling frame to bear
And eagle-spirit of a child of Song—
Long years of outrage, calumny, and wrong;
Imputed madness, prison'd solitude,
And the mind's canker in its savage mood,
When the impatient thirst of light and air
Parches the heart; and the abhorred grate,
Marring the sunbeams with its hideous shade,
Works through the throbbing eyeball to the brain,
With a hot sense of heaviness and pain;
And bare, at once, Captivity display'd

Stands scoffing through the never-open'd gate,
 Which nothing through its bars admits, save day,
 And tasteless food, which I have eat alone
 Till its unsocial bitterness is gone;
 And I can banquet like a beast of prey,
 Sullen and lonely, couching in the cave
 Which is my lair, and—it may be—my grave.
 All this hath somewhat worn me, and may wear,
 But must be borne. I stoop not to despair;
 For I have battled with mine agony,
 And made me wings wherewith to overfly
 The narrow circus of my dungeon wall,
 And freed the Holy Sepulchre from thrall;
 And revell'd among men and things divine,
 And pour'd my spirit over Palestine,
 In honour of the sacred war for Him,
 The God who was on earth and is in heaven,
 For he has strengthen'd me in heart and limb.
 That through this sufferance I might be forgiven,
 I have employ'd my penance to record
 How Salem's shrine was won, and how adored.

II.

But this is o'er—my pleasant task is done:—
 My long-sustaining friend of many years!
 If I do blot thy final page with tears,
 Know, that my sorrows have wrung from me none.
 But thou, my young creation! my soul's child!
 Which ever playing round me came and smiled,
 And woo'd me from myself with thy sweet sight,
 Thou too art gone—and so is my delight:
 And therefore do I weep and inly bleed
 With this last bruise upon a broken reed.
 Thou too art ended—what is left me now?
 For I have anguish yet to bear—and how?
 I know not that—but in the innate force
 Of my own spirit shall be found resource.
 I have not sunk, for I had no remorse,
 Nor cause for such: they call'd me mad—and why?
 Oh Leonora! wilt not *thou* reply?
 I was indeed delirious in my heart
 To lift my love so lofty as thou art;

But still my frenzy was not of the mind :
 I knew my fault, and feel my punishment
 Not less because I suffer it unbent.
 That thou wert beautiful, and I not blind,
 Hath been the sin which shuts me from mankind ;
 But let them go, or torture as they will,
 My heart can multiply thine image still ;
 Successful love may sate itself away ;
 The wretched are the faithful ; 't is their fate
 To have all feeling, save the one, decay,
 And every passion into one dilate,
 As rapid rivers into ocean pour ;
 But ours is fathomless, and hath no shore.

III.

Above me, hark ! the long and maniac cry
 Of minds and bodies in captivity.
 And hark ! the lash and the increasing howl,
 And the half-inarticulate blasphemy !
 There be some here with worse than frenzy foul,
 Some who do still goad on the o'er-labour'd mind,
 And dim the little light that 's left behind
 With needless torture, as their tyrant will
 Is wound up to the lust of doing ill :
 With these and with their victims am I class'd,
 'Mid sounds and sights like these long years have pass'd ;
 'Mid sights and sounds like these my life may close :
 So let it be—for then I shall repose.

IV.

I have been patient, let me be so yet ;
 I had forgotten half I would forget,
 But it revives—Oh ! would it were my lot
 To be forgetful as I am forgot !
 Feel I not wroth with those who bade me dwell
 In this vast lazarus-house of many woes ?
 Where laughter is not mirth, nor thought the mind,
 Nor words a language, nor ev'n men mankind ;
 Where cries reply to curses, shrieks to blows,
 And each 'is tortured in his separate hell—
 For we are crowded in our solitudes—
 Many, but each divided by the wall,
 Which echoes Madness in her babbling moods ;

While all can hear, none heed his neighbour's call—
 None ! save that One, the veriest wretch of all,
 Who was not made to be the mate of these,
 Nor bound between Distraction and Disease.
 Feel I not wroth with those who placed me here?
 Who have debased me in the minds of men,
 Debarring me the usage of my own,
 Blighting my life in best of its career,
 Branding my thoughts as things to shun and fear?
 Would I not pay them back these pangs again,
 And teach them inward Sorrow's stifled groan?
 The struggle to be calm, and cold distress,
 Which undermines our Stoical success?
 No!—still too proud to be vindictive—I
 Have pardon'd princes' insults, and would die.
 Yes, Sister of my Sovereign ! for thy sake
 I weed all bitterness from out my breast,
 It hath no business where *thou* art a guest:
 Thy brother hates—but I cannot detest;
 Thou pitiest not—but I cannot forsake.

V.

Look on a love which knows not to despair,
 But all unquench'd is still my better part,
 Dwelling deep in my shut and silent heart,
 As dwells the gather'd lightning in its cloud,
 Encompass'd with its dark and rolling shroud,
 Till struck,—forth flies the all-ethereal dart !
 And thus at the collision of thy name,
 The vivid thought still flashes through my frame,
 And for a moment all things as they were
 Flit by me ; they are gone—I am the same.
 And yet my love without ambition grew ;
 I knew thy state, my station, and I knew
 A Princess was no love-mate for a bard ;
 I told it not, I breathed it not, it was
 Sufficient to itself, its own reward ;
 And if my eyes reveal'd it, they, alas !
 Were punish'd by the silentness of thine,
 And yet I did not venture to repine.
 Thou wert to me a crystal-girded shrine,
 Worshipp'd at holy distance, and around
 Hallow'd and meekly kiss'd the saintly ground ;

Not for thou wert a princess, but that Love
 Had robed thee with a glory, and array'd
 Thy lineaments in beauty that dismay'd—
 Oh ! not dismay'd—but awed, like One above !
 And in that sweet severity there was
 A something which all softness did surpass ;
 I know not how—thy genius master'd mine ;
 My star stood still before thee : if it were
 Presumptuous thus to love without design,
 That sad fatality hath cost me dear ;
 But thou art dearest still, and I should be
 Fit for this cell, which wrongs me—but for *thee*.
 The very love which lock'd me to my chain
 Hath lighten'd half its weight ; and for the rest,
 Though heavy, lent me vigour to sustain,
 And look to thee with undivided breast,
 And foil the ingenuity of Pain.

VI.

It is no marvel—from my very birth
 My soul was drunk with love, which did pervade,
 And mingle with whate'er I saw on earth :
 Of objects all inanimate I made
 Idols, and out of wild and lonely flowers,
 And rocks whereby they grew, a Paradise,
 Where I did lay me down within the shade
 Of waving trees, and dream'd uncounted hours,
 Though I was chid for wandering ; and the wise
 Shook their white aged heads o'er me and said,
 Of such materials wretched men were made,
 And such a truant boy would end in woe,
 And that the only lesson was a blow ;
 And then they smote me, and I did not weep,
 But cursed them in my heart, and to my haunt
 Return'd and wept alone, and dream'd again
 The visions which arise without a sleep,
 And with my years my soul began to pant
 With feelings of strange tumult and soft pain ;
 And the whole heart exhaled into One Want,
 But undefined and wandering, till the day
 I found the thing I sought—and that was *thee* ;
 And then I lost my being, all to be

Absorb'd in thine ; the world was past away ;
Thou didst annihilate the earth to me !

VII.

I loved all Solitude, but little thought
 To spend I know not what of life, remote
 From all communion with existence, save
 The maniac and his tyrant ; had I been
 Their fellow, many years ere this had seen
 My mind like theirs corrupted to its grave.
 But who hath seen me writhe, or heard me rave ?
 Perchance in such a cell we suffer more
 Than the wreck'd sailor on his desert shore ;
 The world is all before him—*mine is here*,
 Scarce twice the space they must accord my bier.
 What though *he* perish, he may lift his eye,
 And with a dying glance upbraid the sky ;
 I will not raise my own in such reproof,
 Although 't is clouded by my dungeon roof.

VIII.

Yet do I feel at times my mind decline,
 But with a sense of its decay : I see
 Unwonted lights along my prison shine,
 And a strange demon, who is vexing me
 With pilfering pranks and petty pains, below
 The feeling of the healthful and the free ;
 But much to One, who long hath suffer'd so,
 Sickness of heart, and narrowness of place,
 And all that may be borne, or can debase.
 I thought mine enemies had been but man,
 But spirits may be leagued with them ; all Earth
 Abandons, Heaven forgets me : in the dearth
 Of such defence the Powers of Evil can,
 It may be, tempt me further,—and prevail
 Against the outworn creature they assail.
 Why in this furnace is my spirit proved,
 Like steel in tempering fire ? because I loved ?
 Because I loved what not to love, and see,
 Was more or less than mortal, and than me.

IX.

I once was quick in feeling—that is o'er ;
 My scars are callous, or I should have dash'd
 My brain against these bars, as the sun flash'd
 In mockery through them : If I bear and bore
 The much I have recounted, and the more
 Which hath no words—'t is that I would not die
 And sanction with self-slaughter the dull lie
 Which snared me here, and with the brand of shame
 Stamp Madness deep into my memory,
 And woo Compassion to a blighted name,
 Sealing the sentence which my foes proclaim.
 No—it shall be immortal ! and I make
 A future temple of my present cell,
 Which nations yet shall visit for my sake.
 While thou, Ferrara ! when no longer dwell
 The ducal chiefs within thee, shalt fall down,
 And crumbling piecemeal view thy hearthless halls,
 A poet's wreath shall be thine only crown,—
 A poet's dungeon thy most far renown,
 While strangers wonder o'er thy unpeopled walls !
 And thou, Leonora ! thou—who wert ashamed
 That such as I could love—who blush'd to hear
 To less than monarchs that thou couldst be dear,
 Go ! tell thy brother, that my heart, untamed
 By grief, years, weariness,—and it may be
 A taint of that he would impute to me—
 From long infection of a den like this,
 Where the mind rots congenial with the abyss,—
 Adores thee still ; and add—that when the towers
 And battlements which guard his joyous hours
 Of banquet, dance, and revel, are forgot,
 Or left untended in a dull repose,—
 This, this, shall be a consecrated spot !
 But *Thou*—when all that Birth and Beauty throws
 Of magic round thee is extinct—shalt have
 One half the laurel which o'ershades my grave.
 No power in death can tear our names apart,
 As none in life could rend thee from my heart.
 Yes, Leonora ! it shall be our fate
 To be entwined for ever—but too late !

The Prophecy of Dante.

"'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before."

CAMPBELL.

DEDICATION.

LADY ! if for the cold and cloudy clime,
Where I was born, but where I would not die,
Of the great Poët-Sire of Italy
I dare to build the imitative rhyme,
Harsh Runic copy of the South's sublime,
THOU art the cause ; and howsoever I
Fall short of his immortal harmony,
Thy gentle heart will pardon me the crime.
Thou, in the pride of Beauty and of Youth,
Spakest ; and for thee to speak and be obey'd
Are one ; but only in the sunny South
Such sounds are utter'd, and such charms display'd,
So sweet a language from so fair a mouth—
Ah ! to what effort would it not persuade !

RAVENNA, *June* 21, 1819.

PREFACE.

IN the course of a visit to the city of Ravenna in the summer of 1819, it was suggested to the author that having composed something on the subject of Tasso's confinement, he should do the same on Dante's exile,—the tomb of the poet forming one of the principal objects of interest in that city, both to the native and to the stranger.

"On this hint I spake," and the result has been the follow-

ing four cantos, in terza rima, now offered to the reader. If they are understood and approved, it is my purpose to continue the poem, in various other cantos, to its natural conclusion in the present age. The reader is requested to suppose that Dante addresses him in the interval between the conclusion of the *Divina Commedia* and his death, and shortly before the latter event, foretelling the fortunes of Italy in general in the ensuing centuries. In adopting this plan I have had in my mind the *Cassandra* of Lycophron, and the *Prophecy of Nereus* by Horace, as well as the *Prophecies of Holy Writ*. The measure adopted is the terza rima of Dante, which I am not aware to have seen hitherto tried in our language, except it may be by Mr. Hayley, of whose translation I never saw but one extract, quoted in the notes to *Caliph Vathek*; so that—if I do not err—this poem may be considered as a metrical experiment. The cantos are short, and about the same length of those of the poet, whose name I have borrowed, and most probably taken in vain.

Amongst the inconveniences of authors in the present day, it is difficult for any who have a name, good or bad, to escape translation. I have had the fortune to see the fourth canto of "*Childe Harold*" translated into Italian *versi sciolti*,—that is, a poem written in the *Spenserian stanza* into *blank verse*, without regard to the natural divisions of the stanza or of the sense. If the present poem, being on a national topic, should chance to undergo the same fate, I would request the Italian reader to remember that when I have failed in the imitation of his great "*Padre Alighier*," I have failed in imitating that which all study and few understand, since to this very day it is not yet settled what was the meaning of the allegory in the first canto of the *Inferno*, unless Count Marchetti's ingenious and probable conjecture may be considered as having decided the question.

He may also pardon my failure the more, as I am not quite sure that he would be pleased with my success, since the Italians, with a pardonable nationality, are particularly jealous of all that is left them as a nation,—their literature; and in the present bitterness of the classic and romantic war, are but ill-disposed to permit a foreigner even to approve or imitate them, without finding some fault with his ultramontane presumption. I can easily enter into all this, knowing what would be thought in England of an Italian imitator of Milton, or if a translation of Monti, or Pindemonte, or Arici, should be held

up to the rising generation as a model for their future poetical essays. But I perceive that I am deviating into an address to the Italian reader, when my business is with the English one; and be, they few or many, I must take my leave of both.

CANTO THE FIRST.

ONCE more in man's frail world ! which I had left
So long that 't was forgotten ; and I feel
The weight of clay again,—too soon bereft
Of the immortal vision which could heal
My earthly sorrows, and to God's own skies
Lift me from that deep gulf without repeal,
Where late my ears rung with the damned cries
Of souls in hopeless bale ; and from that place
Of lesser torment, whence men may arise
Pure from the fire to join the angelic race ;
Midst whom my own bright Beatrice bless'd
My spirit with her light ; and to the base
Of the eternal Triad ! first, last, best,
Mysterious, three, sole, infinite, great God !
Soul universal ! led the mortal guest,
Unblasted by the glory, though he trod
From star to star to reach the almighty throne.
Oh Beatrice ! whose sweet limbs the sod
So long hath press'd, and the cold marble stone,
Thou sole pure seraph of my earliest love,
Love so ineffable, and so alone,
That nought on earth could more my bosom move,
And meeting thee in heaven was but to meet
That without which my soul, like the arkless dove,
Had wander'd still in search of, nor her feet
Relieved her wing till found : without thy light
My paradise had still been incomplete.
Since my tenth sun gave summer to my sight
Thou wert my life, the essence of my thought,
Loved ere I knew the name of love, and bright
Still in these dim old eyes, now overwrought
With the world's war, and years, and banishment,
And tears for thee, by other woes untaught ;

For mine is not a nature to be bent
By tyrannous faction, and the brawling crowd,
And though the long, long conflict hath been spent
In vain,—and never more, save when the cloud
Which overhangs the Apennine my mind's eye
Pierces to fancy Florence, once so proud
Of me, can I return, though but to die,
Unto my native soil,—they have not yet
Quench'd the old exile's spirit, stern and high.
But the sun, though not overcast, must set,
And the night cometh ; I am old in days,
And deeds, and contemplation, and have met
Destruction face to face, in all his ways.
The world hath left me, what it found me, pure,
And if I have not gather'd yet its praise,
I sought it not by any baser lure ;
Man wrongs, and Time avenges, and my name
May form a monument not all obscure,
Though such was not my ambition's end or aim,
To add to the vain-glorious list of those
Who dabble in the pettiness of fame,
And make men's fickle breath the wind that blows
Their sail, and deem it glory to be class'd
With conquerors, and virtue's other foes,
In bloody chronicles of ages past.
I would have had my Florence great and free ;
Oh Florence ! Florence ! unto me thou wast
Like that Jerusalem which the Almighty He
Wept over, "but thou wouldst not ;" as the bird
Gathers its young, I would have gather'd thee
Beneath a parent pinion, hadst thou heard
My voice ; but as the adder, deaf and fierce,
Against the breast that cherish'd thee was stirr'd
Thy venom, and my state thou didst amerce,
And doom this body forfeit to the fire.
Alas ! how bitter is his country's curse
To him who *for* that country would expire,
But did not merit to expire *by* her,
And loves her, loves her even in her ire !
The day may come when she will cease to err,
The day may come she would be proud to have
The dust she dooms to scatter, and transfer

Of him, whom she denied a home, the grave.
 But this shall not be granted ; let my dust
 Lie where it falls ; nor shall the soil which gave
 Me breath, but in her sudden fury thrust
 Me forth to breathe elsewhere, so réassume
 My indignant bones, because her angry gust
 Forsooth is over, and repeal'd her doom :
 No,—she denied me what was mine—my roof,
 And shall not have what is not hers—my tomb.
 Too long her armed wrath hath kept aloof
 The breast which would have bled for her, the heart
 That beat, the mind that was temptation proof,
 The man who fought, toil'd, travell'd, and each part
 Of a true citizen fulfill'd, and saw
 For his reward the Guelf's ascendant art
 Pass his destruction even into a law.
 These things are not made for forgetfulness,
 Florence shall be forgotten first ; too raw
 The wound, too deep the wrong, and the distress
 Of such endurance too prolong'd to make
 My pardon greater, her injustice less,
 Though late repented ; yet—yet for her sake
 I feel some sonder yearnings, and for thine,
 My own Beatrice, I would hardly take
 Vengeance upon the land which once was mine,
 And still is hallow'd by thy dust's return,
 Which would protect the murderess like a shrinc,
 And save ten thousand foes by thy sole urn.
 Though, like old Marius from Minturnæ's marsh
 And Carthage ruins, my lone breast may burn
 At times with evil feelings hot and harsh,
 And sometimes the last pangs of a vile foe
 Writhe in a dream before me, and o'erarch
 My brow with hopes of triumph,—let them go !
 Such are the last infirmities of those
 Who long have suffer'd more than mortal woe,
 And yet being mortal still have no repose
 But on the pillow of Revenge—Revenge,
 Who sleeps to dream of blood, and waking glows
 With the oft-baffled slakeless thirst of change,
 When we shall mount again, and they that trod
 Be trampled on, while Death and Até range

O'er humbled heads and sever'd necks——Great God !
Take these thoughts from me—to thy hands I yield
My many wrongs, and thine almighty rod
Will fall on those who smote me,—be my shield !
As Thou hast been in peril, and in pain,
In turbulent cities, and the tented field—
In toil, and many troubles borne in vain
For Florence,—I appeal from her to Thee !
Thee whom I late saw in thy loftiest reign,
Even in that glorious vision, which to see
And live was never granted until now,
And yet Thou hast permitted this to me.
Alas ! with what a weight upon my brow
The sense of earth and earthly things come back,
Corrosive passions, feelings dull and low,
The heart's quick throb upon the mental rack,
Long day, and dreary night ; the retrospect
Of half a century bloody and black,
And the frail few years I may yet expect
Hoary and hopeless, but less hard to bear,
For I have been too long and deeply wreck'd
On the lone rock of desolate Despair,
To lift my eyes more to the passing sail
Which shuns that reef so horrible and bare ;
Nor raise my voice—for who would heed my wail ?
I am not of this people, nor this age,
And yet my harpings will unfold a tale
Which shall preserve these times when not a page
Of their perturbed annals could attract
An eye to gaze upon their civil rage,
Did not my verse embalm full many an act
Worthless as they who wrought it : 't is the doom
Of spirits of my order to be rack'd
In life, to wear their hearts out, and consume
Their days in endless strife, and die alone ;
Then future thousands crowd around their tomb,
And pilgrims come from climes where they have known
The name of him—who now is but a name,
And wasting homage o'er the sullen stone,
Spread his—by him unheard, unheeded, fame ;
And mine at least hath cost me dear : to die
Is nothing ; but to wither thus—to tame

My mind down from its own infinity—
 To live in narrow ways with little men,
 A common sight to every common eye,
 A wanderer, while even wolves can find a den,
 Ripp'd from all kindred, from all home, all things
 That make communion sweet, and soften pain—
 To feel me in the solitude of kings
 Without the power that makes them bear a crown—
 To envy every dove his nest and wings
 Which waft him where the Apennine looks down
 On Arno, till he perches, it may be
 Within my all inexorable town,
 Where yet my boys are, and that fatal she,
 Their mother, the cold partner who hath brought
 Destruction for a dowry—this to see
 And feel, and know without repair, hath taught
 A bitter lesson; but it leaves me free:
 I have not vilely found, nor basely sought,
 They made an Exile—not a slave of me.

CANTO THE SECOND.

THE Spirit of the fervent days of Old,
 When words were things that came to pass, and thought
 Flash'd o'er the future, bidding men behold
 Their children's children's doom already brought
 Forth from the abyss of time which is to be,
 The chaos of events, where lie half-wrought
 Shapes that must undergo mortality;
 What the great Seers of Israel wore within,
 That spirit was on them, and is on me,
 And if, Cassandra-like, amidst the din
 Of conflict none will hear, or hearing heed
 This voice from out the Wilderness, the sin
 Be theirs, and my own feelings be my meed,
 The only guerdon I have ever known.
 Hast thou not bled? and hast thou still to bleed,
 Italia? Ah! to me such things, foreshown
 With dim sepulchral light, bid me forget
 In thine irreparable wrongs my own;

We can have but one country, and even yet
 Thou'rt mine—my bones shall be within thy breast,
 My soul within thy language, which once set
 With our old Roman sway in the wide West;
 But I will make another tongue arise,
 As lofty and more'sweet, in which express'd
 The hero's ardour, or the lover's sighs,
 Shall find alike such sounds for every theme
 That every word, as brilliant as thy skies,
 Shall realise a poet's proudest dream,
 And make thee Europe's nightingale of song;
 So that all present speech to thine shall seem
 The note of meaner birds, and every tongue
 Confess its barbarism when compared with thine.
 This shalt thou owe to him thou didst so wrong,
 Thy Tuscan bard, the banish'd Ghibelline.
 Woe! woe! the veil of coming centuries
 Is rent,—a thousand years which yet supine
 Lie like the ocean waves ere winds arise,
 Heaving in dark and sullen undulation,
 Float from eternity into these eyes;
 The storms yet sleep, the clouds still keep their station,
 The unborn earthquake yet is in the womb,
 The bloody chaos yet expects creation,
 But all things are disposing for thy doom;
 The elements await but for the word,
 "Let there be darkness!" and thou grow'st a tomb!
 Yes! thou, so beautiful, shalt feel the sword,
 Thou, Italy! so fair that Paradise,
 Revived in thee, blooms forth to man restored;
 Ah! must the sons of Adam lose it twice?
 Thou, Italy! whose ever golden fields,
 Plough'd by the sunbeams solely, would suffice
 For the world's granary; thou, whose sky heaven gilds
 With brighter stars, and robes with deeper blue;
 Thou, in whose pleasant places Summer builds
 Her palace, in whose cradle Empire grew,
 And form'd the Eternal City's ornaments
 From spoils of kings whom freemen overthrew;
 Birthplace of heroes, sanctuary of saints,
 Where earthly first, then heavenly glory made
 Her home; thou, all which fondest fancy paints,

And finds her prior vision but portray'd
In feeble colours, when the eye—from the Alp
Of horrid snow, and rock, and shaggy shade
Of desert-loving pine, whose emerald scalp
Nods to the storm—dilates and dotes o'er thee,
And wistfully implores, as 't were for help
To see thy sunny fields, my Italy,
Nearer and nearer yet, and dearer still
The more approach'd, and dearest were they free,
Thou—thou must wither to each tyrant's will:
The Goth hath been,—the German, Frank, and Hun
Are yet to come,—and on the imperial hill
Ruin, already proud of the deeds done
By the old barbarians, there awaits the new,
Throned on the Palatine, while lost and won
Rome at her feet lies bleeding; and the hue
Of human sacrifice and Roman slaughter
Troubles the clotted air, of late so blue,
And deepens into red the saffron water
Of Tiber, thick with dead; the helpless priest,
And still more helpless nor less holy daughter,
Vow'd to their God, have shrieking fled, and ceased
Their ministry: the nations take their prey,
Iberian, Almain, Lombard, and the beast
And bird, wolf, vulture, more humane than they.
Are; these but gorge the flesh and lap the gore
Of the departed, and then go their way;
But those, the human savages, explore
All paths of torture, and insatiate yet,
With Ugolino hunger prowl for more.
Nine moons shall rise o'er scenes like this and set;
The chiefless army of the dead, which late
Beneath the traitor Prince's banner met,
Hath left its leader's ashes at the gate;
Had but the royal Rebel lived, perchance
Thou hadst been spared, but his involved thy fate.
Oh! Rome, the spoiler or the spoil of France,
From Brennus to the Bourbon, never, never
Shall foreign standard to thy walls advance,
But Tiber shall become a mournful river:
Oh! when the strangers pass the Alps and Po,
Crush them, ye rocks! floods, overwhelm them, and for ever!

Why sleep the idle avalanches so,
 To topple on the lonely pilgrim's head?
 Why doth Eridanus but overflow
 The peasant's harvest from his turbid bed;
 Were not each barbarous horde a nobler prey?
 Over Cambyses' host the desert spread
 Her sandy ocean, and the sea-waves' sway
 Roll'd over Pharaoh and his thousands,—why,
 Mountains and waters, do ye not as they?
 And you, ye men! Romans who dare not die,
 Sons of the conquerors who overthrew
 Those who o'erthrew proud Xerxes, where yet lie
 The dead whose tomb Oblivion never knew,
 Are the Alps weaker than Thermopylæ?
 Their passes more alluring to the view
 Of an invader? is it they, or ye,
 That to each host the mountain-gate unbar,
 And leave the march in peace, the passage free?
 Why, Nature's self detains the victor's car,
 And makes your land impregnable, if earth
 Could be so; but alone she will not war,
 Yet aids the warrior worthy of his birth
 In a soil where the mothers bring forth men:
 Not so with those whose souls are little worth;
 For them no fortress can avail,—the den
 Of the poor reptile which preserves its sting
 Is more secure than walls of adamant, when
 The hearts of those within are quivering.
 Are ye not brave? Yes, yet the Ausonian soil
 Hath hearts, and hands, and arms, and hosts to bring
 Against Oppression; but how vain the toil
 While still Division sows the seeds of woe
 And weakness, till the stranger reaps the spoil!
 Oh! my own beauteous land! so long laid low,
 So long the grave of thy own children's hopes,
 When there is but required a single blow
 To break the chain, yet—yet the Avenger stops,
 And Doubt and Discord step 'twixt thine and thee,
 And join their strength to that which with thee copes;
 What is there wanting then to set thee free,
 And show thy beauty in its fullest light;
 To make the Alps impassable; and we,
 Her sons, may do this with *one* deed—Unite.

CANTO THE THIRD.

FROM out the mass of never-dying ill,
The Plague, the Prince, the Stranger, and the Sword,
Vials of wrath but emptied to refill
And flow again, I cannot all record
That crowds on my prophetic eye: the earth
And ocean written o'er would not afford
Space for the annal, yet it shall go forth;
Yes, all, though not by human pen, is graven,
There where the farthest suns and stars have birth,
Spread like a banner at the gate of heaven,
The bloody scroll of our millennial wrongs
Waves, and the echo of our groans is driven
Athwart the sound of archangelic songs,
And Italy, the martyr'd nation's gore,
Will not in vain arise to where belongs
Omnipotence and mercy evermore:
Like to a harp-string stricken by the wind,
The sound of her lament shall, rising o'er
The seraph voices, touch the Almighty Mind.
Meantime I, humblest of thy sons, and of
Earth's dust by immortality refined
To sense and suffering, though the vain may scoff,
And tyrants threat, and meeker victims bow
Before the storm because its breath is rough,
To thee, my country! whom before, as now,
I loved and love, devote the mournful lyre
And melancholy gift high powers allow
To read the future; and if now my fire
Is not as once it shone o'er thee, forgive!
I but foretell thy fortunes—then expire;
Think not that I would look on them and live.
A spirit forces me to see and speak,
And for my guerdon grants *not* to survive;
My heart shall be pour'd over thee and break:
Yet for a moment, ere I must resume
Thy sable web of sorrow, let me take
Over the gleams that flash athwart thy gloom
A softer glimpse; some stars shine through thy night,
And many meteors, and above thy tomb

Leans sculptured Beauty, which Death cannot blight :
 And from thine ashes boundless spirits rise
 To give thee honour, and the earth delight ;
 Thy soil shall still be pregnant with the wise,
 The gay, the learn'd, the generous, and the brave,
 Native to thee as summer to thy skies,
 Conquerors on foreign shores, and the far wave,
 Discoverers of new worlds, which take their name ;
 For *thee* alone they have no arm to save,
 And all thy recompense is in their fame,
 A noble one to them, but not to *thee*—
 Shall they be glorious, and thou still the same ?
 Oh ! more than these illustrious far shall be
 The being—and even yet he may be born—
 The mortal saviour who shall set thee free,
 And see thy diadem, so changed and worn
 By fresh barbarians, on thy brow replaced ;
 And the sweet sun replenishing thy morn,
 Thy moral morn, too long with clouds defaced,
 And noxious vapours from Avernus risen,
 Such as all they must breathe who are debased
 By servitude, and have the mind in prison.
 Yet through this centuried eclipse of woe
 Some voices shall be heard, and earth shall listen ;
 Poets shall follow in the path I show,
 And make it broader : the same brilliant sky
 Which cheers the birds to song shall bid them glow,
 And raise their notes as natural and high ;
 Tuneful shall be their numbers ; they shall sing
 Many of love, and some of liberty,
 But few shall soar upon that eagle's wing,
 And look in the sun's face with eagle's gaze,
 All free and fearless as the feather'd king,
 But fly more near the earth ; how many a phrase
 Sublime shall lavish'd be on some small prince
 In all the prodigality of praise !
 And language, eloquently false, evince
 The harlotry of genius, which, like beauty,
 Too oft forgets its own self-reverence,
 And looks on prostitution as a duty.
 He who once enters in a tyrant's hall
 As guest is slave, his thoughts become a booty,

And the first day which sees the chain enthrall
A captive, sees his half of manhood gone—
The soul's emasculation saddens all
His spirit ; thus the Bard too near the throne
Quails from his inspiration, bound to *please*,—
How servile is the task to please alone !
To smooth the verse to suit his sovereign's ease
And royal leisure, nor too much prolong
Aught save his eulogy, and find, and seize,
Or force, or forge fit argument of song !
Thus trammell'd, thus condemn'd to Flattery's trebles,
He toils through all, still trembling to be wrong :
For fear some noble thoughts, like heavenly rebels,
Should rise up in high treason to his brain,
He sings, as the Athenian spoke, with pebbles
In 's mouth, lest truth should stammer through his strain.
But out of the long file of sonneteers
There shall be some who shall not sing in vain,
And he, their prince, shall rank among my peers,
And love shall be his torment ; but his grief
Shall make an immortality of tears,
And Italy shall hail him as the Chief
Of Poet-lovers, and his higher song
Of Freedom wreath him with as green a leaf.
But in a farther age shall rise along
The banks of Po, two greater still than he ;
The world which smiled on him shall do them wrong
Till they are ashes, and repose with me.
The first will make an epoch with his lyre,
And fill the earth with feats of chivalry ;
His fancy like a rainbow, and his fire,
Like that of Heaven, immortal, and his thought
Borne onward with a wing that cannot tire ;
Pleasure shall, like a butterfly new caught,
Flutter her lovely pinions o'er his theme,
And Art itself seem into Nature wrought
By the transparency of his bright dream.—
The second, of a tenderer, sadder mood,
Shall pour his soul out o'er Jerusalem ;
He, too, shall sing of arms, and Christian blood
Shed where Christ bled for man ; and his high harp
Shall, by the willow over Jordan's flood,

Revive a song of Sion, and the sharp
 Conflict, and final triumph of the brave
 And pious, and the strife of hell to warp
 Their hearts from their great purpose, until wave
 The red-cross banners where the first red Cross
 Was crimson'd from his veins who died to save,
 Shall be his sacred argument; the loss
 Of years, of favour, freedom, even of fame
 Contested for a time, while the smooth gloss
 Of courts would slide o'er his forgotten name
 And call captivity a kindness, meant
 To shield him from insanity or shame,
 Such shall be his meet guerdon! who was sent
 To be Christ's Laureate—they reward him well!
 Florence dooms me but death or banishment,
 Ferrara him a pittance and a cell,
 Harder to bear and less deserved, for I
 Had stung the factions which I strove to quell;
 But this meek man, who with a lover's eye
 Will look on earth and heaven, and who will deign
 To embalm with his celestial flattery,
 As poor a thing as e'er was spawn'd to reign,
 What will *he* do to merit such a doom?
 Perhaps he'll *love*,—and is not love in vain
 Torture enough without a living tomb?
 Yet it will be so—he and his compeer,
 The Bard of Chivalry, will both consume
 In penury and pain too many a year,
 And, dying in despondency, bequeath
 To the kind world, which scarce will yield a tear,
 A heritage enriching all who breathe
 With the wealth of a genuine poet's soul,
 And to their country a redoubled wreath,
 Unmatch'd by time; not Hellas can unroll
 Through her olympiads two such names, though one
 Of hers be mighty;—and is this the whole
 Of such men's destiny beneath the sun?
 Must all the finer thoughts, the thrilling sense,
 The electric blood with which their arteries run,
 Their body's self turn'd soul with the intense
 Feeling of that which is, and fancy of
 That which should be, to such a recompense

Conduct? shall their bright plumage on the rough
 Storm be still scatter'd? Yes, and it must be;
 For, form'd of far too penetrable stuff,
 These birds of Paradise but long to flee
 Back to their native mansion, soon they find
 Earth's mist with their pufe pinions not agree,
 And die or are degraded; for the mind
 Succumbs to long infection, and despair
 And vulture passions flying close behind
 Await the moment to assail and tear;
 And when at length the winged wanderers stoop,
 Then is the prey-birds' triumph, then they share
 The spoil, o'erpower'd at length by one fell swoop.
 Yet some have been untouch'd who learn'd to bear,
 Some whom no power could ever force to droop,
 Who could resist themselves even, hardest care!
 And task most hopeless; but some such have been
 And if my name amongst the number were,
 That destiny austere, and yet serene,
 Were prouder than more dazzling fame unblest'd;
 The Alp's snow summit nearer heaven is seen
 Than the volcano's fierce eruptive crest,
 Whose splendour from the black abyss is flung,
 While the scorch'd mountain, from whose burning breast
 A temporary torturing flame is wrung,
 Shines for a night of terror, then repels
 Its fire back to the hell from whence it sprung,
 The hell which in its entrails ever dwells.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

MANY are poets who have never penn'd
 Their inspiration, and perchance the best:
 They felt, and loved, and died, but would not lend
 Their thoughts to meaner beings; they compress'd
 The God within them, and rejoin'd the stars
 Unlaurell'd upon earth, but far more blest'd
 Than those who are degraded by the jars
 Of passion, and their frailties link'd to fame,
 Conquerors of high renown, but full of scars.

Many are poets but without the name,
For what is poesy but to create
From overfeeling good or ill ; and aim
At an external life beyond our fate,
And be the new Prometheus of new men,
Bestowing fire from heaven, and then, too late,
Finding the pleasure given repaid with pain,
And vultures to the heart of the bestower,
Who, having lavish'd his high gift in vain,
Lies chain'd to his lone rock by the sea-shore ?
So be it : we can bear.—But thus all thy
Whose intellect is an o'ermastering power,
Which still recoils from its encumbering clay
Or lightens it to spirit, whatsoe'er
The form which their creations may essay,
Are bards ; the kindled marble's bust may wear,
More poesy upon its speaking brow
Than aught less than the Homeric page may bear ;
One noble stroke with a whole life may glow,
Or deify the canvas till it shine
With beauty so surpassing all below,
That they who kneel to idols so divine
Break no commandment, for high heaven is there
Transfused, transfigured : and the line
Of poesy, which peoples but the air
With thought and beings of our thought reflected,
Can do no more : then let the artist share
The palm, he shares the peril, and dejected
Faints o'er the labour unapproved—Alas !
Despair and Genius are too oft connected.
Within the ages which before me pass
Art shall resume and equal even the sway
Which with Apelles and old Phidias
She held in Hellas' unforgotten day.
Ye shall be taught by Ruin to revive
The Grecian forms at least from their decay,
And Roman souls at last again shall live
In Roman works, wrought by Italian hands,
And temples, loftier than the old temples, give
New wonders to the world ; and while still stands
The austere Pantheon, into heaven shall soar
A dome, its image, while the base expands

Into a fane surpassing all before,
Such as all flesh shall flock to kneel in : ne'er
Such sight hath been unfolded by a door
. As this, to which all nations shall repair
And lay their sins at this huge gate of heaven.
And the bold Architect unto whose care
The daring charge to raise it shall be given,
Whom all hearts shall acknowledge as their lord,
Whether into the marble chaos driven
His chisel bid the Hebrew, at whose word
Israel left Egypt, stop the waves in stone,
Or hues of Hell be by his pencil pour'd
Over the damn'd before the Judgment-throne,
Such as I saw them, such as all shall see,
. Or fanes be built of grandeur yet unknown,
The stream of his great thoughts shall spring from me,
The Ghibelline, who traversed the three realms
Which form the empire of eternity.
Amidst the clash of swords, and clang of helms,
The age which I anticipate, no less
Shall be the Age of Beauty, and while whelms
Calamity the nations with distress,
The genius of my country shall arise,
A Cedar towering o'er the Wilderness,
Lovely in all its branches to all eyes,
Fragrant as fair, and recognised afar,
Wafting its native incense through the skies.
Sovereigns shall pause amidst their sport of war,
Wean'd for an hour from blood, to turn and gaze
On canvas or on stone ; and they who mar
All beauty upon earth, compell'd to praise,
Shall feel the power of that which they destroy ;
And Art's mistaken gratitude shall raise
To tyrants who but take her for a toy,
Emblems and monuments, and prostitute
Her charms to pontiffs proud, who but employ
The man of genius as the meanest brute
To bear a burthen, and to serve a need,
To sell his labours, and his soul to boot.
Who toils for nations may be poor indeed,
But free ; who sweats for monarchs is no more
Than the gilt chamberlain, who clothed and fed,

Stands sleek and slavish, bowing at his door.
 Oh, Power that rulest and inspirest ! how
 Is it that they on earth, whose earthly power
 Is likest thine in heaven in outward show,
 Least like to thee in attributes divine,
 Tread on the universal necks that bow,
 And then assure us that their rights are thine ?
 And how is it that they, the sons of fame,
 Whose inspiration seems to them to shine
 From high, they whom the nations ofttest name,
 Must pass their days in penury or pain,
 Or step to grandeur through the paths of shame,
 And wear a deeper brand and gaudier chain ?
 Or if their destiny be born aloof
 From lowliness, or tempted thence in vain,
 In their own souls sustain a harder proof,
 The inner war of passions deep and fierce ?
 Florence ! when thy harsh sentence razed my roof,
 I loved thee ; but the vengeance of my verse,
 The hate of injuries which every year
 Makes greater, and accumulates my curse,
 Shall live, outliving all thou holdest dear,
 Thy pride, thy wealth, thy freedom, and even *that*,
 The most infernal of all evils here,
 The sway of petty tyrants in a state ;
 For such sway is not limited to kings,
 And demagogues yield to them but in date,
 As swept off sooner ; in all deadly things,
 Which make men hate themselves, and one another,
 In discord, cowardice, cruelty, all that springs,
 From Death the Sin-born's incest with his mother,
 In rank oppression in its rudest shape,
 The faction Chief is but the Sultan's brother,
 And the worst despot's far less human ape :
 Florence ! when this lone spirit, which so long
 Yearn'd, as the captive toiling at escape,
 To fly back to thee in despite of wrong,
 An exile, saddest of all prisoners,
 Who has the whole world for a dungeon strong,
 Seas, mountains, and the horizon's verge for bars,
 Which shut him from the sole small spot of earth,
 Where—whatsoe'er his fate—he still were hers,

His country's, and might die where he had birth—
Florence ! when this lone spirit shall return
To kindred spirits, thou wilt feel my worth,
And seek to honour with an empty urn
The ashes thou shalt ne'er obtain—Alas !
“What have I done to thee, my people ?” Stern
Are all thy dealings, but in this they pass
The limits of man's common malice, for
All that a citizen could be I was ;
Raised by thy will, all thine in peace or war,
And for this thou hast warr'd with me—'T is done :
I may not overleap the eternal bar
Built up between us, and will die alone,
Beholding with the dark eye of a seer
The evil days to gifted souls foreshown,
Foretelling them to those who will not hear,
As in the old time, till the hour be come
When Truth shall strike their eyes through many a tear,
And make them own the Prophet in his tomb.

The Morgante Maggiore

OF PULCI.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Morgante Maggiore, of the first canto of which this translation is offered, divides with the Orlando Innamorato the honour of having formed and suggested the style and story of Ariosto. The great defects of Boiardo were his treating too seriously the narratives of chivalry, and his harsh style. Ariosto, in his continuation, by a judicious mixture of the gaiety of Pulci, has avoided the one ; and Berni, in his reformation of Boiardo's poem, has corrected the other. Pulci may be considered as the precursor and model of Berni altogether, as he has partly been to Ariosto, however inferior to both his copyists. He is no less the founder of a new style of poetry very lately sprung up in England. I allude to that of the ingenious Whistlecraft. The serious poems on Roncesvalles in the same language, and more particularly the excellent one of Mr. Merivale, are to be traced to the same source. It has never yet been decided entirely whether Pulci's intention was or was not to deride the religion which is one of his favourite topics. It appears to me, that such an intention would have been no less hazardous to the poet than to the priest, particularly in that age and country ; and the permission to publish the poem, and its reception among the classics of Italy, prove that it neither was nor is so interpreted. That he intended to ridicule the monastic life, and suffer his imagination to play with the simple dulness of his converted giant, seems evident enough ; but surely it were as unjust to accuse him of irreligion on this account, as to denounce Fielding for his Parson Adams, Barnabas, Thwackum, Supple, and the Ordinary in Jonathan Wild,

—or Scott, for the exquisite use of his Covenanters in the “Tales of my Landlord.”

In the following translation I have used the liberty of the original with the proper names: as Pulci uses Gan, Ganellon, or Ganellone; Carlo, Carlomagno, or Carlomano; Rondel, or Rondello, &c., as it suits his convenience; so has the translator. In other respects the version is faithful to the best of the translator's ability in combining his interpretation of the one language with the not very easy task of reducing it to the same versification in the other. The reader, on comparing it with the original, is requested to remember that the antiquated language of Pulci, however pure, is not easy to the generality of Italians themselves, from its great mixture of Tuscan proverbs; and he may therefore be more indulgent to the present attempt. How far the translator has succeeded, and whether or no he shall continue the work, are questions which the public will decide. He was induced to make the experiment partly by his love for, and partial intercourse with, the Italian language, of which it is so easy to acquire a slight knowledge, and with which it is so nearly impossible for a foreigner to become accurately conversant. The Italian language is like a capricious beauty, who accords her smiles to all, her favours to few, and sometimes least to those who have courted her longest. The translator wished also to present in an English dress a part at least of a poem never yet rendered into a northern language; at the same time that it has been the original of some of the most celebrated productions on this side of the Alps, as well as of those recent experiments in poetry in England which have been already mentioned.

CANTO THE FIRST.

I.

In the beginning was the Word next God;
 God was the Word, the Word no less was he:
 This was in the beginning, to my mode
 Of thinking, and without him nought could be:
 Therefore, just Lord! from out thy high abode,
 Benign and pious, bid an angel flee,
 One only, to be my companion, who
 Shall help my famous, worthy, old song through.

II.

And thou, oh Virgin ! daughter, mother, bride
 Of the same Lord, who gave to you each key
 Of heaven, and hell, and everything beside,
 The day thy Gabriel said " All hail ! " to thee,
 Since to thy servants, pity's ne'er denied,
 With flowing rhymes, a pleasant style and free,
 Be to my verses then benignly kind,
 And to the end illuminate my mind.

III.

'T was in the season when sad Philomel
 Weeps with her sister, who remembers and
 Deplores the ancient woes which both befell,
 And makes the nymphs enamour'd, to the hand
 Of Phaëton by Phœbus loved so well
 His car (but temper'd by his sire's command)
 Was given, and on the horizon's verge just now
 Appear'd, so that Tithonus scratch'd his brow :

IV.

When I prepared my bark first to obey,
 As it should still obey, the helm, my mind,
 And carry prose or rhyme, and this my lay
 Of Charles the Emperor, whom you will find
 By several pens already praised ; but they
 Who to diffuse his glory were inclined,
 For all that I can see in prose or verse,
 Have understood Charles badly, and wrote worse.

V.

Leonardo Aretino said already,
 That if, like Pepin, Charles had had a writer
 Of genius quick, and diligently steady,
 No hero would in history look brighter ;
 He in the cabinet being always ready,
 And in the field a most victorious fighter,
 Who for the Church and Christian faith had wrought,
 Certes, far more than yet is said or thought.

VI.

You still may see at St. Liberatore,
 The abbey, no great way from Manopell,
 Erected in the Abruzzi to his glory,
 Because of the great battle in which fell

A pagan king, according to the story,
And felon people whom Charles sent to hell:
And there are bones so many, and so many,
Near them Giusaffa's would seem few, if any.

vii.

But the world, blind and ignorant, do n't prize
His virtues as I wish to see them: thou,
Florence, by his great bounty do n't arise,
And hast, and may have, if thou wilt allow,
All proper customs and true courtesies;
Whate'er thou hast acquired from then till now,
With knightly courage, treasure, or the lance,
Is sprung from out the noble blood of France.

viii.

Twelve paladins had Charles in court, of whom
The wisest and most famous was Orlando;
Him traitor Gan conducted to the tomb
In Roncesvalles, as the villain plann'd too,
While the horn rang so loud, and knell'd the doom
Of their sad rout, though he did all knight can do;
And Dante in his comedy has given
To him a happy seat with Charles in heaven.

ix.

'T was Christmas-day; in Paris all his court
Charles held; the chief, I say, Orlando was,
The Dane; Astolfo there too did resort,
Also Ansuigi, the gay time to pass
In festival and in triumphal sport,
The much renown'd St. Dennis being the cause;
Angiolin of Bayonne, and Oliver,
And gentle Belonghieri too came there;

x.

Avolio, and Arino, and Othone
Of Normandy, and Richard Paladin,
Wise Hamo, and the ancient Salamone,
Walter of Lion's Mount and Baldovin,
Who was the son of the sad Ganellone,
Were there, exciting too much gladness in
The son of Pepin:—when his knights came hither,
He groan'd with joy to see them all together.

XI.

But watchful Fortune, lurking, takes good heed
 Ever some bar 'gainst our intents to bring,
 While Charles reposed him thus, in word and deed,
 Orlando ruled court, Charles, and everything;
 Curst Gan, with envy bursting, had such need
 To vent his spite, that thus with Charles the king
 One day he openly began to say,
 "Orlando must we always then obey?"

XII.

"A thousand times I've been about to say,
 Orlando too presumptuously goes on;
 Here are we, counts, kings, dukes, to own thy sway,
 Hamo, and Otho, Ogier, Solomon,
 Each have to honour thee and to obey;
 But he has too much credit near the throne,
 Which we won't suffer, but are quite decided
 By such a boy to be no longer guided.

XIII.

"And even at Aspramont thou didst begin
 To let him know he was a gallant knight,
 And by the fount did much the day to win;
 But I know *who* that day had won the fight
 If it had not for good Gherard been;
 The victory was Almonte's else; his sight
 He kept upon the standard, and the laurels
 In fact and fairness are his earning, Charles.

XIV.

"If thou rememberest being in Gascony,
 When there advanced the nations out of Spain,
 The Christian cause had suffer'd shamefully,
 Had not his valour driven them back again.
 Best speak the truth when there's a reason why:
 Know then, oh Emperor! that all complain;
 As for myself, I shall repass the mounts
 O'er which I cross'd with two and sixty counts.

XV.

"'T is fit thy grandeur should dispense relief,
 So that each here may have his proper part,
 For the whole court is more or less in grief:
 Perhaps thou deem'st this lad a Mars in heart?"

Orlando one day heard this speech in brief,
As by himself it chanced he sate apart :
Displeased he was with Gan because he said it,
But much more still that Charles should give him credit.

XVI.

And with the sword he would have murder'd Gan,
But Oliver thrust in between the pair,
And from his hand extracted Durlindan,
And thus at length they separated were.
Orlando, angry too with Carloman,
Wanted but little to have slain him there ;
Then forth alone from Paris went the chief,
And burst and madden'd with disdain and grief.

XVII.

From Ernfellina, consort of the Dane,
He took Cortana, and then took Rondell,
And on towards Brara prick'd him o'er the plain,
And when she saw him coming, Aldabelle
Stretch'd forth her arms to clasp her lord again :
Orlando, in whose brain all was not well,
As "Welcome, my Orlando, home," she said,
Raised up his sword to smite her on the head.

XVIII.

Like him a fury counsels ; his revenge
On Gan in that rash act he seem'd to take,
Which Aldabella thought extremely strange ;
But soon Orlando found himself awake ;
And his spouse took his bridle on this change,
And he dismounted from his horse, and spake
Of everything which pass'd without demur,
And then repos'd himself some days with her.

XIX.

Then full of wrath departed from the place,
And far as pagan countries roam'd astray,
And while he rode, yet still at every pace
The traitor Gan remember'd by the way ;
And wandering on in error a long space,
An abbey which in a lone desert lay,
'Midst glens obscure, and distant lands, he found,
Which form'd the Christian's and the pagan's bound.

XX.

The abbot was call'd Clermont, and by blood
 Descended from Anglante : under cover
 Of a great mountain's brow the abbey stood,
 But certain savage giants look'd him over ;
 One Passamont was foremost of the brood,
 And Alabaster and Morgante hover
 Second and third, with certain slings, and throw
 In daily jeopardy the place below.

XXI.

The monks could pass the convent gate no more,
 Nor leave their cells for water or for wood ;
 Orlando knock'd, but none would ope, before
 Unto the prior it at length seem'd good ;
 Enter'd, he said that he was taught to adore
 Him who was born of Mary's holiest blood,
 And was baptized a Christian ; and then show'd
 How to the abbey he had found his road.

XXII. —

Said the abbot, " You are welcome ; what is mine
 We give you freely, since that you believe
 With us in Mary Mother's Son divine ;
 And that you may not, cavalier, conceive
 The cause of our delay to let you in
 To be rusticity, you shall receive
 The reason why our gate was barr'd to you :
 Thus those who in suspicion live must do.

XXIII.

" When hither to inhabit first we came
 These mountains, albeit that they are obscure
 As you perceive, yet without fear or blame
 They seem'd to promise an asylum sure :
 From savage brutes alone, too fierce to tame,
 'T was fit our quiet dwelling to secure ;
 But now, if here we 'd stay, we needs must guard
 Against domestic beasts with watch and ward.

XXIV.

" These make us stand, in fact, upon the watch ;
 For late there have appear'd three giants rough ;
 What nation or what kingdom bore the batch
 I know not, but they 're all of savage stuff ;

When force and malice with some genius match,
You know, they can do all—*we* are not enough;
And these so much our orisons derange,
I know not what to do till matters change.

XXV.

"Our ancient fathers living the desert in,
For just and holy works were duly fed;
Think not they lived on locusts sole, 't is certain
That manna was rain'd down from heaven instead;
But here 't is fit we keep on the alert in
Our bounds, or taste the stones shower'd down for
bread,
From off yon mountain daily raining faster,
And flung by Passamont and Alabaster.

XXVI.

"The third, Morgante, 's savagest by far; he
Plucks up pines, beeches, poplar-trees, and oaks,
And flings them, our community to bury;
And all that I can do but more provokes."
While thus they parley in the cemetery,
A stone from one of their gigantic strokes,
Which nearly crush'd Rondell, came tumbling over,
So that he took a long leap under cover.

XXVII.

"For God-sake, cavalier, come in with speed;
The manna 's falling now," the abbot cried.
"This fellow does not wish my horse should feed,
Dear Abbot," Roland unto him replied.
"Of restiveness he 'd cure him had he need;
That stone seems with good will and aim applied."
The holy father said, "I do n't deceive;
They 'll one day fling the mountain, I believe."

XXVIII.

Orlando bade them take care of Rondello,
And also made a breakfast of his own:
"Abbot," he said, "I want to find that fellow
Who flung at my good horse yon corner-stone."
Said the abbot, "Let not my advice seem shallow;
As to a brother dear I speak alone;
I would dissuade you, baron, from this strife,
As knowing sure that you will lose your life.

XXIX.

"That Passamont has in his hand three darts—
 Such slings, clubs, ballast-stones, that yield you must:
 You know that giants have much stouter hearts
 Than us, with reason, in proportion just:
 If go you will, guard well against their arts,
 For these are very barbarous and robust."
 Orlando answer'd, "This I'll see, be sure,
 And walk the wild on foot to be secure."

XXX.

The abbot sign'd the great cross on his front,
 "Then go you with God's benison and mine:"
 Orlando, after he had scaled the mount,
 As the abbot had directed, kept the line
 Right to the usual haunt of Passamont;
 Who, seeing him alone in this design,
 Survey'd him fore and aft with eyes observant,
 Then ask'd him, "If he wish'd to stay as servant?"

XXXI.

And promised him an office of great ease.
 But said Orlando, "Saracen insane!
 I come to kill you, if it shall so please
 God, not to serve as footboy in your train;
 You with his monks so oft have broke the peace—
 Vile dog! 't is past his patience to sustain."
 The giant ran to fetch his arms, quite furious,
 When he received an answer so injurious.

XXXII.

And being return'd to where Orlando stood,
 Who had not moved him from the spot, and swinging
 The cord, he hurl'd a stone with strength so rude,
 As show'd a sample of his skill in slinging:
 It roll'd on Count Orlando's helmet good
 And head, and set both head and helmet ringing,
 So that he swoon'd with pain as if he died,
 But more than dead, he seem'd so stupefied.

XXXIII.

Then Passamont, who thought him slain outright,
 Said, "I will go, and while he lies along,
 Disarm me: why such craven did I fight?"
 But Christ his servants ne'er abandons long,

Especially Orlando, such a knight,
As to desert would almost be a wrong.
While the giant goes to put off his defences,
Orlando has recall'd his force and senses :

XXXIV.

And loud he shouted, " Giant, where dost go ? "
Thou thought'st me doubtless for the bier outlaid ;
To the right about—without wings thou 'rt too slow
To fly my vengeance—currish renegade ?
'T was but by treachery thou laid'st me low."
The giant his astonishment betray'd,
And turn'd about, and stopp'd his journey on,
And then he stoop'd to pick up a great stone.

XXXV.

Orlando had Cortana bare in hand ;
To split the head in twain was what he schemed :
Cortana clave the skull like a true brand,
And pagan Passamont died unredeem'd,
Yet harsh and haughty, as he lay he bann'd,
And most devoutly Macon still blasphemed ;
But while his crude, rude blasphemies he heard,
Orlando thank'd the Father and the Word,—

XXXVI.

Saying, " What grace to me thou 'st this day given !
And I to thee, O Lord ! am ever bound.
I know my life was saved by thee from heaven,
Since by the giant I was fairly down'd.
All things by thee are measured just and even ;
Our power without thine aid would nought be found :
I pray thee take heed of me, till I can
At least return once more to Carloman."

XXXVII.

And having said thus much, he went his way ;
And Alabaster he found out below,
Doing the very best that in him lay
To root from out a bank a rock or two.
Orlando, when he reach'd him, loud 'gan say,
" How think'st thou, glutton, such a stone to throw ? "
When Alabaster heard his deep voice ring,
He suddenly betook him to his sling,

XXXVIII.

And hurl'd a fragment of a size so large,
 That if it had in fact fulfill'd its mission,
 And Roland not avail'd him of his targe,
 There would have been no need of a physician.
 Orlando set himself in turn to charge,
 And in his bulky bosom made incision
 With all his sword. The lout fell; but o'erthrown, he
 However by no means forgot Macone.

XXXIX.

Morgante had a palace in his mode,
 Composed of branches, logs of wood, and earth,
 And stretch'd himself at ease in this abode,
 And shut himself at night within his berth.
 Orlando knock'd, and knock'd again, to goad
 The giant from his sleep; and he came forth,
 The door to open, like a crazy thing,
 For a rough dream had shook him slumbering.

XL.

He thought that a fierce serpent had attack'd him;
 And Mahomet he call'd; but Mahomet
 Is nothing worth, and not an instant back'd him;
 But praying blessed Jesu, he was set
 At liberty from all the fears which rack'd him;
 And to the gate he came with great regret—
 "Who knocks here?" grumbling all the while, said he.
 "That," said Orlando, "you will quickly see:

XLI.

"I come to preach to you, as to your brothers,
 Sent by the miserable monks—repentance;
 For Providence divine, in you and others,
 Condemns the evil done my new acquaintance.
 'T is writ on high—your wrong must pay another's:
 From heaven itself is issued out this sentence,
 Know then, that colder now than a pilaster
 I left your Passamont and Alabaster."

XLII.

Morgante said, "Oh, gentle cavalier!
 Now by thy God say me no villainy;
 The favour of your name I fain would hear,
 And if a Christian, speak for courtesy."

Replied Orlando, " So much to your ear
I by my faith disclose contentedly ;
Christ I adore, who is the genuine Lord,
• And, if you please, by you may be adored."

XLIII.

The Saracen rejoin'd in humble tone,
" I have had an extraordinary vision;
A savage serpent fell on me alone,
And Macon would not pity my condition ;
Hence to thy God, who for ye did atone
Upon the cross, preferr'd I my petition ;
His timely succour set me safe and free,
And I a Christian am disposed to be."

XLIV.

Orlando answer'd, " Baron just and pious,
If this good wish your heart can really move
To the true God, you will not then deny us
Eternal honour, you will go above,
And, if you please, it's friends we will ally us,
And I will love you with a perfect love.
Your idols are vain liars, full of fraud :
The only true God is the Christians' God."

• XLV.

" The Lord descended to the virgin breast
Of Mary Mother, sinless and divine ;
If you acknowledge the Redeemer blest,
Without whom neither sun nor star can shine.
Abjure bad Macon's false and felon test,
Your renegade god, and worship mine,
Baptize yourself with zeal, since you repent."
To which Morgante answer'd, " I'm content."

XLVI.

And then Orlando to embrace him flew,
And made much of his convert, as he cried,
" To the abbey I will gladly marshal you."
To whom Morgante, " Let us go," replied ;
" I to the friars have for peace to sue." •
Which thing Orlando heard with inward pride,
Saying, " My brother, so devout and good,
Ask the abbot pardon, as I wish you would :

XLVII.

"Since God has granted your illumination,
Accepting you in mercy for his own,
Humility should be your first oblation."

Morgante said, "For goodness' sake make known,—
Since that your God is to be mine—your station,
And let your name in verity be shown;
Then will I everything at your command do."
On which the other said, he was Orlando.

XLVIII.

"Then," quoth the giant, "bless'd be Jesu
A thousand times with gratitude and praise!
Oft, perfect baron! have I heard of you
Through all the different periods of my days:
And, as I said, to be your vassal too
I wish, for your great gallantry always."
Thus reasoning, they continued much to say,
And onwards to the abbey went their way.

XLIX.

And by the way about the giants dead
Orlando with Morgante reason'd: "Be,
For their decease, I pray you, comforted;
And, since it is God's pleasure, pardon me;
A thousand wrongs unto the monks they bred,
And our true Scripture soundeth openly,
Good is rewarded, and chastised the ill,
Which the Lord never faileth to fulfil:

L.

"Because his love of justice unto all
Is such, he wills his judgment should devour
All who have sin, however great or small;
But good he well remembers to restore.
Nor without justice holy could we call
Him, whom I now require you to adore.
All men must make his will their wishes sway,
And quickly and spontaneously obey.

LI.

"And here our doctors are of one accord,
Coming on this point to the same conclusion,
That in their thoughts who praise in heaven the Lord
If pity e'er was guilty of intrusion

For their unfortunate relations stored
In hell below, and damn'd in great confusion,
Their happiness would be reduced to nought,
And thus unjust the Almighty's self be thought.

LII.

"But they in Christ have firmest hope, and all
Which seems to him, to them too must appear
Well done ; nor could it otherwise befall ;
He never can in any purpose err.
If sire or mother suffer endless thrall,
They do n't disturb themselves for him or her :
What pleases God to them must joy inspire ;—
Such is the observance of the eternal choir."

LIII.

"A word unto the wise," Morgante said,
"Is wont to be enough, and you shall see
How much I grieve about my brethren dead ;
And if the will of God seem good to me,
Just, as you tell me, 't is in heaven obey'd—
Ashes to ashes,—merry let us be !
I will cut off the hands from both their trunks,
And carry them unto the holy monks.

LIV.

"So that all persons may be sure and certain
That they are dead, and have no further fear
To wander solitary this desert in,
And that they may perceive my spirit clear
By the Lord's grace, who hath withdrawn the curtain
Of darkness, making his bright realm appear."
He cut his brethren's hands off at these words,
And left them to the savage beasts and birds.

LV.

Then to the abbey they went on together,
Where waited them the abbot in great doubt.
The monks, who knew not yet the fact, ran thither,
To their superior, all in breathless rout,
Saying with tremor, "Please to tell us whether
You wish to have this person in or out ?"
The abbot, looking through upon the giant,
Too greatly fear'd, at first, to be compliant.

LVI.

Orlando, seeing him thus agitated,
 Said quickly, "Abbot, be thou of good cheer;
 He Christ believes, as Christian must be rated,
 And hath renounced his Macon false;" which here
 Morgante with the hands corroborated,
 A proof of both the giants' fate quite clear:
 Thence, with due thanks, the abbot God adored,
 Saying, "Thou hast contented me, oh Lord!"

LVII.

He gazed; Morgante's height he calculated,
 And more than once contemplated his size;
 And then he said, "Oh giant celebrated!
 Know, that no more my wonder will arise,
 How you could tear and fling the trees you late did;
 When I behold your form with my own eyes.
 You now a true and perfect friend will show
 Yourself to Christ, as once you were a foe.

LVIII.

"And one of our apostles, Saul once named,
 Long persecuted sore the faith of Christ,
 Till, one day, by the Spirit being inflamed,
 'Why dost thou persecute me thus?' said Christ;
 And then from his offence he was reclaim'd,
 And went for ever after preaching Christ,
 And of the faith became a trump, whose sounding
 O'er the whole earth is echoing and rebounding.

LIX.

"So, my Morgante, you may do likewise:
 He who repents—thus writes the Evangelist—
 Occasions more rejoicing in the skies
 Than ninety-nine of the celestial list.
 You may be sure, should each desire arise
 With just zeal for the Lord, that you'll exist
 Among the happy saints for evermore;
 But you were lost and damn'd to hell before!"

LX.

And thus great honour to Morgante paid
 The abbot: many days they did repose.
 One day, as with Orlando they both stray'd,
 And saunter'd here and there, where'er they chose,

The abbot show'd a chamber, where array'd
Much armour was, and hung up certain bows ;
And one of these Morgante for a whim
Girt on, though useless, he believed, to him.

LXI.

There being a want of water in the place,
Orlando, like a worthy brother, said,
"Morgante, I could wish you in this case
To go for water." "You shall be obey'd
In all commands," was the reply, "straightways."
Upon his shoulder a great tub he laid,
And went out on his way unto a fountain,
Where he was wont to drink below the mountain.

LXII.

Arrived there, a prodigious noise he hears,
Which suddenly along the forest spread ;
Whereat from out his quiver he prepares
An arrow for his bow, and lifts his head ;
And lo ! a monstrous herd of swine appears,
And onward rushes with tempestuous tread,
And to the fountain's brink precisely pours ;
So that the giant's join'd by all the boars.

LXIII.

Morgante at a venture shot an arrow,
Which pierced a pig precisely in the ear,
And pass'd unto the other side quite thorough ;
So that the boar, defunct, lay tripp'd up near.
Another, to revenge his fellow farrow,
Against the giant rush'd in fierce career,
And reach'd the passage with so swift a foot,
Morgante was not now in time to shoot.

LXIV.

Perceiving that the pig was on him close,
He gave him such a punch upon the head,
As floor'd him so that he no more arose,
Smashing the very bone ; and he fell dead
Next to the other. Having seen such blows,
The other pigs along the valley fled ;
Morgante on his neck the bucket took,
Full from the spring, which neither swerved nor shook.

LXV.

The tub was on one shoulder, and there were
 The hogs on t' other, and he brush'd apace
 On to the abbey, though by no means near,
 Nor spilt one drop of water in his race.
 Orlando, seeing him so soon appear
 With the dead boars, and with that brimful vase,
 Marvell'd to see his strength so very great;
 So did the abbot, and set wide the gate.

LXVI.

The monks, who saw the water fresh and good,
 Rejoiced, but much more to perceive the pork;
 All animals are glad at sight of food:
 They lay their breviaries to sleep, and work
 With greedy pleasure, and in such a mood,
 That the flesh needs no salt beneath their fork.
 Of rankness and of rot there is no fear,
 For all the fasts are now left in arrear.

LXVII.

As though they wish'd to burst at once, they ate;
 And gorged so that, as if the bones had been
 In water, sorely grieved the dog and cat,
 Perceiving that they all were pick'd too clean.
 The abbot, who to all did honour great,
 A few days after this convivial scene,
 Gave to Morgante a fine horse, well train'd,
 Which he long time had for himself maintain'd.

LXVIII.

The horse Morgante to a meadow led,
 To gallop, and to put him to the proof,
 Thinking that he a back of iron had.
 Or to skim eggs unbroke was light enough;
 But the horse, sinking with the pain, fell dead,
 And burst, while cold on earth lay head and hoof.
 Morgante said, "Get up, thou sulky cur!"
 And still continued pricking with the spur.

LXIX.

But finally he thought fit to dismount,
 And said, "I am as light as any feather,
 And he has burst;—to this what say you, count?"
 Orlando answer'd, "Like a ship's mast rather

You seem to me, and with the truck for front:
Let him go ! Fortune wills that we together
Should march, but you on foot, Morgante, still."
To which the giant answer'd, "So I will.

LXX.

"When there shall be occasion, you will see
How I approve my courage in the fight."
Orlando said, "I really think you'll be,
If it should prove God's will, a goodly knight;
Nor will you napping there discover me.
But never mind your horse, though out of sight
'T were best to carry him into some wood,
If but the means or way I understood."

LXXI.

The giant said, "Then carry him I will,
Since that to carry me he was so slack—
To render, as the gods do, good for ill;
But lend a hand to place him on my back."
Orlando answer'd, "If my counsel still
May weigh, Morgante, do not undertake
To lift or carry this dead courser, who,
As you have done to him, will do to you.

LXXII.

"Take care he do n't revenge himself, though dead,
As Nessus did of old beyond all cure.
I do n't know if the fact you've heard or read;
But he will make you burst, you may be sure."
"But help him on my back," Morgante said,
"And you shall see what weight I can endure.
In place, my gentle Ronald, of this palfrey,
With all the bells, I'd carry yonder belfry."

LXXIII.

The abbot said, "The steeple may do well,
But, for the bells, you've broken them, I wot."
Morgante answer'd, "Let them pay in hell
The penalty who lie dead in yon grot;"
And hoisting up the horse from where he fell,
He said, "Now look if I the gout have got,
Orlando, in the legs—or if I have force;"—
And then he made two gambols with the horse.

LXXIV.

Morgante was like any mountain framed ;
 So if he did this 't is no prodigy ;
 But secretly himself Orlando blamed,
 Because he was one of his family ;
 And fearing that he might be hurt or maim'd,
 Once more he bade him lay his burden by :
 " Put down, nor bear him further the desert in."
 Morgante said, " I'll carry him for certain."

LXXV.

He did ; and stow'd him in some nook away,
 And to the abbey then return'd with speed.
 Orlando said, " Why longer do we stay ?
 Morgante, here is nought to do indeed."
 The abbot by the hand he took one day,
 And said, with great respect, he had agreed
 To leave his reverence ; but for this decision
 He wish'd to have his pardon and permission.

LXXVI.

The honours they continued to receive
 Perhaps exceeded what his merits claim'd :
 He said, " I mean, and quickly, to retrieve
 The lost days of time past, which may be blamed ;
 Some days ago I should have ask'd your leave,
 Kind father, but I really was ashamed,
 And know not how to show my sentiment,
 So much I see you with our stay content.

LXXVII.

" But in my heart I bear through every clime
 The abbot, abbey, and this solitude—
 So much I love you in so short a time ;
 For me, from heaven reward you with all good
 The God so true, the eternal Lord sublime !
 Whose kingdom at the last hath open stood.
 Meantime we stand expectant of your blessing,
 And recommend us to your prayers with pressing."

LXXVIII.

Now when the abbot Count Orlando heard,
 His heart grew soft with inner tenderness,
 Such fervour in his bosom bred each word ;
 And, " Cavalier," he said, " if I have less

Courteous and kind to your great worth appear'd,
Than fits me for such gentle blood to express,
I know I have done too little in this case ;
• But blame our ignorance, and this poor place.

LXXX.

“ We can indeed but honour you with masses,
And sermons, thanksgivings, and paternosters,
Hot suppers, dinners (fitting other places
In verity much rather than the cloisters) ;
But such a love for you my heart embraces,
For thousand virtues which your bosom fosters,
That wheresoe'er you go I too shall be,
And, on the other part, you rest with me.

LXXX.

“ This may involve a seeming contradiction ;
But you I know are sage, and feel, and taste,
And understand my speech, with full conviction.
For your just pious deeds may you be graced
With the Lord's great reward and benediction,
By whom you were directed to this waste :
To his high mercy is our freedom due,
For which we render thanks to him and you.

LXXXI.

“ You saved at once our life and soul : such fear
The giants caused us, that the way was lost
By which we could pursue a fit career
In search of Jesus and the saintly host ;
And your departure breeds such sorrow here,
That comfortless we all are to our cost ;
But months and years you would not stay in sloth,
Nor are you form'd to wear our sober cloth.

LXXXII.

“ But to bear arms, and wield the lance ; indeed,
With these as much is done as with this cowl ;
In proof of which the Scriptures you may read.
This giant up to heaven may bear his soul
By your compassion : now in peace proceed.
Your state and name I seek not to unroll ;
But, if I'm asked, this answer shall be given,
That here an angel was sent down from heaven.

LXXXIII.

"If you want armour or aught else, go in,
Look o'er the wardrobe, and take what you choose,
And cover with it o'er this giant's skin."
Orlando answer'd, "If there should lie loose
Some armour, ere our journey we begin,
Which might be turn'd to my companion's use,
The gift would be acceptable to me."
The abbot said to him, "Come in and see."

LXXXIV.

And in a certain closet, where the wall
Was cover'd with old armour like a crust,
The abbot said to them, "I give you all."
Morgante rummaged piecemeal from the dust
The whole, which, save one cuirass, was too small,
And that too had the mail inlaid with rust.
They wonder'd how it fitted him exactly,
Which ne'er has suited others so compactly.

LXXXV.

'T was an immeasurable giant's, who
By the great Milo of Agrante fell
Before the abbey many years ago.
The story on the wall was figured well;
In the last moment of the abbey's foe,
Who long had waged a war implacable:
Precisely as the war occur'd they drew him,
And there was Milo as he overthrew him.

LXXXVI.

Seeing the history, Count Orlando said
In his heart, "Oh God, who in the sky
Know'st all things! how was Milo hither led?
Who caused the giant in this place to die?"
And certain letters, weeping, then he read,
So that he could not keep his visage dry,—
As I will tell in the ensuing story.
From evil keep you the high King of glory!

Francesca of Rimini.

FROM THE INFERNO OF DANTE.

CANTO THE FIFTH.

"THE land where I was born sits by the seas,
Upon that shore to which the Po descends,
With all his followers in search of peace.
Love, which the gentle heart soon apprehends,
Seized him for the fair person which was ta'en
From me, and me even yet the mode offends.
Love, who to none beloved to love again
Remits, seized me with wish to please, so strong,
That, as thou seest, yet, yet it doth remain.
Love to one death conducted us along,
But Caina waits for him our life who ended :"
These were the accents utter'd by her tongue.—
Since I first listen'd to these souls offended,
I bow'd my visage, and so kept it till—
"What think'st thou," said the bard ; when I unbended,
And recommenced : "Alas ! unto such ill
How many sweet thoughts, what strong ecstasies,
Led these their evil fortune to fulfil !"
And then I turn'd unto their side my eyes,
And said, "Francesca, thy sad destinies
Have made me sorrow till the tears arise.
But tell me, in the season of sweet sighs,
By what and how thy love to passion rose,
So as his dim desires to recognise ?"
Then she to me : "The greatest of all woes
Is to remind us of our happy days
In misery, and that thy teacher knows.

But if to learn our passion's first root preys
Upon thy spirit with such sympathy,
I will do even as he who weeps and says.
We read one day for pastime, seated nigh,
Of Lancilot, how love enchain'd him too.
We were alone, quite unsuspectingly.
But oft our eyes met, and our cheeks in hue
All o'er discolour'd by that reading were ;
But one point only wholly us o'erthrew ;
When we read the long-sigh'd-for smile of her,
To be thus kiss'd by such devoted lover,
He who from me can be divided ne'er
Kiss'd my mouth, trembling in the act all over
Accursed was the book and he who wrote !
That day no further leaf we did uncover."
While thus one spirit told us of their lot, "
The other wept, so that with pity's thralls
I swoon'd, as if by death I had been smote,
And fell down even as a dead body falls.

Beppo:

A VENETIAN STORY.

Rosalind. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: Look you lisp, and wear strange suits: di'able all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your Nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think that you have swam in a *Gondola*.—*As You Like It*, Act IV., Scene i.

Annotation of the Commentators.

That is, been at *Venice*, which was much visited by the young English gentlemen of those times, and was then what *Paris is now*—the seat of all dissoluteness.—S. A.

I.

'T is known, at least it should be, that throughout
All countries of the Catholic persuasion,
Some weeks before Shrove Tuesday comes about,
The people take their fill of recreation,
And buy repentance, ere they grow devout,
However high their rank, or low their station,
With fiddling, feasting, dancing, drinking, masking,
And other things which may be had for asking.

II.

The moment night with dusky mantle covers
The skies (and the more duskily the better),
The time less liked by husbands than by lovers
Begins, and prudery flings aside her fetter;
And gaiety on restless tiptoe hovers,
Giggling with all the gallants who beset her;
And there are songs and quavers, roaring, humming,
Guitars, and every other sort of strumming.

III.

And there are dresses splendid, but fantastical,
 Masks of all times and nations, Turks and Jews,
 And harlequins and clowns, with feats gymnastical,
 Greeks, Romans, Yankee-doodles, and Hindoos;
 All kinds of dress, except the ecclesiastical,
 All people, as their fancies hit, may choose,
 But no one in these parts may quiz the clergy,—
 Therefore take heed, ye Freethinkers ! I charge ye.

IV.

You'd better walk about begirt with briars,
 Instead of coat and smallclothes, than put on
 A single stitch reflecting upon friars,
 Although you swore it only was in fun ;
 They'd haul you o'er the coals, and stir the fires
 Of Phlegethon with every mother's soft,
 Nor say one mass to cool the cauldron's bubble
 That boil'd your bones, unless you paid them double.

V.

But saving this, you may put on 'whate'er
 You like by way of doublet, cape, or cloak,
 Such as in Monmouth-street, or in Rag Fair,
 Would rig you out in seriousness or joke ;
 And even in Italy such places are,
 With prettier name in softer accents spoke,
 For, bating Covent Garden, I can hit on
 No place that's call'd "Piazza" in Great Britain.

VI.

This feast is named the Carnival, which being
 Interpreted, implies "farewell to flesh :"
 So call'd, because the name and thing agreeing,
 Through Lent they live on fish both salt and fresh.
 But why they usher Lent with so much glee in,
 Is more than I can tell, although I guess
 'T is as we take a glass with friends at parting,
 In the stage-coach or packet, just at starting.

VII.

And thus they bid farewell to carnal dishes,
 And solid meats, and highly spiced ragouts,
 To live for forty days on ill-dress'd fishes,
 Because they have no sauces to their stews ;

A thing which causes many "poohs" and "pishes,"
And several oaths (which would not suit the Muse),
From travellers accustom'd from a boy
To eat their salmon, at the least, with soy;

VIII.

And therefore humbly I would recommend
"The curious in fish-sauce," before they cross
The sea, to bid their cook, or wife, or friend,
Walk or ride to the Strand, and buy in gross
(Or if set out beforehand, these may send
By any means least liable to loss)
Ketchup, soy, Chili-vinegar, and Harvey,
Or, by the Lord! a Lent will well nigh starve ye;

IX.

That is to say, if your religion's Roman,
And you at Rome would do as Romans do,
According to the proverb,—although no man,
If foreign, is obliged to fast; and you
If Protestant, or sickly, or a woman,
Would rather dine in sin on a ragout—
Dine and be d—d! I don't mean to be coarse,
But that's the penalty, to say no worse.

X.

Of all the places where the Carnival
Was most facetious in the days of yore,
For dance and song, and serenade, and ball,
And masque, and mime, and mystery, and more
Than I have time to tell now, or at all,
Venice the bell from every city bore,—
And at the moment when I fix my story,
That sea-born city was in all her glory.

XI.

They've pretty faces yet, those same Venetians,
Black eyes, arch'd brows, and sweet expressions still;
Such as of old were copied from the Grecians,
In ancient arts by moderns mimick'd ill;
And like so many Venuses of Titian's
(The best's at Florence—see it, if ye will),
They look when leaning over the balcony,
Or stepp'd from out a picture by Giorgione,

XII.

Whose tints are truth and beauty at their best ;
 And when you to Manfrini's palace go,
 That picture (howsoever fine the rest)
 Is loveliest to my mind of all the show ;
 It may perhaps be also to *your* zest,
 And that's the cause I rhyme upon it so :
 'T is but a portrait of his son, and wife,
 And self ; but *such* a woman ! love in life !

XIII.

Love in full life and length, not love ideal,
 No, nor ideal beauty, that fine name,
 But something better still, so very real,
 That the sweet model must have been the same :
 A thing that you would purchase, beg, or steal,
 Were't not impossible, besides a shame :
 The face recalls some face, as 't were with pain,
 You once have seen, but ne'er will see again.

XIV.

One of those forms which flit by 'us, when we
 Are young, and fix our eyes on every face ;
 And, oh ! the loveliness at times we see
 In momentary gliding, the soft grace,
 The youth, the bloom, the beauty which agree,
 In many a nameless being we retrace,
 Whose course and home we knew not, nor shall know,
 Like the lost Pleiad seen no more below.

XV.

I said that like a picture by Giorgione
 Venetian women were, and so they *are*,
 Particularly seen from a balcony
 (For beauty's sometimes best set off afar),
 And there, just like a heroine of Goldoni,
 They peep from out the blind, or o'er the bar ;
 And truth to say, they're mostly very pretty,
 And rather like to show it, more's the pity !

XVI.

For glances beget ogles, ogles sighs,
 Sighs wishes, wishes words, and words a letter,
 Which flies on wings of light-heel'd Mercuries,
 Who do such things because they know no better ;

And then, God knows what mischief may arise,
 When love links two young people in one fetter,
 Vile assignations, and adulterous beds,
 Blopements, broken vows, and hearts, and heads.

XVII.

Shakspeare described the sex in *Desdemona*
 As very fair, but yet suspect in fame,
 And to this day from Venice to Verona
 Such matters may be probably the same,
 Except that since those times was never known a
 Husband whom mere suspicion could inflame
 To suffocate a wife no more than twenty,
 Because she had a "cavalier servente."

XVIII.

Their jealousy (if they are ever jealous)
 Is of a fair complexion altogether,
 Not like that sooty devil of *Othello's*,
 Which smothers women in a bed of feather,
 But worthier of these much more jolly fellows,
 When weary of the matrimonial tether,
 His head for such a wife no mortal bothers,
 But takes at once another, or another's.

XIX.

Didst ever see a Gondola? For fear
 You should not, I'll describe it you exactly:
 'Tis a long cover'd boat that's common here,
 Carved at the prow, built lightly, but compactly,
 Row'd by two rowers, each call'd "Gondolier,"
 It glides along the water looking blackly,
 Just like a coffin clapt in a canoe,
 Where none can make out what you say or do.

XX.

And up and down the long canals they go,
 And under the Rialto shoot along,
 By night and day, all paces, swift or slow,
 And round the theatres, a sable throng,
 They wait in their dusk livery of woe,—
 But not to them do woeful things belong,
 For sometimes they contain a deal of fun,
 Like mourning coaches when the funeral's done.

XXI.

But to my story.—'T was some years ago,
 It may be thirty, forty, more or less,
 The Carnival was at its height, and so
 Were all kinds of buffoonery and dress;
 A certain lady went to see the show,
 Her real name I know not, nor can guess,
 And so we'll call her Laura, if you please,
 Because it slips into my verse with ease.

XXII.

She was not old, nor young, nor at the years
 Which certain people call a "*certain age*,"
 Which yet the most uncertain age appears,
 Because I never heard, nor could engage
 A person yet by prayers, or bribes, or tears,
 To name, define by speech, or write on page,
 The period meant precisely by that word,—
 Which surely is exceedingly absurd.

XXIII.

Laura was blooming still, had made the best
 Of time, and time return'd the compliment,
 And treated her genteelly, so that, dress'd,
 She look'd extremely well where'er she went;
 A pretty woman is a welcome guest,
 And Laura's brow a frown had rarely bent;
 Indeed, she shone all smiles, and seem'd to flatter
 Mankind with her black eyes for looking at her.

XXIV.

She was a married woman; 't is convenient,
 Because in Christian countries 't is a rule
 To view their little slips with eyes more lenient;
 Whereas if single ladies play the fool
 (Unless within the period intervenient
 A well-timed wedding makes the scandal cool),
 I do n't know how they ever can get over it,
 Except they manage never to discover it.

XXV.

Her husband sail'd upon the Adriatic,
 And made some voyages, too, in other seas,
 And when he lay in quarantine for pratique
 (A forty days' precaution 'gainst disease),

His wife would mount, at times, her highest attic,
 From thence she could discern the ship with ease :
 He was a merchant trading to Aleppo,
 His name Giuseppe, called more briefly, Beppo.

XXVI.

He was a man as dusky as a Spaniard,
 Sunburnt with travel, yet a portly figure ;
 Though colour'd, as it were, within a tanyard,
 He was a person both of sense and vigour—
 A better seaman never yet did man yard ;
 And she, although her manners show'd no rigour,
 Was deem'd a woman of the strictest principle,
 So much so as to be thought almost invincible.

XXVII.

But several years elapsed since they had met ;
 Some people thought the ship was'lost, and some
 That he had somehow blunder'd into debt,
 And did not like the thought of steering home ;
 And there were several offer'd any bet,
 Or that he would, or that he would not come ;
 For most men (till by losing render'd sager)
 Will back their own opinions with a wager.

XXVIII.

'Tis said that their last parting was pathetic,
 As partings often are, or ought to be,
 And their presentiment was quite prophetic,
 That they should never more each other see,
 (A sort of morbid feeling, half poetic,
 Which I have known occur in two or three,)
 When kneeling on the shore upon her sad knee
 He left this Admatic Ariadne.

XXIX.

And Laura waited long, and wept a little,
 And thought of wearing weeds, as well she might ;
 She almost lost all appetite for victual,
 And could not sleep with ease alone at night ;
 She deem'd the window-frames and shutters brittle
 Against a daring housebreaker or sprite,
 And so she thought it prudent to connect her
 With a vice-husband, chiefly to protect her.

XXX.

She chose, (and what is there they will not choose,
 If only you will but oppose their choice?)
 Till Beppo should return from his long cruise,
 And bid once more her faithful heart rejoice,
 A man some women like, and yet abuse—
 A coxcomb was he by the public voice ;
 A Count of wealth, they said, as well as quality,
 And in his pleasures of great liberality.

XXXI.

And then he was a Count, and then he knew
 Music, and dancing, fiddling, French and Tuscan ;
 The last not easy, be it known to you,
 For few Italians speak the right Etruscan.
 He was a critic upon operas, too,
 And knew all niceties of the sock and buskin ;
 And no Venetian audience could endure a
 Song, scene, or air, when he cried "seccatura !"

XXXII.

His "bravo" was decisive, for that sound
 Hush'd "Academie" sigh'd in silent awe ;
 The fiddlers trembled, as he look'd around,
 For fear of some false note's detected flaw ;
 The "prima donna's" tuneful heart would bound,
 Dreading the deep damnation of his "bah !"
 Soprano, basso, even the contra-alto,
 Wish'd him five fathoms under the Rialto.

XXXIII.

He patronised the Improvisatori,
 Nay, could himself extemporise some stanzas,
 Wrote rhymes, sang songs, could also tell a story,
 Sold pictures, and was skilful in the dance as
 Italians can be, though in this their glory
 Must surely yield the palm to that which France has ;
 In short he was a perfect cavaliero,
 And to his very valet seem'd a hero.

XXXIV.

Then he was faithful too, as well as amorous ;
 So that no sort of female could complain,
 Although they're now and then a little clamorous,
 He never put the pretty souls in pain ;

His heart was one of those which most enamour us,
 Wax to receive, and marble to retain :
 He was a lover of the good old school,
 Who still become more constant as they cool.

XXXV.

No wonder such accomplishments should turn
 A female head, however sage and steady—
 With scarce a hope that Beppo could return,
 In law he was almost as good as dead, he
 Nor sent, nor wrote, nor show'd the least concern,
 And she had waited several years already ;
 And really if a man won't let us know
 That he 's alive, he 's *dead*, or should be so.

XXXVI.

Besides, within the Alps, to every woman,
 (Although, God knows, it is a grievous sin,)
 'Tis, I may say, permitted to have *two* men ;
 I can't tell who first brought the custom in,
 But "Cavalier Serventes" are quite common,
 And no one notices nor cares a pin ;
 And we may call this (not to say the worst)
 A *second* marriage which corrupts the *first*.

XXXVII.

The world was formerly a "Cicisbeo,"
 But *that* is now grown vulgar and indecent ;
 The Spaniards call the person a "*Cortejo*,"
 For the same mode subsists in Spain, though recent ;
 In short, it reaches from the Po to Teio,
 And may perhaps at last be o'er the sea sent :
 But Heaven preserve Old England from such courses !
 Or what becomes of damage and divorces ?

XXXVIII.

However, I still think, with all due deference
 To the fair *single* part of the creation,
 That married ladies should preserve the preference
 In *tête-à-tête* or general conversation—
 And this I say without peculiar reference
 To England, France, or any other nation—
 Because they know the world, and are at ease,
 And being natural, naturally please.

XXXIX.

'Tis true, your budding Miss is very charming,
 But shy and awkward at first coming out,
 So much alarm'd, that she is quite alarming,
 All Giggle, Blush ; half Pertness, and half Pout ;
 And glancing at *Mamma*, for fear there's harm in
 What you, she, it, or they, may be about,
 The nursery still lisps out in all they utter—
 Besides, they always smell of bread and butter.

XL.

But " Cavalier Servente " is the phrase
 Used in politest circles to express
 This supernumerary slave, who stays
 Close to the lady as a part of dress,
 Her word the only law which he obeys.
 His is no sinecure, as you may guess ;
 Coach, servants, gondola, he goes to call,
 And carries fan and tippet, gloves and shawl.

XLI.

With all its sinful doings, I must say,
 That Italy 's a pleasant place to me,
 Who love to see the Sun shine every day,
 And vines (not nail'd to walls) from tree to tree
 Festoon'd, much like the back scene of a play,
 Or melodrame, which people flock to see,
 When the first act is ended by a dance
 In vineyards copied from the south of France.

XLII.

I like on Autumn evenings to ride out,
 Without being forced to bid my groom be sure
 My cloak is round his middle strapp'd about,
 Because the skies are not the most secure ;
 I know too that, if stopp'd upon my route,
 Where the green alleys windingly allure,
 Reeling with grapes red waggons choke the way,—
 In England 't would be dung, dust, or a dray.

XLIII.

I also like to dine on becaficas,
 To see the Sun set, sure he 'll rise to-morrow,
 Not through a misty morning twinkling weak as
 A drunken man's dead eye in maudlin sorrow,

But with all Heaven t' himself; the day will break as
 Beauteous as cloudless, nor be forced to borrow
 That sort of farthing candlelight which glimmers
 Where reeking London's smoky caldron simmers.

XLIV.

I love the language, that soft bastard Latin,
 Which melts like kisses from a female mouth,
 And sounds as if it should be writ on satin,
 With syllables which breathe of the sweet South,
 And gentle liquids gliding all so pat in,
 That not a single accent seems uncouth,
 Like our harsh northern whistling, grunting guttural,
 Which we're obliged to hiss, and spit, and sputter all.

XLV.

I like the women too (forgive my folly),
 From the rich peasant cheek of ruddy bronze,
 And large black eyes that flash on you a volley
 Of rays that say a thousand things at once,
 To the high dama's brow, more melancholy,
 But clear, and with a wild and liquid glance,
 Heart on her lip, and soul within her eyes,
 Soft as her clime and sunny as her skies.

XLVI.

Eve of the land which still is Paradise !
 Italian beauty ! didst thou not inspire
 Raphael, who died in thy embrace, and vies
 With all we know of Heaven, or can desire,
 In what he hath bequeath'd us ?—in what guise,
 Though flashing from the fervour of the lyre,
 Would *words* describe thy past and present glow,
 While yet Canova can create below ?

XLVII.

"England ! with all thy faults I love thee still,"
 I said at Calais, and have not forgot it ;
 I like to speak and lucubrate my fill ;
 I like the government (but that is not it) ;
 I like the freedom of the press and quill ;
 I like the Habeas Corpus (when we've got it) ;
 I like a parliamentary debate,
 Particularly when 't is not too late ;

XLVIII.

I like the taxes, when they're not too many;
 I like a seacoal fire, when not too dear;
 I like a beef-steak, too, as well as any;
 Have no objection to a pot of beer;
 I like the weather, when it is not rainy,
 That is, I like two months of every year.
 And so God save the Regent, Church, and King!
 Which means that I like all and everything.

XLIX.

Our standing army, and disbanded seamen,
 Poor's rate, Reform, my own, the nation's debt,
 Our little riots just to show we're free men,
 Our trifling bankruptcies in the Gazette,
 Our cloudy climate, and our chilly women,
 All these I can forgive, and those forget,
 And greatly venerate our recent glories,
 And wish they were not owing to the Tories.

L.

But to my tale of Laura,—for I find
 Digression is a sin, that by degrees
 Becomes exceeding tedious to my mind,
 And, therefore, may the reader too displease—
 The gentle reader, who may wax unkind,
 And caring little for the author's ease,
 Insist on knowing what he means, a hard
 And hapless situation for a bard.

LI.

Oh that I had the art of easy writing
 What should be easy reading! could I scale
 Parnassus, where the Muses sit inditing
 Those pretty poems never known to fail,
 How quickly would I print (the world delighting)
 A Grecian, Syrian, or Assyrian tale;
 And sell you, mix'd with western sentimentalism,
 Some samples of the finest Orientalism!

LII.

But I am but a nameless sort of person,
 (A broken Dandy lately on my travels,)
 And take for rhyme, to hook my rambling verse on,
 The first that Walker's *Lexicon* unravels,

And when I can't find that, I put a worse on,
 Not caring as I ought for critics' cavils ;
 I've half a mind to tumble down to prose,
 But verse is more in fashion—so here goes.

LIII.

The Count and Laura made their new arrangement,
 Which lasted, as arrangements sometimes do,
 For half a dozen years without estrangement ;
 They had their little differences, too ;
 Those jealous whiffs, which never any change meant ;
 In such affairs there probably are few
 Who have not had this pouting sort of squabble,
 From sinners of high station to the rabble.

LIV.

But, on the whole, they were a happy pair,
 As happy as unlawful love could make them ;
 The gentleman was fond, the lady fair,
 Their chains so slight, 't was not worth while to break
 them ;
 The world beheld them with indulgent air ;
 The pious only wish'd "the devil take them !"
 He took them not ; he very often waits,
 And leaves old sinners to be young ones' baits.

LV.

But they were young : Oh ! what without our youth
 Would love be ! What would youth be without love !
 Youth lends it joy, and sweetness, vigour, truth,
 Heart, soul, and all that seems as from above ;
 But, languishing with years, it grows uncouth—
 One of few things experience do n't improve,
 Which is, perhaps, the reason why old fellows
 Are always so preposterously jealous.

LVI.

It was the Carnival, as I have said
 Some six and thirty stanzas back, and so
 Laura the usual preparations made,
 Which you do when your mind 's made up to go
 To-night to Mrs. Boehm's masquerade,,
 Spectator, or partaker in the show ;
 The only difference known between the cases
 Is—*here*, we have six weeks of "varnish'd faces."

LVII.

Laura, when dress'd, was (as I sang before)
 A pretty woman as was ever seen,
 Fresh as the Angel o'er a new inn door,
 Or frontispiece of a new Magazine,
 With all the fashions which the last month wore,
 Colour'd, and silver paper leaved between
 That and the title-page, for fear the press
 Should soil with parts of speech the parts of dress.

LVIII.

They went to the Ridotto;—'t is a hall
 Where people dance, and sup, and dance again;
 Its proper name, perhaps, were a masqued ball,
 But that 's of no importance to my strain;
 'T is (on a smaller scale) like our Vauxhall,
 Excepting that it can't be spoilt by rain;
 The company is "mix'd" (the phrase I quote is
 As much as saying they 're below your notice);

LIX.

For a "mix'd company" implies that, save
 Yourself and friends, and half a hundred more,
 Whom you may bow to without looking grave,
 The rest are but a vulgar set, the bore
 Of public places, where they basely brave
 The fashionable stare of twenty score
 Of well-bred persons, call'd "*The World*;" but I,
 Although I know them, really don't know why.

LX.

This is the case in England; at least was
 During the dynasty of Dandies, now
 Perchance succeeded by some other class
 Of imitated imitators:—how
 Irreparably soon decline, alas!
 The demagogues of fashion: all below
 Is frail; how easily the world is lost
 By love, or war, and now and then by frost!

LXI.

Crush'd was Napoleon by the northern Thor,
 Who knock'd his army down with icy hammer,
 Stopp'd by the *elements*, like a whaler, or
 A blundering novice in his new French grammar;

Good cause had he to doubt the chance of war,
And as for Fortune—but I dare not d—n her,
Because, were I to ponder to infinity,
The more I should believe in her divinity.

LXII.

She rules the present, past, and all to be yet,
She gives us luck in lotteries, love, and marriage ;
I cannot say that she's done much for me yet ;
Not that I mean her bounties to disparage,
We've not yet closed accounts, and we shall see yet
How much she'll make amends for past miscarriage.
Meantime the Goddess I'll no more importune,
Unless to thank her when she's made my fortune.

LXIII.

To turn—and to return ;—the devil take it !
This story slips for ever through my fingers,
Because, just as the stanza likes to make it,
It needs must be, and so it rather lingers :
This form of verse began, I can't well break it,
But must keep time and tune like public singers ;
But if I once get through my present measure,
I'll take another when I'm next at leisure.

LXIV.

They went to the Ridotto ('t is a place
To which I mean to go myself to-morrow,
Just to divert my thoughts a little space,
Because I'm rather hippish, and may borrow
Some spirits, guessing at what kind of face
May lurk beneath each mask ; and as my sorrow
Slackens its pace sometimes, I'll make, or find,
Something shall leave it half an hour behind).

LXV.

Now Laura moves along the joyous crowd,
Smiles in her eyes, and simpers on her lips ;
To some she whispers, others speaks aloud ;
To some she curtsies, and to some she dips,
Complains of warmth, and this complaint avow'd,
Her lover brings the lemonade, she sips ;
She then surveys, condemns, but pities still
Her dearest friends for being dress'd so ill.

LXVI.

One has false curls, another too much paint,
 A third—where did she buy that frightful turban?
 A fourth's so pale she fears she's going to faint,
 A fifth's look's vulgar, dowdyish, and surburban,
 A sixth's white silk has got a yellow taint,
 A seventh's thin muslin surely will be her bane,
 And lo! an eighth appears,—“I'll see no more!”
 For fear, like Banquo's kings, they reach a score.

LXVII.

Meantime, while she was thus at others gazing,
 Others were levelling their looks at her;
 She heard the men's half-whisper'd mode of praising,
 And, till 't was done, determined not to stir;
 The women only thought it quite amazing.
 That, at her time of life, so many were
 Admirers still,—but men are so debased,
 Those brazen creatures always suit their taste.

LXVIII.

For my part, now, I ne'er could understand
 Why naughty women—but I won't discuss
 A thing which is a scandal to the land,
 I only don't see why it should be thus;
 And if I were but in a gown and band,
 Just to entitle me to make a fuss,
 I'd preach on this till Wilberforce and Romilly
 Should quote in their next speeches from my homily.

LXIX.

While Laura thus was seen, and seeing, smiling,
 Talking, she knew not why, and cared not what,
 So that her female friends, with envy broiling,
 Beheld her airs and triumph, and all that;
 And well-dress'd males still kept before her filing,
 And passing bow'd and mingled with her chat;
 More than the rest one person seem'd to stare
 With pertinacity that's rather rare.

LXX.

He was a Turk, the colour of mahogany;
 And Laura saw him and at first was glad,
 Because the Turks so much admire philogyny,
 Although their usagé of their wives is sad;

'T is said they use no better than a dog any
 Poor woman, whom they purchase like a pad;
 They have a number, though they ne'er exhibit 'em,
 Four wives by law, and concubines "ad libitum."

LXXI.

They lock them up, and veil, and guard them daily,
 They scarcely can behold their male relations,
 So that their moments do not pass so gaily
 As is supposed the case with northern nations;
 Confinement, too, must make them look quite palely;
 And as the Turks abhor long conversations,
 Their days are either pass'd in doing nothing,
 Or bathing, nursing, making love, and clothing.

LXXII.

They cannot read, and so do n't lisp in criticism;
 Nor write, and so they do n't affect the muse;
 Were never caught in epigram or witticism,
 Have no romances, sermons, plays, reviews,—
 In harams learning soon would make a pretty schism,
 But luckily these beauties are no "Blues;"
 No bustling Botherbys have they to show 'em
 "That charming passage in the last new poem:"

LXXIII.

No solemn, antique gentleman of rhyme,
 Who having angled all his life for fame,
 And getting but a nibble at a time,
 Still fussily keeps fishing on, the same
 Small "Triton of the minnows," the sublime
 Of mediocrity, the furious tame,
 The echo's echo, usher of the school
 Of female wits, boy bards—in short, a fool!

LXXIV.

A stalking oracle of awful phrase,
 The approving "Good!" (by no means GOOD in law,)
 Humming like flies around the newest blaze,
 The bluest of bluebottles you e'er saw,
 Teasing with blame, excruciating with praise,
 Gorging the little fame he gets all raw,
 Translating tongues he knows not even by letter,
 And sweating plays so middling, bad were better.

LXXV.

One hates an author that's *all author*, fellows
 In foolscap uniforms turn'd up with ink,
 So very anxious, clever, fine, and jealous,
 One do n't know what to say to them, or think,
 Unless to puff them with a pair of bellows ;
 Of coxcombry's worst coxcombs e'en the pink
 Are preferable to these shreds of paper,
 These unquench'd snuffings of the midnight taper.

LXXVI.

Of these same we see several, and of others,
 Men of the world, who know the world like men,
 Scott, Rogers, Moore, and all the better brothers,
 Who think of something else besides the pen ;
 But for the children of the "mighty mother's,"
 The would-be wits, and can't-be gentlemen,
 I leave them to their daily "tea is ready,"
 Smug coterie, and literary lady.

LXXVII.

The poor dear Mussulwomen whom I mention
 Have none of these instructive pleasant people,
 And *one* would seem to them a new invention, —
 Unknown as bells within a Turkish steeple ;
 I think 't would almost be worth while to pension
 (Though best-sown projects very often reap ill)
 A missionary author, just to preach
 Our Christian usage of the parts of speech.

LXXVIII.

No chemistry for them unfolds her gases,
 No metaphysics are let loose in lectures,
 No circulating library amasses
 Religious novels, moral tales, and strictures
 Upon the living manners as they pass us ;
 No exhibition glares with annual pictures ;
 They stare not on the stars from out their attics,
 Nor deal (thank God for that !) in mathematics.

LXXIX.

Why I thank God for that is no great matter,
 I have my reasons, you no doubt suppose,
 And as, perhaps, they would not highly flatter,
 I'll keep them for my life (to come) in prose ;

I fear I have a little turn for satire,
 And yet methinks the older that one grows
 Inclines us more to laugh than scold, though laughter
 Leave us so doubly serious shortly after.

LXXX.

Oh, mirth and innocence! Oh, milk and water!
 Ye happy mixtures of more happy days!
 In these sad centuries of sin and slaughter,
 Abominable Man no more allays
 His thirst with such pure beverage. No matter,
 I love you both, and both shall have my praise;
 Oh, for old Saturn's reign of sugar-candy!—
 Meantime I drink to your return in brandy.

LXXXI.

Our Laura's Turk still kept his eyes upon her,
 Less in the Mussulman than Christian way,
 Which seems to say, "Madam, I do you honour,
 And while I please to stare, you'll please to stay."
 Could staring win a woman, this had won her,
 But Laura could not thus be led astray;
 She had stood fire, too long and well, to boggle
 Even at this stranger's most outlandish ogle.

LXXXII.

The morning now was on the point of breaking,
 A turn of time at which I would advise
 Ladies who have been dancing, or partaking
 In any other kind of exercise,
 To make their preparations for forsaking
 The ball-room ere the sun begins to rise,
 Because when once the lamps and candles fail,
 His blushes make them look a little pale.

LXXXIII.

I've seen some balls and revels in my time,
 And stay'd them over for some silly reason;
 And then I look'd (I hope it was no crime)
 To see what lady best stood out the season;
 And though I've seen some thousands in their prime,
 Lovely and pleasing, and who still may please on,
 I never saw but one (the stars withdrawn)
 Whose bloom could after dancing dare the dawn.

LXXXIV.

The name of this Aurora I'll not mention,
 Although I might, for she was nought to me
 More than that patent work of God's invention,
 A charming woman, whom we like to see ;
 But writing names would merit reprehension,
 Yet if you like to find out this fair *she*,
 At the next London or Parisian ball
 You still may mark her cheek out-blooming all.

LXXXV.

Laura, who knew it would not do at all
 To meet the daylight after seven hours' sitting
 Among three thousand people at a ball,
 To make her curtsy thought it right and fitting ;
 The Count was at her elbow with her shawl,
 And they the room were on the point of quitting,
 When lo ! those cursed gondoliers had got
 Just in the very place where they *should not*.

LXXXVI.

In this they're like our coachmen, and the cause
 Is much the same—the crowd, and pulling, hauling
 With blasphemies enough to break their jaws,
 They make a never intermitted bawling.
 At home, our Bow-street gemmen keep the laws,
 And here a sentry stands within your calling ;
 But for all that, there is a deal of swearing,
 And nauseous words past mentioning or bearing.

LXXXVII.

The Count and Laura found their boat at last,
 And homeward floated o'er the silent tide,
 Discussing all the dances gone and past ;
 The dancers and their dresses, too, beside ;
 Some little scandals eke ; but all aghast
 (As to their palace-stairs the rowers glide)
 Sate Laura by the side of her Adorer,
 When lo ! the Mussulman was there before her.

LXXXVIII.

"Sir," said the Count, with brow exceeding grave,
 "Your unexpected presence here will make
 It necessary for myself to crave
 Its import? But perhaps 't is a mistake ;

"I hope it is so ; and, at once to waive
 All compliment, I hope so for *your* sake ;
 You understand my meaning, or you *shall*."
 "Sir" (quoth the Turk), "'t is no mistake at all :

LXXXIX.

"That lady is *my wife* !" Much wonder paints
 The lady's changing cheek, as well it might ;
 But where an Englishwoman sometimes faints,
 Italian females do n't do so outright ;
 They only call a little on their saints,
 And then come to themselves, almost or quite ;
 Which saves much hartshorn, salts, and sprinkling faces,
 And cutting stays, as usual in such cases.

XC.

She said,—what could she say ? Why, not a word :
 But the Count courteously invited in
 The stranger, much appeased by what he heard :
 "Such things, perhaps, we 'd best discuss within,"
 Said he : "do n't let us make ourselves absurd
 In public, by a scene, nor raise a din,
 For then the chief and only satisfaction
 Will be much quizzing on the whole transaction."

XCI.

They enter'd, and for coffee call'd—it came,
 A beverage for Turks and Christians both,
 Although the way they make it's not the same.
 Now Laura, much recover'd, or less loth
 To speak, cries "Beppo ! what's your pagan name ?
 Bless me ! your beard is of amazing growth !
 And how came you to keep away so long ?
 Are you not sensible 't was very wrong ?

XCII.

"And are you *really, truly*, now a Turk ?
 With any other women did you wive ?
 Is 't true they use their fingers for a fork ?
 Well, that's the prettiest shawl—as I'm alive !
 You 'll give it me ? They say you eat no pork.
 And how so many years did you contrive
 To—Bless me ! did I ever ? No, I never
 Saw a man grown so yellow ! How is your liver ?

XCIII.

" Beppo ! that beard of yours becomes you not ;
 It shall be shaved before you 're a day older :
 Why do you wear it ? Oh ! I had forgot—
 Pray do n't you think the weather here is colder ?
 How do I look ? You shan't stir from this spot
 In that queer dress, for fear that some beholder
 Should find you out, and make the story known.
 How short your hair is ! Lord ! how grey it 's grown !

XCIV.

What answer Beppo made to these demands
 Is more than I know. He was cast away
 About where Troy stood once, and nothing stands ;
 Became a slave of course, and for his pay
 Had bread and bastinadoes, till some bands
 Of pirates landing in a neighbouring bay,
 He join'd the rogues and prosper'd, and became
 A renegado of indifferent fame.

XCV.

But he grew rich, and with his riches grew so
 Keen the desire to see his home again,
 He thought himself in duty bound to do so,
 And not be always thieving on the main ;
 Lonely he felt, at times, as Robin Crusoe,
 And so he hired a vessel come from Spain,
 Bound for Corfu : she was a fine polacca,
 Mann'd with twelve hands, and laden with tobacco.

XCVI.

Himself, and much (Heaven knows how gotten !) cash,
 He then embark'd, with risk of life and limb,
 And got clear off, although the attempt was rash ;
 He said that *Providence* protected him—
 For my part, I say nothing—lest we clash
 In our opinions :—well, the ship was trim,
 Set sail, and kept her reckoning fairly on,
 Except three days of calm when off Cape Bonn.

XCVII.

They reach'd the island, he transferr'd his lading
 And self and live stock to another bottom,
 And pass'd for a true Turkey-merchant, trading
 With goods of various names, but I 've forgot 'em.

However, he got off by this evading,
 Or else the people would perhaps have shot him ;
 And thus at Venice landed to reclaim
 His wife, religion, house, and Christian name.

XCVIII. *

His wife received, the patriarch re-baptized him
 (He made the church a present, by the way) ;
 He then threw off the garment which disguised him,
 And borrow'd the Count's smallclothes for a day ;
 His friends the more for his long absence prized him,
 Finding he'd wherewithal to make them gay,
 With dinners, where he oft became the laugh of them,
 For stories—but / do n't believe the half of them.

XCIX.

Whate'er his youth had suffer'd, his old age
 With wealth and talking made him some amends ;
 Though Laura sometimes put him in a rage,
 I've heard the Count and he were always friends.
 My pen is at the bottom of a page,
 Which being finish'd, here the story ends ;
 'T is to be wish'd it had been sooner done,
 But stories somehow lengthen when begun.

Miscellaneous and Occasional Poems.

1807-1824.

THE ADIEU.

WRITTEN UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT THE AUTHOR
WOULD SOON DIE.

ADIEU, thou Hill ! where early joy
Spread roses o'er my brow ;
Where Science seeks each loitering boy
With knowledge to endow.
Adieu, my youthful friends or foes,
Partners of former bliss or woes ;
No more through Ida's paths we stray ;
Soon must I share the gloomy cell,
Whose ever-slumbering inmates dwell
Unconscious of the day.

Adieu, ye hoary Regal Fanes,
Ye spires of Granta's vale,
Where Learning robed in sable reigns,
And Melancholy pale.
Ye comrades of the jovial hour,
Ye tenants of the classic bower,
On Cama's verdant margin placed,
Adieu ! while memory still is mine,
For, offerings on Oblivion's shrine,
These scenes must be effaced.

Adieu, ye mountains of the clime
Where grew my youthful years ;
Where Loch na Garr in snows sublime
His giant summit rears.

Why did my childhood wander forth
 From you, ye regions of the North,
 With sons of pride to roam?
 Why did I quit my Highland cave,
 Marr's dusky heath, and Dee's clear wave,
 To seek a Sotheron home!

Hall of my Sires! a long farewell—
 Yet why to thee adieu?
 Thy vaults will echo back my knell,
 Thy towers my tomb will view:
 The faltering tongue which sung thy fall,
 And former glories of thy Hall,
 Forgets its wonted simple note—
 But yet the Lyre retains the strings,
 And sometimes, on Æolian wings,
 In dying strains may float.

Fields, which surround yon rustic cot,
 While yet I linger here,
 Adieu! you are not now forgot,
 To retrospection dear.
 Streamlet! along whose rippling surge
 My youthful limbs were wont to urge,
 At noontide heat, their pliant course;
 Plunging with ardour from the shore,
 Thy springs will lave these limbs no more,
 Deprived of active force.

And shall I here forget the scene,
 Still nearest to my breast?
 Rocks rise and rivers roll between
 The spot which passion blest;
 Yet, Mary, all thy beauties seem
 Fresh as in Love's bewitching dream,
 To me in smiles display'd;
 Till slow disease resigns his prey
 To Death, the parent of decay,
 Thine image cannot fade.

And thou, my Friend! whose gentle love
 Yet thrills my bosom's chords,
 How much thy friendship was above
 Description's power of words!

Still near my breast thy gift I wear
 Which sparkled once with Feeling's tear,
 Of Love the pure, the sacred gem;
 Our souls were equal, and our lot
 In that dear moment quite forgot;
 Let Pride alone condemn!

All, all is dark and cheerless now!
 No smile of Love's deceit
 Can warm my veins with wonted glow,
 Can bid Life's pulses beat.
 Not e'en the hope of future fame
 Can wake my faint, exhausted frame,
 Or crown with fancied wreaths my head;
 Mine is a short inglorious race,—
 To humble in the dust my face,
 And mingle with the dead.

Oh Fame! thou goddess of my heart;
 On him who gains thy praise,
 Pointless must fall the Spectre's dart,
 Consumed in Glory's blaze;
 But me she beckons from the earth,
 My name obscure, unmark'd my birth,
 My life a short and vulgar dream:
 Lost in the dull, ignoble crowd,
 My hopes recline within a shroud,
 My fate is Lethe's stream.

When I repose beneath the sod,
 Unheeded in the clay,
 Where once my playful footsteps trod,
 Where now my head must lay,
 The meed of Pity will be shed,
 In dew-drops o'er my narrow bed,
 By nightly skies, and storms alone;
 No mortal eye will deign to steep
 With tears the dark sepulchral deep
 Which hides a name unknown.

Forget this world, my restless sprite,
 Turn, turn thy thoughts to Heaven;
 There must thou soon direct thy flight,
 If errors are forgiven.

To bigots and to sects unknown,
Bow down beneath the Almighty's 'Throne ;
To Him address thy trembling prayer :
He, who is merciful and just,
Will not reject a child of dust,
Although his meanest care.

Father of Light ! to Thee I call ;
My soul is dark within :
Thou who canst mark the sparrow's fall,
Avert the death of sin.
Thou, who canst guide the wandering star,
Who calm'st the elemental war,
Whose mantle is yon boundless sky,
My thoughts, my words, my crimes forgive ;
And, since I soon must cease to live,
Instruct me how to die.

1807. [First published, 1832.]

TO A VAIN LADY.

AH ! heedless girl ! why thus disclose
What ne'er was meant for other ears ;
Why thus destroy thine own repose
And dig the source of future tears ?

Oh, thou wilt weep, imprudent maid,
While lurking envious foes will smile,
For all the follies thou hast said
Of those who spoke but to beguile.

Vain girl ! thy ling'ring woes are nigh,
If thou believ'st what striplings say :
Oh, from the deep temptation fly,
Nor fall the specious spoiler's prey.

Dost thou repeat, in childish boast,
'The words man utters to deceive ?
Thy peace, thy hope, thy all is lost,
If thou canst venture to believe.

While now amongst thy female peers
 Thou tell'st again the soothing tale,
 Canst thou not mark the rising sneers
 Duplicity in vain would veil?

These tales in secret silence hush,
 Nor make thyself the public gaze:
 What modest maid without a blush
 Recounts a flattering coxcomb's praise?

Will not the laughing boy despise
 Her who relates each fond conceit—
 Who, thinking heaven is in her eyes,
 Yet cannot see the slight deceit?

For she who takes a soft delight
 These amorous nothings in revealing,
 Must credit all we say or write,
 While vanity prevents concealing.

Cease, if you prize your beauty's reign!
 No jealousy bids me reprove:
 One, who is thus from nature vain,
 I pity, but I cannot love.

January 5, 1807.
 [First published, 1832.]

TO ANNE.

OH, Anne, your offences to me have been grievous:
 I thought from my wrath no atonement could save you
 But woman is made to command and deceive us—
 I look'd in your face, and I almost forgave you.

I vow'd I could ne'er for a moment respect you,
 Yet thought that a day's separation was long;
 When we met, I determined again to suspect you—
 Your smile soon convinced me suspicion was wrong.

I swore, in a transport of young indignation,
 With fervent contempt evermore to disdain you:
 I saw you—my anger became admiration;
 And now, all my wish, all my hope's to regain you.

With beauty like yours, oh, how vain the contention !
 Thus lowly I sue for forgiveness before you ;
 At once to conclude such a fruitless dissension,
 Be false, my sweet Anne, when I cease to adore you !

January 16, 1807.
 [First published, 1832.]

TO THE SAME.

OH, say not, sweet Anne, that the Fates have decreed
 The heart which adores you should wish to dis sever ;
 Such Fates were to me most unkind ones indeed,—
 To bear me from love and from beauty for ever.

Your frowns, lovely girl, are the Fates which alone
 Could bid me from fond admiration refrain ;
 By these, every hope, every wish were o'erthrown,
 Till smiles should restore me to rapture again.

As the ivy and oak, in the forest entwined,
 The rage of the tempest united must weather ;
 My love and my life were by nature design'd
 To flourish alike, or to perish together.

Then say not, sweet Anne, that the Fates have decreed
 Your lover should bid you a lasting adieu ;
 Till Fate can ordain that his bosom shall bleed,
 His soul, his existence, are centred in you.

1807. [First published, 1832.]

TO THE AUTHOR OF A SONNET

BEGINNING " ' SAD IS MY VERSE, ' YOU SAY, ' AND YET
 NO TEAR. ' "

THY verse is " sad " enough, no doubt ;
 A devilish deal more sad than witty !
 Why we should weep I can't find out,
 Unless for *thee* we weep in pity.

Yet there is one I pity more ;
 And much, alas ! I think he needs it ;
 For he, I 'm sure, will suffer sore,
 Who, to his own misfortune, reads it.

Thy rhymes, without the aid of magic,
 May *once* be read—but never after :
 Yet their effect 's by no means tragic,
 Although by far too dull for laughter.

But would you make our bosoms bleed,
 And of no common pang complain—
 If you would make us weep 'indeed,
 Tell us, you 'll read them o'er again.

March 8, 1807. [First published, 1832.]

ON FINDING A FAN.

IN one who felt as once he felt,
 This might, perhaps, have fann'd the flame ;
 But now his heart no more will melt,
 Because that heart is not the same

As when the ebbing flames are low,
 The aid which once improved their light,
 And bade them burn with fiercer glow,
 Now quenches all their blaze in night.

Thus has it been with passion's fires—
 As many a boy and girl remembers—
 While every hope of love expires,
 Extinguish'd with the dying embers.

The *first*, though not a spark survive,
 Some careful hand may teach to burn ;
 The *last*, alas ! can ne'er survive ;
 No touch can bid its warmth return.

Or, if it chance to wake again,
 Not always doom'd its heat to smother,
 It sheds (so wayward fates ordain)
 Its former warmth around another.

1807. [First published, 1832.]

FAREWELL TO THE MUSE.

THOU Power ! who hast ruled me through infancy's days,
 Young offspring of fancy, 't is time we should part ;
 Then rise on the gale this the last of my lays,
 The coldest effusion which springs from my heart.

This bosom, responsive to rapture no more,
 Shall hush thy wild notes, nor implore thee to sing ;
 The feelings of childhood, which taught thee to soar,
 Are wafted far distant on Apathy's wing.

Though simple the themes of my rude flowing Lyre,
 Yet even these themes are departed for ever ;
 No more beam the eyes which my dream could inspire,
 My visions are flown, to return,—alas ! never.

When drain'd is the nectar which gladdens the bowl,
 How vain is the effort delight to prolong !
 When cold is the beauty which dwelt in my soul,
 What magic of Fancy can lengthen my song ?

Can the lips sing of Love in the desert alone,
 Of kisses and smiles which they now must resign ?
 Or dwell with delight on the hours that are flown ?
 Ah, no ! for those hours can no longer be mine.

Can they speak of the friends that I lived but to love ?
 Ah, surely affection ennobles the strain !
 But how can my numbers in sympathy move,
 When I scarcely can hope to behold them again ?

Can I sing of the deeds which my Fathers have done,
 And raise my loud harp to the fame of my Sires ?
 For glories like theirs, oh, how faint is my tone !
 For Heroes' exploits how unequal my fires !

Untouch'd, then, my Lyre shall reply to the blast—
 'T is hush'd ; and my feeble endeavours are o'er ;
 And those who have heard it will pardon the past,
 When they know that its murmurs shall vibrate no more.

And soon shall its wild erring notes be forgot,
 Since early affection and love are o'ercast :
 Oh ! blest had my fate been, and happy my lot,
 Had the first strain of love been the dearest, the last.

Farewell, my young Muse † since we now can ne'er meet :
 If our songs have been languid, they surely are few ;
 Let us hope that the present at least will be sweet—
 The present which seals our eternal Adieu.

1807. [First published, 1832.]

TO AN OAK AT NEWSTEAD.

YOUNG Oak ! when I planted thee deep in the ground,
 I hoped that thy days would be longer than mine ;
 That thy dark-waving branches would flourish around,
 And ivy thy trunk with its mantle entwine.

Such, such was my hope, when in 'infancy's years,
 On the land of my fathers I rear'd thee with pride ;
 They are past, and I water thy stem with my tears,—
 Thy decay not the weeds that surround thee can hide.

I left thee, my Oak, and, since that fatal hour,
 A stranger has dwelt in the hall of my sire ;
 Till manhood shall crown me, not mine is the power,
 But his, whose neglect may have bade thee expire.

Oh ! hardy thou wert—even now little care
 Might revive thy young head, and thy wounds gently
 heal :
 But thou wert not fated affection to share—
 For who could suppose that a stranger would feel !

Ah, droop not, my Oak ! lift thy head for a while ;
 Ere twice round yon Glory this planet shall run,
 The hand of thy Master will teach thee to smile,
 When Infancy's years of probation are done.

Oh, live then, my Oak ! tow'r aloft from the weeds,
 That clog thy young growth, and assist thy decay,
 For still in thy bosom are life's early seeds,
 And still may thy branches their beauty display.

Oh ! yet, if maturity's years may be thine,
 Though *I* shall lie low in the cavern of death,
 On thy leaves yet the day-beam of ages may shine,
 •Uninjured by time, or the rude winter's breath.

For centuries still may thy boughs lightly wave
 O'er the corse of thy lord in thy canopy laid ;
 While the branches thus gratefully shelter his grave,
 The chief who survives may recline in thy shade.

And as he, with his boys, shall revisit this spot,
 He will tell them in whispers more softly to tread.
 Oh ! surely, by these I shall ne'er be forgot ;
 Remembrance still hallows the dust of the dead.

And here, will they say, when in life's glowing prime,
 Perhaps he has pour'd forth his young simple lay,
 And here must he sleep, till the moments of time
 Are lost in the hours of Eternity's day.

1807. [First published, 1832.]

ON REVISITING HARROW.

HERE once engaged the stranger's view
 Young Friendship's record simply traced ;
 Few were her words,—but yet, though few,
 Resentment's hand the line defaced.

Deeply she cut—but not erased,
 The characters were still so plain,
 That Friendship once return'd and gazed,—
 Till memory hail'd the words again.

Repentance placed them as before ;
 Forgiveness join'd her gentle name ;
 So fair the inscription seem'd once more,
 That Friendship thought it still the same.

Thus might the Record now have been ;
 But, ah, in spite of Hope's endeavour,
 († Friendship's tears, Pride rush'd between,
 And blotted out the line for ever.

September, 1807.

EPITAPH ON JOHN ADAMS OF SOUTHWELL,

A CARRIER WHO DIED OF DRUNKENNESS.

JOHN ADAMS lies here, of the parish of Southwell,
 A *Carrier* who *carried* his can to his mouth well :
 He *carried* so much, and he *carried* so fast,
 He could *carry* no more—so was *carried* at last ;
 For, the liquor he drank, being too much for one,
 He could not *carry* off,—so he 's now *carri-on*.

September, 1807.

TO MY SON.

THOSE flaxen locks, those eyes of blue,
 Bright as my mother's in their hue ;
 Those rosy lips, whose dimples play
 And smile to steal the heart away,
 Recall a scene of former joy,
 And touch thy father's heart, my Boy !

And thou canst lisp a father's name—
 Ah, William, were thine own the same,—
 No self-reproach—but, let me cease—
 My care for thee shall purchase peace ;
 Thy mother's shade shall smile in joy,
 And pardon all the past, my Boy !

Her lowly grave the turf has prest,
 And thou hast known a stranger's breast ;
 Derision sneers upon thy birth,
 And yields thee scarce a name on earth ;
 Yet shall not these one hope destroy,—
 A Father's heart is thine, my Boy !

Why, let the world unfeeling frown,
 Must I fond Nature's claim disown ?
 Ah, no—though moralists reprove,
 I hail thee, dearest child of love,
 Fair cherub, pledge of youth and joy—
 A Father guards thy birth, my Boy !

Oh, 't will be sweet in thee to trace,
 Ere age has wrinkled o'er my face,
 Ere half my glass of life is run,
 At once a brother and a son ; .
 And all my wane of years employ
 In justice done to thee, my Boy !

Although so young thy heedless sire,
 Youth will not damp parental fire ;
 And, wert thou still less dear to me,
 While Helen's form revives in thee,
 The breast, which beat to former joy,
 Will ne'er desert its pledge, my Boy !

1807. [First published, 1830.]

FAREWELL! IF EVER FONDEST PRAYER.

FAREWELL ! if ever fondest prayer
 For other's weal avail'd on high,
 Mine will not all be lost in air,
 But waft thy name beyond the sky.
 'T were vain to speak, to weep, to sigh :
 Oh ! more than tears of blood can tell,
 When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,
 Are in that word—Farewell !—Farewell !

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry ;
 But in my breast and in my brain,
 Awake the pangs that pass not by,
 The thought that ne'er shall sleep again.
 My soul nor deigns nor dares complain,
 Though grief and passion there rebel ;
 I only know we love in vain—
 I only feel—Farewell !—Farewell !

1808.

BRIGHT BE THE PLACE OF THY SOUL.

BRIGHT be the place of thy soul ! .
 No lovelier spirit than thine
 E'er burst from its mortal control
 In the orbs of the blessed to shine,

On earth thou wert all but divine,
 As thy soul shall immortally be ;
 And our sorrow may cease to repine,
 When we know that thy God is with thee.

Light be the turf of thy tomb !
 May its verdure like emeralds be ;
 There should not be the shadow of gloom
 In aught that reminds us of thee.

Young flowers and an evergreen tree
 May spring from the spot of thy rest :
 But nor cypress nor yew let us see ;
 For why should we mourn for the blest !

1808.

WHEN WE TWO PARTED.

WHEN we two parted
 In silence and tears,
 Half broken-hearted
 To sever for years,
 Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
 Colder thy kiss ;
 Truly that hour foretold
 Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
 Sunk chill on my brow—
 It felt like the warning
 Of what I feel now.
 Thy vows are all broken,
 And light is thy fame :
 I hear thy name spoken,
 And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
 A knell to mine ear ;
 A shudder comes o'er me—
 Why wert thou so dear ?
 They know not I knew thee,
 Who knew thee too well :—
 Long, long shall I rue thee,
 Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met—
 In silence I grieve,
 That thy heart could forget,
 Thy spirit deceive.
 If I should meet thee
 After long years,
 How should I greet thee?—
 With silence and tears.

1808.

TO A YOUTHFUL FRIEND.

Few years have pass'd since thou and I
 Were firmest friends, at least in name,
 And childhood's gay sincerity
 Preserved our feelings long the same.

But now, like me, too well thou know'st
 What trifles oft the heart recall;
 And those who once have loved the most
 Too soon forget they loved at all.

And such the change the heart displays,
 So frail is early friendship's reign,
 A month's brief lapse, perhaps a day's,
 Will view thy mind estranged again.

If so, it never shall be mine
 To mourn the loss of such a heart;
 The fault was Nature's fault, not thine,
 Which made thee fickle as thou art.

As rolls the ocean's changing tide,
 So human feelings ebb and flow;
 And who would in a breast confide
 Where stormy passions ever glow?

It boots not that, together bred,
 Our childish days were days of joy;
 My spring of life has quickly fled;
 Thou, too, hast ceased to be a boy.

And when we bid adieu to youth,
 Slaves to the specious world's control,
 We sigh a long farewell to truth ;
 That world corrupts the noblest soul.

Ah, joyous season ! ' when the mind
 Dares all things boldly but to lie ;
 When thought ere spoke is unconfined,
 And sparkles in the placid eye.

Not so in Man's maturer years,
 When Man himself is but a tool ;
 When interest sways our hopes and fears,
 And all must love and hate by rule.

With fools in kindred vice the same,
 We learn at length our faults to blend ;
 And those, and those alone, may claim
 The prostituted name of friend.

Such is the common lot of man :
 Can we then 'scape from folly free ?
 Can we reverse the general plan,
 Nor be what all in turn must be ?

No ; for myself, so dark my fate
 Through every turn of life hath been,
 Man and the world so much I hate,
 I care not when I quit the scene.

But thou, with spirit frail and light,
 Wilt shine awhile, and pass away ;
 As glow-worms sparkle through the night,
 But dare not stand the test of day.

Alas ! whenever folly calls
 Where parasites and princes meet
 (For cherish'd first in royal halls,
 The welcome vices kindly greet),

Ev'n now thou'rt nightly seen to add
 One insect to the fluttering crowd ;
 And still thy trifling heart is glad
 To join the vain and court the proud.

There dost thou glide from fair to fair,
 Still simpering on with eager haste,
 As flies along the gay parterre,
 That taint the flowers they scarcely taste.

But say, what nymph will prize the flame
 Which seems, as marshy vapours move,
 To flit along from dame to dame,
 An ignis-fatuus gleam of love?

What friend for thee, howe'er inclined,
 Will deign to own a kindred care?
 Who will debase his manly mind,
 For friendship every fool may share?

In time forbear; amidst the throng
 No more so base a thing be seen;
 No more so idly pass along;
 Be something, anything, but—mean.

1808.

LINES INSCRIBED UPON A CUP FORMED FROM
 A SKULL.

START not—nor deem my spirit fled;
 In me behold the only skull,
 From which, unlike a living head,
 Whatever flows is never dull.

I lived, I loved, I quaffed, like thee:
 I died: let earth my bones resign;
 Fill up—thou canst not injure me;
 The worm hath fouler lips than thine.

Better to hold the sparkling grape,
 Than nurse the earth-worm's slimy brood;
 And circle in the goblet's shape
 The drink of gods, than reptiles' food.

Where once my wit, perchance, hath shone,
 In aid of others' let me shine;
 And when, alas! our brains are gone,
 What nobler substitute than wine?

Quaff while thou canst: another race,
 When thou and thine, like me, are sped,
 May rescue thee from earth's embrace,
 And rhyme and revel with the dead.

Why not? since through life's little day
 Our heads such sad effects produce;
 Redeem'd from worms and wasting clay,
 This chance is theirs, to be of use.

Newstead Abbey, 1808.

WELL! THOU ART HAPPY.

WELL! thou art happy, and I feel
 That I should thus be happy too;
 For still my heart regards thy weal
 Warmly, as it was wont to do.

Thy husband's blest—and 't will impart
 Some pangs to view his happier lot:
 But let them pass—Oh! how my heart
 Would hate him if he loved thee not!

When last I saw thy favourite child,
 I thought my jealous heart would break;
 But when the unconscious infant smiled,
 I kiss'd it for its mother's sake.

I kiss'd it,—and repress'd my sighs
 Its father in its face to see:
 But then it had its mother's eyes,
 And they were all to love and me.

Mary, adieu! I must away:
 While thou art blest I'll not repine;
 But near thee I can never stay;
 My heart would soon again be thine.

I deem'd that time, I deem'd that pride,
 Had quench'd at length my boyish flame;
 Nor knew, till seated by thy side,
 My heart in all,—save hope,—the same.

Yet was I calm : I knew the time
 My breast would thrill before thy look ;
 But now to tremble were a crime—
 We met,—and not a nerve was shook.

I saw thee gaze upon my face,
 Yet meet with no confusion there :
 One only feeling could'st thou trace ;
 The sullen calmness of despair.

Away ! away ! my early dream
 Remembrance never must awake :
 Oh ! where is Lethe's fabled stream ?
 My foolish heart, be still, or break.

November 2, 1808.

INSCRIPTION ON THE MONUMENT OF A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

WHEN some proud son of man returns to earth,
 Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
 The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
 And storied urns record who rest below :
 When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
 Not what he was, but what he should have been :
 But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
 The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
 Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
 Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
 Unhonour'd falls, unnoticed all his worth,
 Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth :
 While man, vain insect ! hopes to be forgiven,
 And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.
 Oh man ! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
 Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power,
 Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust,
 Degraded mass of animated dust !
 Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
 Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit !
 By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
 Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame.

Ye ! who perchance behold this simple urn,
 Pass on—it honours none you wish to mourn :
 To mark a friend's remains these stones arise ;
 I never knew but one,—and here he lies.

Newstead Abbey, *November 30, 1868.*

TO A LADY,

ON BEING ASKED MY REASON FOR QUITTING ENGLAND IN
 THE SPRING.

WHEN Man, expell'd from Eden's bowers,
 A moment linger'd near the gate,
 Each scene recall'd the vanish'd hours,
 And bade him curse his future fate.

But, wandering on through distant climes,
 He learnt to bear his load of grief ;
 Just gave a sigh to other times,
 And found in busier scenes relief.

Thus, lady ! will it be with me,
 And I must view thy charms no more ;
 For, while I linger near to thee,
 I sigh for all I knew before.

In flight I shall be surely wise,
 Escaping from temptation's snare ;
 I cannot view my paradise
 Without the wish of dwelling there.

December 2, 1868.

REMIND ME NOT, REMIND ME NOT.

REMIND me not, remind me not,
 Of those beloved, those vanish'd hours,
 When all my soul was given to thee ;
 Hours that may never be forgot,
 Till time unnerves our vital powers,
 And thou and I shall cease to be.

Can I forget—canst thou forget,
When playing with thy golden hair,
How quick thy fluttering heart did move?
Oh! by my soul, I see thee yet,
With eyes so languid, breast so fair,
And lips, though silent, breathing love.

When thus reclining on my breast,
Those eyes threw back a glance so sweet,
As half reproach'd yet raised desire,
And still we near and nearer prest,
And still our glowing lips would meet,
As if in kisses to expire.

And then those pensive eyes would close,
And bid their lids each other seek,
Veiling the azure orbs below,
While their long lashes' darken'd gloss
Seem'd stealing o'er thy brilliant cheek,
Like raven's plumage smooth'd on snow.

I dreamt last night our love return'd,
And, sooth to say, that very dream
Was sweeter in its phantasy,
Than if for other hearts I burn'd,
For eyes that ne'er like thine could beam
In rapture's wild reality.

Then tell me not, remind me not,
Of hours which, though for ever gone,
Can still a pleasing dream restore,
Till thou and I shall be forgot,
And senseless, as the mouldering stone
Which tells that we shall be no more.

THERE WAS A TIME, I NEED NOT NAME.

THERE was a time, I need not name;
Since it will ne'er forgotten be,
When all our feelings were the same
As still my soul hath been to thee,

And from that hour when first thy tongue
 Confess'd a love which equall'd mine,
 Though many a grief my heart hath wrung,
 Unknown, and thus unfelt, by thine,

None, none hath surk so deep as this—
 To think how all that love hath flown;
 Transient as every faithless kiss,
 But transient in thy breast alone.

And yet my heart some solace knew,
 When late I heard thy lips declare,
 In accents once imagined true,
 Remembrance of the days that were.

Yes! my adored, yet most unkind!
 Though thou wilt never love again,
 To me 't is doubly sweet to find
 Remembrance of that love remain.

Yes! 't is a glorious thought to me,
 Nor longer shall my soul repine,
 Whate'er thou art or e'er shalt be,
 Thou hast been dearly, solely mine.

AND WILT THOU WEEP WHEN I AM LOW?

AND wilt thou weep when I am low?
 Sweet lady! speak those words again:
 Yet if they grieve thee, say not so—
 I would not give that bosom pain.

My heart is sad, my hopes are gone,
 My blood runs coldly through my breast;
 And when I perish, thou alone
 Wilt sigh above my place of rest.

And yet, methinks, a gleam of peace
 Doth through my cloud of anguish shine:
 And for a while my sorrows cease,
 To know thy heart hath felt for mine.

Oh lady ! blessed be that tear—
 It falls for one who cannot weep ;
 Such precious drops are doubly dear
 To those whose eyes no tear may steep.

Sweet lady ! once my heart was warm
 With every feeling soft as thine ;
 But beauty's self hath ceased to charm
 A wretch created to repine.

Yet wilt thou weep when I am low ?
 Sweet lady ! speak those words again :
 Yet if they grieve thee, say not so—
 I would not give that bosom pain.

FILL THE GOBLET AGAIN.

A SONG.

FILL the goblet again ? for I never before
 Felt the glow which now gladdens my heart to its core ;
 Let us drink !—who would not ?—since, through life's varied
 round,

In the goblet alone no deception is found.

I have tried in its turn all that life can supply ;
 I have bask'd in the beam of a dark rolling eye ;
 I have loved !—who has not ?—but what heart can declare
 That pleasure existed while passion was there ?

In the days of my youth, when the heart's in its spring,
 And dreams that affection can never take wing,
 I had friends !—who has not ?—but what tongue will avow,
 That friends, rosy wine ! are so faithful as thou ?

The heart of a mistress some boy may estrange,
 Friendship shifts with the sunbeam—thou never canst change ;
 Thou grow'st old—who does not ?—but on earth what appears,
 Whose virtues, like thine, still increase with its years ?

Yet if blest to the utmost that love can bestow,
 Should a rival bow down to our idol below,
 We are jealous !—who's not ?—thou hast no such ally ;
 For the more that enjoy thee, the more we enjoy.

Then the season of youth and its vanities past,
 For refuge we fly to the goblet at last :
 There we find—do we not?—in the flow of the soul,
 That truth, as of yore, is confined to the bowl.

When the box of Pandora was opened on earth,
 And Misery's triumph commenced over Mirth,
 Hope was left,—was she not?—but the goblet we kiss,
 And care not for Hope, who are certain of bliss.

Long life to the grape ! for when summer is flown,
 The age of our nectar shall gladden our own :
 We must die—who shall not?—May our sins be forgiven,
 And Hebe shall never be idle in heaven.

STANZAS TO A LADY, ON LEAVING ENGLAND.

'T is done—and shivering in the gale
 The bark unfurls her snowy sail ;
 And whistling o'er the bending mast,
 Loud sings on high the fresh'ning blast ;
 And I must from this land be gone,
 Because I cannot love but one.

But could I be what I have been,
 And could I see what I have reën—
 Could I repose upon the breast
 Which once my warmest wishes blest—
 I should not seek another zone
 Because I cannot love but one.

'T is long since I beheld that eye
 Which gave me bliss or misery ;
 And I have striven, but in vain,
 Never to think of it again :
 For though I fly from Albion,
 I still can only love but one.

As some lone bird, without a mate,
 My weary heart is desolate ;
 I look around, and cannot trace
 One friendly smile or welcome face,
 And ev'n in crowds am still alone,
 Because I cannot love but one.

And I will cross the whitening foam,
And I will seek a foreign home ;
Till I forget a false fair face,
I ne'er shall find a resting place ;
My own dark thoughts I cannot shun,
But ever love, and love but one.

The poorest, veriest wretch on earth
Still finds some hospitable hearth,
Where friendship's or love's softer glow
May smile in joy or soothe in woe :
But friend or leman I have none,
Because I cannot love but one.

I go—but wheresoe'er I flee
There's not an eye will weep for me ;
There's not a kind congenial heart,
Where I can claim the meanest part ;
Nor thou, who hast my hopes undone,
Wilt sigh, although I love but one.

To think of every early scene,
Of what we are, and what we've been,
Would overwhelm some softer hearts with woe—
But mine, alas ! has stood the blow ;
Yet still beats on as it begun,
And never truly loves but one.

And who that dear loved one may be,
Is not for vulgar eyes to see ;
And why that early love was cross'd,
Thou know'st the best, I feel the most :
But few that dwell beneath the sun
Have loved so long, and loved but one.

I've tried another's fetters too,
With charms perchance as fair to view ;
And I would fain have loved as well,
But some unconquerable spell
Forbade my bleeding breast to own
A kindred care for aught but one

'T would soothe to take one lingering view,
And bless thee in my last adieu ;

Yet wish I not those eyes to weep
 For him that wanders o'er the deep;
 His home, his hope, his youth are gone,
 Yet still he loves, and loves but one.

1809.

LINES TO MR. HODGSON.

WRITTEN ON BOARD THE LISBON PACKET.

HUZZA! Hodgson, we are going,
 Our embargo's off at last;
 Favourable breezes blowing
 Bend the canvas o'er the mast.
 From aloft the signal's streaming,
 Hark! the farewell gun is fired;
 Women screeching, tars blaspheming,
 Tell us that our time's expired.
 Here's a rascal
 Come to task all,
 Prying from the custom-house;
 Trunks unpacking,
 Cases cracking,
 Not a corner for a mouse
 'Scapes unsearch'd amid the racket,
 Ere we sail on board the Packet.

Now our boatmen quit their mooring,
 And all hands must ply the oar;
 Baggage from the quay is lowering,
 We're impatient, push from shore.
 "Have a care! that case holds liquor—
 Stop the boat—I'm sick—oh Lord!"
 "Sick, ma'am, damme, you'll be sicker
 Ere you've been an hour on board."
 Thus are screaming
 Men and women,
 Gemmen, ladies, servants, Jacks;
 Here entangling,
 All are wrangling,
 Stuck together close as wax.—
 Such the general noise and racket,
 Ere we reach the Lisbon Packet.

Now we've reach'd her, lo! the captain,
Gallant Kidd, commands the crew;
Passengers their berths are clapt in,
Some to grumble, some to spew.

"Heyday! call you that a cabin?"
Why 't is hardly three feet square:
Not enough to stow Quen Mab in—
Who the deuce can harbour there?"

"Who, sir? plenty—
Nobles twenty
Did at once my vessel fill."—

"Did they? Jesus,
How you squeeze us!
Would to God they did so still:
Then I'd scape the heat and racket
Of the good ship, Lisbon Packet."

Fletcher! Murray! Bob! where are you?
Stretch'd along the deck like logs—

Bear a hand, you jolly tar, you!

Here's a rope's end for the dogs.
Hobhouse muttering fearful curses,
As the hatchway down he rolls,
Now his breakfast, now his verses,
Vomits forth—and damns our souls.

"Here's a stanza
On Braganza—

Help!"—"A couplet?"—"No, a cup
Of warm water—"

"What's the matter?"
"Zounds! my liver's coming up;

I shall not survive the racket
Of this brutal Lisbon Packet."

Now at length we're off for Turkey,
Lord knows when we shall come back!
Breezes foul and tempests murky
May unship us in a crack.
But, since life at most a jest is,
As philosophers allow,
Still to laugh by far the best is,
Then laugh on—as I do now.

Laugh at all things,
 Great and small things,
 Sick or well, at sea or shore ;
 While we 're quaffing,
 Let 's have laughing—
 Who the devil cares for more?—
 Some good wine ! and who would lack it,
 Ev'n on board the Lisbon Packet ?

Falmouth Roads, *June 30, 1809.*
 [First published, 1830.]

TO FLORENCE.

OH, Lady ! when I left the shore,
 The distant shore which gave me birth,
 I hardly thought to grieve once more
 To quit another spot on earth :

Yet here, amidst this barren isle,
 Where panting Nature droops the head,
 Where only thou art seen to smile,
 I view my parting hour with dread.

Though far from Albion's craggy shore,
 Divided by the dark-blue main ;
 A few, brief, rolling seasons o'er,
 Perchance I view her cliffs again :

But wheresoe'er I now may roam,
 Through scorching clime, and varied sea,
 Though Time restore me to my home,
 I ne'er shall bend mine eyes on thee :

On thee, in whom at once conspire
 All charms which heedless hearts can move,
 Whom but to see is to admire,
 And, oh ! forgive the word—to love.

Forgive the word, in one who ne'er
 With such a word can more offend ;
 And since thy heart I cannot share,
 Believe me, what I am, thy friend.

And who so cold as look on thee,
Thou lovely wand'rer, and be less?
Nor be, what man should ever be,
The friend of Beauty in distress?

Ah! who would think that form had past
Through Danger's most destructive path,
Had braved the death-wing'd tempest's blast,
And 'scaped a tyrant's fiercer wrath?

Lady! when I shall view the walls
Where free Byzantium once arose,
And Stamboul's Oriental halls
The Turkish tyrants now enclose;

Though mightiest in the lists of fame,
That glorious city still shall be;
On me 't will hold a dearer claim,
As spot of thy nativity:

And though I bid thee now farewell,
When I behold that wondrous scene
Since where thou art I may not dwell,
'T will soothe to be where thou hast been.

September, 1809.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM, AT MALTA.

As o'er the cold sepulchral stone
Some name arrests the passer-by;
Thus, when thou view'st this page alone,
May mine attract thy pensive eye!

And when by thee that name is read,
Perchance in some succeeding year,
Reflect on me as on the dead,
And think my heart is buried here.

September 14, 1809.

STANZAS COMPOSED DURING A THUNDER-
STORM.

CHILL and mirk is the nightly blast,
Where Pindus' mountains rise,
And angry clouds are pouring fast
The vengeance of the skies.

Our guides are gone, our hope is lost,
And lightnings, as they play,
But show where rocks our path have crost,
Or gild the torrent's spray.

Is yon a cot I saw, though low?
When lightning broke the gloom—
How welcome were its shade!—ah, no!
'T is but a Turkish tomb.

Through sounds of foaming waterfalls,
I hear a voice exclaim—
My way-worn countryman, who calls
On distant England's name.

A shot is fired—by foe or friend?
Another—'t is to tell
The mountain-peasants to descend,
And lead us where they dwell.

Oh! who in such a night will dare
To tempt the wilderness?
And who 'mid thunder-peals can hear
Our signal of distress?

And who that heard our shouts would rise
To try the dubious road?
Nor rather deem from nightly cries
That outlaws were abroad.

Clouds burst, skies flash, oh, dreadful hour!
More fiercely pours the storm!
Yet here one thought has still the power
To keep my bosom warm.

While wandering through each broken path,
O'er brake and craggy brow;

While elements exhaust their wrath,
Sweet Florence, where art thou?

Not on the sea, not on the sea,
Thy bark hath long been gone :
Oh, may the storm that pours on me,
Bow down my head alone !

Full swiftly blew the swift Siroc,
When last I press'd thy lip ;
And long ere now, with foaming shock,
Impell'd thy gallant ship.

Now thou art safe ; nay, long ere now
Hast trod the shore of Spain ;
'T were hard if aught so fair as thou
Should linger on the main.

And since I now remember thee
In darkness and in dread,
As in those hours of revelry
Which mirth and music sped ;

Do thou, amid the fair white walls,
If Cadiz yet be free,
At times from out her latticed halls
Look o'er the dark blue sea ;

Then think upon Calypso's isles,
Endear'd by days gone by ;
To others give a thousand smiles,
To me a single sigh.

And when the admiring circle mark
The paleness of thy face,
A half-form'd tear, a transient spark
Of melancholy grace,

Again thou'lt smile, and blushing shun
Some coxcomb's raillery ;
Nor own for once thou thought'st on one,
Who ever thinks on thee.

Though smile and sigh alike are vain,
When sever'd hearts repine,
My spirit flies o'er mount and main,
And mourns in search of thine.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN PASSING THE AMBRACIAN
GULF.

THROUGH cloudless skies, in silvery sheen,
 Full beams the moon on Actium's coast :
 And on these waves, for Egypt's queen,
 The ancient world was won and lost.

And now upon the scene I look,
 The azure grave of many a Roman ;
 Where stern Ambition once forsook
 His wavering crown to follow woman.

Florence ! whom I will love as well
 As ever yet was said or sung
 (Since Orpheus sang his spouse from hell),
 Whilst thou art fair and I am young ;

Sweet Florence ! those were pleasant times,
 When worlds were staked for ladies' eyes :
 Had bards as many realms as rhymes,
 Thy charms might raise new Antonies.

Though Fate forbids such things to be,
 Yet, by thine eyes and ringlets curl'd !
 I cannot lose a world for thee,
 But would not lose thee for a world.

Nov. 14, 1809.

THE SPELL IS BROKE, THE CHARM IS FLOWN !

WRITTEN AT ATHENS, JANUARY 16, 1810.

THE spell is broke, the charm is flown !
 Thus is it with life's fitful fever :
 We madly smile when we should groan ;
 Delirium is our best deceiver.

Each lucid interval of thought
 Recalls the woes of Nature's charter ;
 And he that acts as wise men ought,
 But lives, as saints have died, a martyr.

WRITTEN AFTER SWIMMING FROM SESTOS TO
ABYDOS.

If, in the month of dark December,
Leander, who was nightly wont
(What maid will not the tale remember?)
To cross thy stream, broad Hellespont!

If, when the wintry tempest roar'd,
He sped to Hero, nothing loth,
And thus of old thy current pour'd,
Fair Venus! how I pity both!

For *me*, degenerate modern wretch,
Though in the genial month of May,
My dripping limbs I faintly stretch,
And think I've done a feat to-day.

But since he cross'd the rapid tide,
According to the doubtful story,
To woo,—and—Lord knows what beside,
And swam for Love, as I for Glory;

'T were hard, to say who fared the best:
•Sad mortals! thus the gods still plague you!
He lost his labour, I my jest;
For he was drown'd, and I've the ague.

May 9, 1810.

LINES IN THE TRAVELLERS' BOOK AT
ORCHOMENUS.

IN THIS BOOK A TRAVELLER HAD WRITTEN;—

“FAIR Albion, smiling, sees her son depart
To trace the birth and nursery of art:
Noble his object, glorious is his aim;
He comes to Athens, and he writes his name.”

BENEATH WHICH LORD BYRON INSERTED THE FOLLOWING:—

THE modest bard, like many a bard unknown,
Rhymes on our names, but wisely hides his own;
But yet, whoe'er he be, to say no worse,
'His name would bring more credit than his verse.

1810.

MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE PART.

Ζώη μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

MAID of Athens, ere we part,
 Give, oh give me back my heart !
 Or, since that has left my breast,
 Keep it now, and take the rest !
 Hear my vow before I go,
Ζώη μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

By those tresses unconfined,
 Woo'd by each Ægean wind ;
 By those lids whose jetty fringe
 Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge ;
 By those wild eyes like the roe,
Ζώη μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

By that lip I long to taste ;
 By that zone-encircled waist ;
 By all the token-flowers that tell
 What words can never speak so well ;
 By love's alternate joy and woe,
Ζώη μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

Maid of Athens ! I am gone :
 Think of me, sweet ! when alone.
 Though I fly to Istamboi,
 Athens holds my heart and soul :
 Can I cease to love thee ? No !
Ζώη μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

Athens, 1810.

LINES WRITTEN BENEATH A PICTURE.

DEAR object of defeated care !
 Though now of Love and thee bereft,
 To reconcile me with despair,
 Thine image and my tears are left.
 'T is said with Sorrow Time can cope ;
 But this I feel can ne'er be true :
 For by the death-blow of my Hope
 My Memory immortal grew.

Athens, January, 1811.

TRANSLATION OF THE FAMOUS GREEK
WAR SONG,

“ Δεῦτε παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων.”

Sons of the Greeks, arise !
The glorious hour's gone forth,
And, worthy of such ties,
Display who gave us birth.

CHORUS.

Sons of Greeks ! let us go
In arms against the foe.
Till their hated blood shall flow
In a river past our feet.

Then manfully despising
The Turkish tyrant's yoke,
Let your country see you rising,
And all her chains are broke.
Brave shades of chiefs and sages,
Behold the coming strife !
Hellènes of past ages,
Oh start again to life !
At the sound of my trumpet, breaking
Your sleep, oh, join with me !
And the seven-hill'd city seeking,
Fight, conquer, till we're free.
Sons of Greeks, &c.

Sparta, Sparta, why in slumbers
Legarthic dost thou lie ?
Awake and join thy numbers
With Athens, old ally !
Leonidas recalling,
That chief of ancient song,
Who saved ye once from falling,
The terrible ! the strong !
Who made that bold diversion •
In old Thermopylæ.
And warring with the Persian
To keep his country free ;

With his three hundred waging
 The battle, long he stood,
 And like a lion raging,
 Expired in seas of blood.
 Sons of Greeks, &c.

TRANSLATION OF THE ROMAIC SONG,

“Μπενω μες ’τσ’ πέριβόλι
 ’Ωραιότατη Χάηδή,” &c.

I ENTER thy garden of roses,
 Beloved and fair Haidée,
 Each morning where Flora reposes,
 For surely I see her in thee.
 Oh, Lovely! thus low I implore thee,
 Receive this fond truth from my tongue,
 Which utters its song to adore thee,
 Yet trembles for what it has sung;
 As the branch at the bidding of Nature,
 Adds fragrance and fruit to the tree,
 Through her eyes, through her every feature,
 Shines the soul of the young Haidée.

But the loveliest garden grows hateful
 When Love has abandon’d the bowers;
 Bring me hemlock—since mine is ungrateful,
 That herb is more fragrant than flowers.
 The poison, when pour’d from the chalice,
 Will deeply embitter the bowl;
 But when drunk to escape from thy malice,
 The draught shall be sweet to my soul.
 Too cruel! in vain I implore thee
 My heart from these horrors to save:
 Will nought to my bosom restore thee?
 Then open the gates of the grave.

As the chief who to combat advances
 Secure of his conquest before,
 Thus thou, with those eyes for thy lances,
 Hast pierced through my heart to its core.

Ah, tell me, my soul ! must I perish
 By pangs which a smile would dispel ?
 Would the hope, which thou once bad'st me cherish,
 For torture repay me too well ?
 Now sad is the garden of roses,
 Beloved but false *Haidée* !
 There *Flora* all wither'd reposes,
 And mourns o'er thine absence with me.

1811.

 ON PARTING.

THE kiss, dear maid ! thy lip has left
 Shall never part from mine,
 Till happier hours restore the gift
 Untainted back to thine.

Thy parting glance, which fondly beams,
 An equal love may see :
 The tear that from thine eyelid streams
 Can weep no change in me.

I ask no pledge to make me blest
 In gazing when alone ;
 Nor one memorial for a breast,
 Whose thoughts are all thine own.

Nor need I write—to tell the tale
 My pen were doubly weak :
 Oh ! what can idle words avail,
 Unless the heart could speak

By day or night, in weal or woe,
 That heart, no longer free,
 Must bear the love it cannot show,
 And silent ache for thee.

March, 1811.

EPITAPH FOR JOSEPH BLACKETT, LATE POET AND SHOEMAKER.

STRANGER ! behold, interr'd together,
The *souls* of learning and of leather,
Poor Joe is *gone*, but left his *all* :
You'll find his relics in a *stall*.
His works were neat, and often found
Well stitch'd, and with *morocco* bound.
Tread lightly—where the bard is laid
He cannot mend the shoe he made ;
Yet he is happy in his hole,
With verse immortal as his *sole*.
But still to business he held fast,
And stuck to Phœbus to the last.
Then who shall say so good a fellow
Was only "leather and prunella ?"
For character—he did not lack it ;
And if he did, 't were shame to "Black it."

Malta, May 16, 1811.

FAREWELL TO MALTA.

ADIEU, ye joys of La Valette !
Adieu, sirocco, sun, and sweat !
Adieu, thou palace rarely enter'd !
Adieu, ye mansions where—I've ventured !
Adieu, ye cursed street of stairs !
(How surely he who mounts you swears !)
Adieu, ye merchants often failing !
Adieu, thou mob for ever railing !
Adieu, ye packets—without letters !
Adieu, ye fools—who ape your betters !
Adieu, thou damned'st quarantine,
That gave me fever, and the spleen !
Adieu, that stage which makes us yawn, Sirs,
Adieu, his Excellency's dancers !
Adieu to Peter—whom no fault's in,
But could not teach a colonel waltzing ;
Adieu, ye females fraught with graces !
Adieu, red coats, and redder faces !

Adieu, the supercilious air
 Of all that strut "en militaire!"
 I go—but God knows when, or why,
 To smoky towns and cloudy sky,
 To things (the honest truth to say)
 As bad—but in a different way.

Farewell to these, but not adieu,
 Triumphant sons of truest blue!
 While either Adriatic shore,
 And fallen chiefs, and fleets no more,
 And nightly smiles, and daily dinners,
 Proclaim you war and woman's winners.
 Pardon my Muse, who apt to prate is,
 And take my rhyme—because 't is "gratis."

And now I've got to Mrs. Fraser,
 Perhaps you think I mean to praise her—
 And were I vain enough to think
 My praise was worth this drop of ink,
 A line—or two—were no hard matter,
 As here, indeed, I need not flatter:
 But she must be content to shine
 In better praises than in mine,
 With lively air, and open heart,
 And fashion's ease, without its art;
 Her hours can gaily glide along,
 Nor ask the aid of idle song.

And now, O Malta! since thou 'st got us,
 Thou little military hothouse!
 I'll not offend with words uncivil,
 And wish thee rudely at the Devil,
 But only stare from out my casement,
 And ask, for what is such a place meant?
 Then, in my solitary nook,
 Return to scribbling, or a book,
 Or take my physic while I'm able
 (Two spoonfuls hourly by the label),
 Prefer my nightcap to my beaver,
 And bless the gods I've got a fever.

May 26, 1811. [First published, 1832.]

TO DIVES.

A FRAGMENT.

UNHAPPY DIVES! in an evil hour
 'Gainst Nature's voice seduced to deeds accurst!
 Once Fortune's minion, now thou feel'st her power;
 Wrath's vial on thy lofty head hath burst.
 In Wit, in Genius, as in Wealth the first,
 How wondrous bright thy blooming morn arose!
 But thou wert smitten with th' unhallow'd thirst
 Of crime un-named, and thy sad noon must close
 In scorn, and solitude unsought, the worst of woes.

1811. [First published, 1832.]

ON MOORE'S LAST OPERATIC FARCE, OR
FARCICAL OPERA.

Good plays are scarce,
 So Moore writes farce;
 The poet's fame grows brittle—
 We knew before
 That *Little's* Moore,
 But now 't is *Moore that's little*.

September 14, 1811.
 [First published, 1830.]

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND,

IN ANSWER TO SOME LINES EXHORTING THE AUTHOR TO
 BE CHEERFUL, AND TO "BANISH CARE."

"OH! banish care"—such ever be
 The motto of *thy* revelry!
 Perchance of *mine*, when wassail nights
 Renew those riotous delights,
 Wherewith the children of Despair
 Lull the lone heart, and "banish care."
 But not in morn's reflecting hour,
 When present, past, and future lower,

When all I loved is changed or gone,
 Mock with such taunts the woes of one,
 Whose every thought—but let them pass—
 Thou know'st I am not what I was.
 But, above all, if thou wouldst hold
 Place in a heart that ne'er was cold,
 By all the powers that men revere,
 By all unto thy bosom dear,
 Thy joys below, thy hopes above,
 Speak—speak of anything but love.

'T were long to tell, and vain to hear,
 The tale of one who scorns a tear ;
 And there is little in that tale
 Which better bosoms would bewail.
 But mine has suffer'd more than well
 'T would suit philosophy to tell.
 I've seen my bride another's bride,—
 Have seen her seated by his side,—
 Have seen the infant, which she bore,
 Wear the sweet smile the mother wore,
 When she and I in youth have smiled,
 As fond and faultless as her child ;
 Have seen her eyes, in cold disdain,
 Ask if I felt no secret pain ;
 And I have acted well my part,
 And made my cheek belie my heart,
 Return'd the freezing glance she gave,
 Yet felt the while *that* woman's slave ;—
 Have kiss'd, as if without design,
 The babe which ought to have been mine,
 And show'd, alas ! in each caress
 Time had not made me love the less.

But let this pass—I'll whine no more,
 Nor seek again an eastern shore ;
 The world befits a busy brain,—
 I'll hie me to its haunts again.
 But if, in some succeeding year,
 When Britain's " May is in the sere,"
 Thou hear'st of one whose deepening crimes
 Suit with the sablest of the times,

Of one, whom love nor pity sways,
 Nor hope of fame, nor good men's praise ;
 One, who in stern ambition's pride,
 Perchance not blood shall turn aside ;
 One rank'd in some recording page
 With the worst enarchs of the age,
 Him wilt thou *know*—and *knowing* pause,
 Nor with the *effect* forget the cause.

Newstead Abbey, Oct. 11, 1811.

[First published, 1830]

ON A CORNELIAN HEART WHICH WAS BROKEN.

ILL-FATED Heart ! and can it be,
 That thou should'st thus be rent in twain ?
 Have years of care for thine and thee
 Alike been all employ'd in vain ?

Yet precious seems each shatter'd part,
 And every fragment dearer grown,
 Since he who wears thee feels thou art
 A fitter emblem of *his own*.

March 16, 1812.

LINES TO A LADY WEEPING.

WEEP, daughter of a royal line,
 A Sire's disgrace, a realm's decay ;
 Ah ! happy if each tear of thine
 Could wash a father's fault away !
 Weep—for thy tears are Virtue's tears—
 Auspicious to these suffering isles ;
 And be each drop in future years
 Repaid thee by thy people's smiles !

March 1812.

THE CHAIN I GAVE.

FROM THE TURKISH.

THE 'chain I gave was fair to view,
 The lute I added sweet in sound ;
 The heart that offer'd both was true,
 And ill deserved the fate it found.

These gifts were charm'd by secret spell,
 Thy truth in absence to divine ;
 And they have done their duty well,—
 Alas ! they could not teach thee thine.

That chain was firm in every link,
 But not to bear a stranger's touch ;
 The lute was sweet—till thou could'st think
 In other hands its notes were such.

Let him who from thy neck unbound
 The chain which shiver'd in his grasp,
 Who saw that lute refuse to sound,
 Restraining the chords, renew the clasp.

When thou wert changed, they alter'd too ;
 The chain is broke, the music mute.
 'T is past—to them and thee adieu—
 False heart, frail chain, and silent lute.

LINES WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF "THE
 PLEASURES OF MEMORY."

ABSENT or present, still to thee,
 My friend, what magic spells belong !
 As all can tell, who share, like me,
 In turn thy converse and thy song.

But when the dreaded hour shall come
 By Friendship ever deem'd too nigh,
 And "MEMORY" o'er her Druid's tomb
 Shall weep that aught of thee can die,

How fondly will she then repay
 Thy homage offer'd at her shrine,
 And blend, while ages roll away,
 Her name immortally with *thine* !

April 19, 1812.

ADDRESS, SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF DRURY-
LANE THEATRE,

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1812.

IN one dread night pur city saw, and sigh'd,
Bow'd to the dust, the Drama's tower of pride;
In one short hour beheld the blazing fane,
Apollo sink, and Shakspeare cease to reign.

Ye who beheld, (oh! sight admired and mourn'd,
Whose radiance mock'd the ruin it adorn'd!)
Through clouds of fire the massy fragments riven,
Like Israel's pillar, chase the night from heaven;
Saw the long column of revolving flames,
Shake its red shadow o'er the startled Thames,
While thousands, throng'd around the burning dome,
Shrank back appall'd, and trembled for their home,
As glared the volumed blaze, and ghastly shone
The skies, with lightnings awful as their own,
Till blackening ashes and the lonely wall
Usurp'd the Muse's realm and mark'd her fall;
Say—shall this new, nor less aspiring pile,
Rear'd where once rose the mightiest in our isle,
Know the same favour which the former knew,
A shrine for Shakspeare—worthy, him and *you*?

Yes—it shall be—the magic of that name
Defies the scythe of time, the torch of flame;
On the same spot still consecrates the scene,
And bids the Drama *be* where she hath *been*:
This fabric's birth attests the potent spell—
Indulge our honest pride, and say, *How well!*

As soars this fane to emulate the last,
Oh! might we draw our omens from the past,
Some hour propitious to our prayers may boast
Names such as hallow still the dome we lost.
On Drury first your Siddons' thrilling art
O'erwhelm'd the gentlest, storm'd the sternest heart.
On Drury, Garrick's latest laurels grew;
Here your last tears retiring Roscius drew,
Sigh'd his last thanks, and wept his last adieu;

But still for living wit the wreaths may bloom,
 That only waste their odours o'er the tomb.
 Such Drury claim'd and claims—nor you refuse
 One tribute to revive his slumbering muse ;
 With garlands deck your own Menander's head,
 Nor hoard your honours idly for the dead.
 Dear are the days which made our annals bright,
 Ere Garrick fled, or Brinsley ceased to write.
 Heirs to their labours, like all high-born heirs,
 Vain of *our* ancestry as they *of theirs* ;
 While thus Remembrance borrows Banquo's glass
 To claim the sceptred shadows as they pass,
 And we the mirror hold, where imaged shine
 Immortal names, emblazon'd on our line,
 Pause—ere their feebler offspring you condemn,
 Reflect how hard the task to rival them !

Friends of the stage ! to whom both Players and Plays
 Must sue alike for pardon or for praise,
 Whose judging voice and eye alone direct
 The boundless power to cherish or reject ;
 If e'er frivolity has led to fame,
 And made us blush that you forbore to blame ;
 If e'er the sinking stage could condescend
 To soothe the sickly taste it dare not mend,
 All past reproach may present scenes refute,
 And censure, wisely loud, be justly mute !
 Oh ! since your fiat stamps the Drama's laws,
 Forbear to mock us with misplaced applause ;
 So pride shall doubly nerve the actor's powers,
 And reason's voice be echo'd back by ours !

This greeting o'er, the ancient rule obey'd,
 The Drama's homage by her herald paid,
 Receive *our* welcome too, whose every tone
 Springs from our hearts, and fain would win your own.
 The curtain rises—may our stage unfold
 Scenes not unworthy Drury's days of old !
 Britons our judges, Nature for our guide,
 Still may *we* please—long, long may *you* preside.

PARENTHETICAL ADDRESS.

BY DR. PLAGIARY.

Half stolen, with acknowledgments, to be spoken in an inarticulate voice by Master P. at the opening of the next new theatre. Stolen parts marked with the inverted commas of quotation—thus “ — ”.

“WHEN energising objects men pursue,”
 Then Lord knows what is writ by Lord knows who.
 “A modest monologue you here survey,”
 Hiss’d from the theatre “the other day,”
 As if Sir Fretful wrote “the slumberous” verse,
 And gave his son “the rubbish” to rehearse.
 “Yet at the thing you’d never be amazed,”
 Knew you the rumpus which the author raised;
 “Nor even here your smile would be repress,”
 Knew you these lines—the badness of the best,
 “Flame! fire! and flame!” (words borrowed from
 Lucretius.)
 “Dread metaphors which open wounds” like issues!
 “And sleeping pangs awake—and—but away”
 (Confound me if I know what next to say).
 “Lo Hope reviving re-expands her wings,”
 And Master G— recites what Dr. Busby sings!—
 “If mighty things with small eye may compare,”
 (Translated from the grammar for the fair!)
 Dramatic “spirit drives a conquering car,”
 And burn’d poor Moscow like a tub of “tar.”
 “This spirit Wellington has shown in Spain,”
 To furnish melodramas for Drury Lane.
 “Another Marlborough points to Blenheim’s story,”
 And George and I will dramatise it for ye.

“In arts and sciences our isle hath shone”
 (This deep discovery is mine alone).
 “Oh British poesy, whose powers inspire”
 My verse—or I’m a fool—and Fame’s a liar,
 “Thee we invoke, your sister arts implore”
 With “smiles,” and “lyres,” and “pencils,” and much
 more.
 These, if we win the Graces, too, we gain
Disgraces, too! “inseparable train!”

"Three who have stolen their witching airs from Cupid"
 (You all know what I mean, unless you're stupid):
 "Harmonious throng" that I have kept *in petto*
 Now to produce in a "divine *sestetto*"!!
 "While Poesy," with these delightful doxies,
 "Sustains her part" in all the "upper" boxes!
 "Thus lifted gloriously, you'll soar along,"
 Borne in the vast balloon of Busby's song;
 "Shine in your farce, masque, scenery, and play"
 (For this last line George had a holiday).
 "Old Drury never, never soar'd so high,"
 So says the manager, and so say I.
 "But hold, you say, this self-complacent boast;"
 Is this the poem which the public lost?
 "True—true—that lowers at once our mounting pride;"
 But lo!—the papers print what you deride.
 "T is ours to look on you—you hold the prize,"
 'T is *twenty guineas*, as they advertise!
 "A double blessing your rewards impart"—
 I wish I had them, then, with all my heart.
 "Our *twofold* feeling *owns* its twofold cause,"
 Why son and I both beg for your applause.
 "When in your fostering beams you bid us live,"
 My next subscription list shall say how much you give!

October, 1812.

VERSES FOUND IN A SUMMER-HOUSE AT HALES-OWEN.

WHEN Dryden's fool, "unknowing what he sought,"
 His hours in whistling spent, "for want of thought,"
 This guiltless oaf his vacancy of sense
 Supplied, and amply too, by innocence:
 Did modern swains, possess'd of Cymon's powers,
 In Cymon's manner waste their leisure hours,
 Th' offended guests would not, with blushing, see
 These fair green walks disgraced by infamy.
 Severe the fate of modern fools, alas!
 When vice and folly mark them as they pass.
 Like noxious reptiles o'er the whiten'd wall,
 The filth they leave still points out where they crawl.

REMEMBER THEE! REMEMBER THEE!

REMEMBER thee! remember thee!
 Till Lethe quench life's burning stream
 Remorse and shame shall cling to thee,
 And haunt thee like a feverish dream!

Remember thee! Ay, doubt it not.
 Thy husband too shall think of thee!
 By neither shalt thou be forgot,
 Thou *false* to him, thou *fiend* to me!

TO TIME.

TIME! on whose arbitrary wing
 The varying hours must flag or fly,
 Whose tardy winter, fleeting spring,
 But drag or drive us on to die—

Hail thou! who on my birth bestow'd
 Those boons to all that know thee known;
 Yet better I sustain thy load,
 For now I bear the weight alone.

I'd not one fond heart should share
 The bitter moments thou hast given;
 And pardon thee, since thou could'st spare
 All that I loved, to peace or heaven.

To them be joy or rest, on 'me
 Thy future ills shall press in vain;
 I nothing owe but years to thee,
 A debt already paid in pain.

Yet even that pain was some relief,
 It felt, but still forgot thy power:
 The active agony of grief
 Retards, but never counts the hour.

In joy I've sigh'd to think thy flight
 Would soon subside from swift to slow;
 Thy cloud could overcast the light,
 But could not add a night to woe;

For then, however drear and dark,
 My soul was suited to thy sky ;
 One star alone shot forth a spark
 To prove thee—not Eternity.

That beam hath sunk, and now thou art
 A blank ; a thing to count and curse,
 Through each dull tedious trifling part,
 Which all regret, yet all rehearse.

One scene even thou canst not deform ;
 The limit of thy sloth or speed
 When future wanderers bear the storm
 Which we shall sleep too sound to heed :

And I can smile to think how weak
 Thine efforts shortly shall be shown,
 When all the vengeance thou canst wreak
 Must fall upon—a nameless stone.

TRANSLATION OF A ROMAIC LOVE SONG.

AH ! Love was never yet without
 The pang, the agony, the doubt,
 Which rends my heart with ceaseless sigh,
 While day and night roll darkling by.

Without one friend to hear my woe,
 I faint, I die beneath the blow.
 That Love had arrows well I knew ;
 Alas ! I find them poison'd too.

Birds, yet in freedom, shun the net
 Which Love around your haunts hath set ;
 Or, circled by his fatal fire,
 Your hearts shall burn, your hopes expire.

A bird of free and careless wing
 Was I through many a smiling spring ;
 But caught within the subtle snare,
 I burn, and feebly flutter there.

Who ne'er have loved, and loved in vain,
 Can neither feel nor pity pain,
 The cold repulse, the look askance,
 The lightning of Love's angry glance.

In flattering dreams I deem'd thee mine;
 Now hope, and he who hop'd, decline;
 Like melting wax, or withering flower,
 I feel my passion, and thy power.

My light of life! ah, tell me why
 That pouting lip, and alter'd eye?
 My bird of love! my beauteous mate!
 And art thou changed, and canst thou hate?

Mine eyes like wintry streams o'erflow:
 What wretch with me would barter woe?
 My bird! relent: one note could give
 A charm to bid thy lover live.

My curdling blood, my madd'ning brain,
 In silent anguish I sustain;
 And still thy heart, without partaking
 One pang, exults—while mine is breaking.

Pour me the poison; fear not thou!
 Thou canst not murder more than now:
 I've lived to curse my natal day,
 And Love, that thus can lingering slay.

My wounded soul, my bleeding breast,
 Can patience preach thee into rest?
 Alas! too late, I dearly know
 That joy is harbinger of woe.

THOU ART NOT FALSE, BUT THOU ART FICKLE.

THOU art not false, but thou art fickle,
 To those thyself so fondly sought;
 The tears that thou hast forced to trickle
 Are doubly bitter from that thought:
 'Tis this which breaks the heart thou grieve'st,
 Too well thou lov'st—too soon thou leavest.

The wholly false the heart despises,
 And spurns deceiver and deceit ;
 But she who not a thought disguises,
 Whose love is as sincere as sweet,—
 When she can change who loved so truly,
 It feels what mine has felt so newly.

To dream of joy and wake to sorrow
 Is doom'd to all who love or live ;
 And if, when conscious on the morrow,
 We scarce our fancy can forgive,
 That cheated us in slumber only,
 To leave the waking soul more lonely,

What must they feel whom no false vision,
 But truest, tenderest passion warm'd ?
 Sincere, but swift in sad transition ;
 As if a dream alone had charm'd ?
 Ah ! sure such grief is fancy's scheming,
 And all thy change can be but dreaming !

ON BEING ASKED WHAT WAS THE "ORIGIN OF LOVE."

THE "Origin of Love !"—Ah, why
 That cruel question ask of me,
 When thou may'st read in many an eye
 He starts to life on seeing thee ?

And should'st thou seek his *end* to know :
 My heart forebodes, my fears foresee,
 He'll linger long in silent woe ;
 But live—until I cease to be.

REMEMBER HIM WHOM PASSION'S POWER.

REMEMBER him whom passion's power
 Severely, deeply, vainly proved :
 Remember thou that dangerous hour,
 When neither fell, though both were loved.

That yielding breast, that melting eye,
 Too much invited to be bless'd :
 That gentle prayer, that pleading sigh,
 The wilder wish reprov'd, repress'd.

Oh ! let me feel that all I lost
 But saved thee all that conscience fears ;
 And blush for every pang it cost
 To spare the vain remorse of years.

Yet think of this when many a tongue,
 Whose busy accents whisper blame,
 Wou'd do the heart that loved thee wrong,
 And brand a nearly blighted name.

Think that, whate'er to others, thou
 Hast seen each selfish thought subued :
 I bless thy purer soul even now,
 Even now, in midnight solitude.

Oh, God ! that we had met in time,
 Our hearts as fond, thy hand more free ;
 When thou hadst loved without a crime,
 And I been less unworthy thee !

Far may thy days, as heretofore,
 From this our gaudy world be past !
 And that too bitter moment o'er,
 Oh ! may such trial be thy last.

This heart, alas ! perverted long,
 Itself destroy'd might there destroy ;
 To meet thee in the glittering throng,
 Would wake Presumption's hope of joy.

Then to the things whose bliss or woe,
 Like mine, is wild and worthless all,
 That world resign—such scenes forego,
 Where those who feel must surely fall.

Thy youth, thy charms, thy tenderness,
 Thy soul from long seclusion pure ;
 From what even here hath pass'd, may guess
 What there thy bosom must endure.

Oh ! pardon that imploring tear,
 Since not by Virtue shed in vain,
 My frenzy drew from eyes so dear ;
 For me they shall not weep again.
 Though long and mournful must it be,
 The thought that we no more may meet ;
 Yet I deserve the stern decree,
 And almost deem the sentence sweet.
 Still, had I loved thee less, my heart
 Had then less sacrificed to thine ;
 It felt not half so much to part
 As if its guilt had made thee mine.

1813.

ON LORD THURLOW'S POEMS.

WHEN Thurlow this damnd nonsense sent
 (I hope I am not violent),
 Nor men nor gods knew what he meant,
 And since not even our Rogers' praise
 To common sense his thoughts could raise—
 Why *would* they let him print his lays?

• • • • •
 • • • • •

To me, divine Apollo, grant—O !
 Hermilda's first and second canto,
 I'm fitting up a new portmanteau ;
 And thus to furnish decent lining,
 My own and others' bays I'm twining,—
 So, gentle Thurlow, throw me thine in.

TO LORD THURLOW.

I lay my branch of laurel down,
 Then thus, to form Apollo's crown,
 Let every other bring his own."

Lord Thurlow's lines to Mr. Rogers.

"*I lay my branch of laurel down.*"

THOU "lay thy branch of laurel down !"
 Why, what thou 'st stole is not enow ;
 And were it lawfully thine own,
 Does Rogers want it most, or thou ?

Keep to thyself thy wither'd bough,
 Or send it back to Doctor Donne:
 Were justice done to both, I trow,
 He 'd have but little, and thou—none.

“ Then thus, to form Apollo's crown.”

A crown! why, twist it how you will,
 Thy chaplet must be foolscap still.
 When next you visit Delphi's town,
 Inquire amongst your fellow-lodgers,
 They'll tell you Phœbus gave his crown,
 Some years before your birth, to Rogers.

“ Let every other bring his own.”

When coals to Newcastle are carried,
 And owls sent to Athens, as wonders,
 From his spouse when the Regent's unmarried,
 Or Liverpool weeps o'er his blunders;
 When Tories and Whigs cease to quarrel,
 When Castlereagh's wife has an heir,
 Then Rogers shall ask us for laurel,
 And thou shalt have plenty to spare.

TO THOMAS MOORE.

WRITTEN THE EVENING BEFORE HIS VISIT TO MR. LEIGH
 HUNT IN HORSEMONGER LANE GAOL, MAY 19, 1813.

OH you, who in all names can tickle the town,
 Anacreon, Tom Little, Tom Moore, or Tom Brown,
 For hang me if I know of which you may most brag,
 Your Quarto two-pounds, or your Two-penny Post Bag;

* * * * *

But now to my letter—to *yours* 't is an answer—
 To-morrow be with me, as soon as you can, sir,
 All ready and dress'd for proceeding to spunge on
 (According to compact) the wit in the dungeon—
 Pray Phœbus at length our political malice
 May not get us lodgings within the same palace!
 I suppose that to-night you're engaged with some codgers,
 And for St. theby's Blues have deserted Sam Rogers.

And I, though with cold I have nearly my death got,
Must put on my breeches, and wait on the Heathcote ;
But to-morrow, at four, we will loth play the *Scurra*,
And you 'll be Catullus, the Regent Mamurra.

[First published in 1830.]

IMPROMPTU, IN REPLY TO A FRIEND.

WHEN, from the heart where Sorrow sits,
Her dusky shadow mounts too high,
And o'er the changing aspect flits,
And clouds the brow, or fills the eye ;
Heed not that gloom, which soon shall sink :
My thoughts their dungeon know too well ;
Back to my breast the wanderers shrink,
And droop within their silent cell.

September, 1813.

SONNET, TO GENEVRA.

THINE eyes' blue tenderness, thy long fair hair,
And the wan lustre of thy features—caught
From contemplation—where serenely wrought,
Seems Sorrow's softness charm'd from its despair—
Have thrown such speaking sadness in thine air,
That—But I know thy blessed bosom fraught—
With mines of unalloy'd and stainless thought—
I should have deem'd thee doom'd to earthly care.
With such an aspect, by his colours blent,
When from his beauty-breathing pencil born
(Except that *thou* hast nothing to repent),
The Magdalen of Guido saw the morn—
Such seem'st thou—but how much more excellent !
With nought Remorse can claim—nor Virtue scorn.

December 17, 1813.

SONNET, TO THE SAME.

THY cheek is pale with thought, but not from woe,
And yet so lovely, that if Mirth could flush
Its rose of whiteness with the brightest blush,
My heart would wish away that ruder glow :

And dazzle not thy deep-blue eyes—but, oh !
 While gazing on them sterner eyes will gush,
 And into mine my mother's weakness rush,
 Soft as the last drops round heaven's airy bow.

For, through thy long dark lashes low depending,
 The soul of melancholy Gentleness
 Gleams like a seraph from the sky descending,
 Above all pain, yet pitying all distress :
 At once such majesty with sweetness blending,
 I worship more, but cannot love thee less.

December 17, 1813.

WINDSOR POETICS.

Lines composed on the occasion of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent being seen standing between the coffins of Henry VIII. and Charles I., in the royal vault at Windsor.

FAMED for contemptuous breach of sacred ties,
 By headless Charles see heartless Henry lies ;
 Between them stands another sceptred thing—
 It moves, it reigns—in all but name a king :

Charles to his people, Henry to his wife,
 —In him the double tyrant starts to life :
 Justice and death have mix'd their dust in vain,
 Each royal vampire wakes to life again.
 Ah, what can tombs avail !—since these disgorge,
 The blood and dust of both—to mould a George.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

I **SPEAK** not, I trace not, I breathe not thy name,
 There is grief in the sound, there is guilt in the fame :
 But the tear which now burns on my cheek may impart
 The deep thoughts that dwell in that silence of heart.

Too brief for our passion, too long for our peace,
 Were those hours—can their joy or their bitterness cease ?
 We repent, we abjure, we will break from our chain,—
 We will part, we will fly to—unite it again !

Oh! thine be the gladness, and mine be the guilt !
 Forgive me, adored one ! forsake, if thou wilt ;—
 But the heart which is thine shall expire undebased,
 And *man* shall not break it—whatever *thou* mayst.

And stern to the haughty, but humble to thee,
 This soul, in its bitterest blackness, shall be ;
 And our days seem as swift, and our moments more sweet,
 With thee by my side, than with worlds at our feet.

One sigh of thy sorrow, one look of thy love,
 Shall turn me or fix, shall reward or reprove ;
 And the heartless may wonder at all I resign—
 Thy lip shall reply, not to them, but to *mine*.

May, 1814.

ADDRESS INTENDED TO BE RECITED AT THE CALEDONIAN MEETING.

Who hath not glow'd above the page where fame
 Hath fix'd high Caledon's unconquer'd name ;
 The mountain-land which spurn'd the Roman chain,
 And baffled back the fiery-crested Dane ;
 Whose bright claymore and hardihood of hand
 No foe could tame—no tyrant could command ?
 That race is gone—but still their children breathe,
 And glory crowns them with redoubled wreath :
 O'er Gael and Saxon mingling banners shine,
 And, England ! add their stubborn strength to thine.
 The blood which flow'd with Wallace flows as free,
 But now 't is only shed for fame and thee !
 Oh ! pass not by the northern veteran's claim,
 But give support—the world hath given him fame !

The humbler ranks, the lowly brave, who bled
 While cheerly following where the mighty led—
 Who sleep beneath the undistinguish'd sod
 Where happier comrades in their triumph trod,
 To us bequeath—'t is all their fate allows—
 The sireless offspring and the lonely spouse :
 She on high Albyn's dusky hills may raise
 The tearful eye in melancholy gaze,

Or view, while shadowy auguries disclose
 The Highland Seer's anticipated woes,
 The bleeding phantom of each martial form
 Dim in the cloud, or darkling in the storm ;
 While sad, she chants the solitary song,
 The soft lament for him who tarries long—
 For him, whose distant relics vainly crave
 The Coronach's wild requiem to the brave !

'T is Heaven—not man—must charm away the woe,
 Which bursts when Nature's feelings newly flow ;
 Yet tenderness and time may rob the tear
 Of half its bitterness for one so dear ;
 A nation's gratitude perchance may spread
 A thornless pillow for the widow'd head ;
 May lighten well her heart's maternal care,
 And wean from penury the soldier's heir.

May, 1814.

FRAGMENT OF AN EPISTLE TO THOMAS MOORE.

"WHAT say *II*?"—not a syllable further in prose ;
 I'm your man "of all measures," dear Tom,—so here goes !
 Here goes, for a swim on the stream of old Time,
 On those buoyant supporters, the bladders of rhyme.
 If our weight breaks them down, and we sink in the flood,
 We are smother'd, at least, in respectable mud,
 Where the Divers of Bathos lie drown'd in a heap,
 And Southey's last Pæan has pillow'd his sleep ;—
 That "Felo de se," who, half drunk with his malmsey,
 Walk'd out of his depth, and was lost in a calm sea,
 Singing "Glory to God" in a spick and span stanza,
 The like (since Tom Sternhold was choked) never man saw.

The papers have told you, no doubt, of the fusses,
 The fêtes and the gapings to get at these Russes,—
 Of his Majesty's suite, up from coachman to Hetman,
 And what dignity decks the flat face of the great man.
 I saw him, last week, at two balls and a party,—
 For a prince, his demeanour was rather too hearty.
 You know *we* are used to quite different graces,

• • • • •

The Czar's look, I own, was much brighter and brisker,
 But then he is sadly deficient in whisker ;
 And wore but a starless blue coat, and in kersey-
 mere breeches whisk'd round, in a waltz with the Jersey,
 Who lovely as ever, seem'd just as delighted
 With Majesty's presence as those she invited.

* * * * *

June, 1814.

CONDOLATORY ADDRESS TO SARAH, COUNTESS OF JERSEY,

ON THE PRINCE REGENT'S RETURNING HER PICTURE
 TO MRS. MEE.

WHEN the vain triumph of the imperial lord,
 Whom servile Rome obey'd, and yet abhorr'd,
 Gave to the vulgar gaze each glorious bust,
 That left a likeness of the brave or just ;
 What most admired each scrutinising eye
 Or all that deck'd that passing pageantry ?
 What spread from face to face that wondering air ?
 The thought of Brutus—for his was not there !
 That absence proved his worth,—that absence fix'd
 His memory on the longing mind, unmix'd ;
 And more decreed his glory to endure,
 Than all a gold Colossus could secure.

If thus, fair Jersey, our desiring gaze
 Search for thy form, in vain and mute amaze,
 Amidst those pictured charms, whose loveliness,
 Bright though they be, thine own had render'd less :
 If he, that vain old man, whom truth admits
 Heir of his father's crown, and of his wits,
 If his corrupted eye, and wither'd heart,
 Could with thy gentle image bear depart ;
 That tasteless shame be *his*, and ours the grief,
 To gaze on Beauty's band without its chief :
 Yet comfort still one selfish thought imparts,
 We lose the portrait, but preserve our hearts.

What can his vaulted gallery now disclose ?
 A garden with all flowers—except the rose ;—

A fount that only wants its living stream ;
 A night, with every star, save Dian's beam.
 Lost to our eyes the present forms shall be,
 That turn from tracing them to dream of thee ;
 And more on that recall'd resemblance pause,
 Than all he *shall* not force on our applause.

Long may thy yet meridian lustre shine,
 With all that Virtue asks of Homage thine :
 The symmetry of youth, the grace of mien,
 The eye that gladdens, and the brow serene ;
 The glossy darkness of that clustering hair,
 Which shades, yet shows that forehead more than fair !
 Each glance that wins us, and the life that throws
 A spell which will not let our looks repose,
 But turn to gaze again, and find anew
 Some charm that well rewards another view.
 These are not lersen'd, these are still as bright,
 Albeit too dazzling for a dotard's sight ;
 And those must wait till ev'ry charm is gone,
 To please the paltry heart that pleases none ;—
 That dull cold sensualist, whose sickly eye
 In envious dimness pass'd thy portrait by ;
 Who rack'd his little spirit to combine
 Its hate of *freedom's* loveliness, and *thine*.

August, 1814.

ELEGIAC STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF SIR PETER PARKER, BART.

THERE is a tear for all that die,
 A mourner o'er the humblest grave ;
 But nations swell the funeral cry,
 And Triumph weeps above the brave.

For them is Sorrow's purest sigh
 O'er Ocean's heaving bosom sent :
 In vain their bones unburied lie,
 All earth becomes their monument !

A tomb is theirs on every page,
 An epitaph on every tongue :
 The present hours, the future age,
 For them bewail, to them belong.

For them the voice of festal mirth
 Grows hush'd, *their name* the only sound;
 While deep Remembrance pours to Worth
 The goblet's tributary round.

A theme to crowds that knew them not
 Lamented by admiring foes,
 Who would not share their glorious lot?
 Who would not die the death they chose?

And, gallant Parker! thus enshrined
 Thy life, thy fall, thy fame shall be;
 And early valour, glowing, find
 A model in thy memory.

But there are breasts that bleed with thee
 In woe, that glory cannot quell;
 And shuddering hear of victory,
 Where one so dear, so dauntless, fell.

Where shall they turn to mourn thee less?
 When cease to hear thy cherish'd name?
 Time cannot teach forgetfulness
 While Grief's full heart is fed by Fame.

Alas! for them, though not for thee,
 They cannot choose but weep the more;
 Deep for the dead the grief must be,
 Who ne'er gave cause to mourn before.

October, 1814.

TO BELSHAZZAR.

BELSHAZZAR! from the banquet turn,
 Nor in thy sensual fulness fall;
 Behold! while yet before thee burn
 The graven words, the glowing wall,
 Many a despot men miscall
 Crown'd and anointed from on high;
 But thou, the weakest, worst of all—
 Is it not written, thou must die?

Go! dash the roses from thy brow—
 Grey hairs but poorly wreath with them;
 Youth's garlands misbecome thee now,
 More than thy very diadem,
 Where thou hast tarnish'd every gem:—
 Then throw the worthless bauble by,
 Which, worn by thee, ev'n slaves condemn,
 And learn like better men to die!

Oh! early in the balance weigh'd,
 And ever light of word and worth,
 Whose soul expired ere youth decay'd,
 And left thee but a mass of earth.
 To thee thee moves the scorner's mirth:
 But tears in Hope's averted eye
 Lament that ever thou hadst birth—
 Unfit to govern, live, or die.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

THERE be none of Beauty's daughters
 With a magic like thee;
 And like music on the waters
 Is thy sweet voice to me:
 When, as if its sound were causing
 The charmed ocean's pausing,
 The waves lie still and gleaming,
 And the lull'd winds seem dreaming:

And the midnight moon is weaving
 Her bright chain o'er the deep;
 Whose breast is gently heaving,
 As an infant's asleep:
 So the spirit bows before thee,
 To listen and adore thee;
 With a full but soft emotion,
 Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

"O Lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros
 Ducentium ortus ex animo; quater
 Felix! in imo qui scatentem
 Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit."
 GRAY'S *Poemata*.

THERE'S not a joy the world can give like that it takes away,
 When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's dull decay;
 'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone, which fades
 so fast,
 But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of happiness
 Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of excess:
 The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain
 The shore to which their shiver'd sail shall never stretch again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death itself comes
 down;
 'It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream its own;
 That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our tears,
 And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the ice
 appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth distract the
 breast,
 Through midnight hours that yield no more their former hope
 of rest;
 'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruin'd turret wreath,
 All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and grey beneath.

Oh could I feel as I have felt,—or be what I have been,
 Or weep as I could once have wept o'er many a vanish'd scene;
 As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish though
 they be,
 So, midst the wither'd waste of life, those tears would flow to
 me.

March, 1815.

DARKNESS.

I HAD a dream, which was not all a dream.
 The bright sun was extinguish'd, and the stars
 Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
 Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth
 Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;
 Morn came and went—and came, and brought no day,
 And men forgot their passions in the dread
 Of this their desolation; and all hearts
 Were chill'd into a selfish prayer for light:
 And they did live by watchfires—and the thrones,
 The palaces of crowned kings—the huts,
 The habitations of all things which dwell,
 Were burnt for beacons; cities were consumed,
 And men were gather'd round their blazing homes
 To look once more into each other's face;
 Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
 Of the volcanos, and their mountain-torch:
 A fearful hope was all the world contain'd:
 Forests were set on fire—but hour by hour
 They fell and faded—and the crackling trunks
 Extinguish'd with a crash—and all was black.
 The brows of men by the despairing light
 Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits
 The flashes fell upon them; some lay down
 And hid their eyes and wept; and some did rest
 Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smiled;
 And others hurried to and fro, and fed
 Their funeral piles with fuel, and look'd up
 With mad disquietude on the dull sky,
 The pall of a past world; and then again
 With curses cast them down upon the dust,
 And gnash'd their teeth and howl'd: the wild birds
 And, terrified, did flutter on the ground, [shriek'd
 And flap their useless wings; the wildest brutes
 Came tame and tremulous; and vipers crawl'd
 And twined themselves among the multitude,
 Hissing, but stingless—they were slain for food:
 And War, which for a moment was no more,
 Did glut himself again:—a meal was bought
 With blood, and each sate sullenly apart

Gorging himself in gloom : no love was left ;
All earth was but one thought—and that was death
Immediate and inglorious ; and the pang
Of famine fed upon all entrails—men
Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh ;
The meagre by the meagre were devour'd,
Even dogs assail'd their masters, all save one,
And he was faithful to a corse, and kept
The birds and beasts and famish'd men at bay,
Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead
Lured their lank jaws ; himself sought out no food,
But with a piteous and perpetual moan,
And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand
Which answer'd not with a caress—he died.
The crowd was famish'd by degrees ; but two
Of an enormous city did survive,
And they were enemies : they met beside
The dying embers of an altar-place
Where had been heap'd a mass of holy things
For an unholy usage ; they raked up,
And shivering scraped with their cold skeleton hands
The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath
Blew for a little life, and made a flame
Which was a mockery ; then they lifted up
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
Each other's aspects—saw, and shriek'd, and died—
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow
Famine had written Fiend. The world was void,
The populous and the powerful was a lump,
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless,
A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.
The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood still,
And nothing stirr'd within their silent depths ;
Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal : as they dropp'd
They slept on the abyss without a surge—
The waves were dead ; the tides were in their grave,
The moon, their mistress, had expired before ;
The winds were wither'd in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perish'd ; Darkness had no need
Of aid from them—She was the Universe.

Diodati, July, 1816.

MONODY ON THE DEATH
OF
THE RIGHT HON. R. B. SHERIDAN.

SPOKEN AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

WHEN the last sunshine of expiring day
In Summer's twilight weeps itself away,
Who hath not felt the softness of the hour
Sink on the heart, as dew along the flower?
With a pure feeling which absorbs and awes
While Nature makes that melancholy pause,
Her breathing moment on the bridge where Time
Of light and darkness forms an arch sublime,
Who hath not shared that calm, so still and deep,
The voiceless thought which would not speak but weep,
A holy concord, and a bright regret,
A glorious sympathy with suns that set?
'T is not harsh sorrow, but a tenderer woe,
Nameless but dear to gentle hearts below,
Felt without bitterness, but full and clear,
A sweet dejection, a transparent tear,
Unmix'd with worldly grief or selfish stain,
Shed without shame, and secret without pain.

Even as the tenderness that hour instils
When Summer's day declines along the hills,
So feels the fulness of our heart and eyes
When all of Genius which can perish dies.
A mighty Spirit is eclipsed—a Power
Hath pass'd from day to darkness—to whose hour
Of light no likeness is bequeath'd—no name,
Focus at once of all the rays of Fame!
The flash of Wit, the bright Intelligence,
The beam of Song, the blaze of Eloquence.
Set with their Sun, but still have left behind
The enduring produce of immortal Mind;
Fruits of a genial morn, and glorious noon,
A deathless part of him who died too soon.
But small that portion of the wondrous whole,
These sparkling segments of that circling soul,
Which all embraced, and lighten'd over all,
To cheer, to pierce, to please, or to appal.

From the charm'd council to the festive board,
Of human feelings the unbounded lord ;
In whose acclaim the loftiest voices vied,
The praised, the proud, who made his praise their pride.
When the loud cry of trampled Hindostan
Arose to Heaven in her appeal from man,
His was the thunder, his the avenging rod,
The wrath—the delegated voice of God !
Which shook the nations through his lips, and blazed
Till vanquish'd senates trembled as they praised.

And here, oh ! here, where yet all young and warm,
The gay creations of his spirit charm,
The matchless dialogue, the deathless wit,
Which knew not what it was to intermit ;
The glowing portraits fresh from life, that bring
Home to our hearts the truth from which they spring ;
These wondrous beings of his fancy, wrought
To fulness by the fiat of his thought,
Here in their first abode you still may meet,
Bright with the hues of each Promethean heat ;
A halo of the light of other days,
Which still the splendour of its orb betrays.

But should there be to whom the fatal blight
Of failing Wisdom yields a base delight,
Men who exult when minds of heavenly tone
Jar in the music which was born their own,
Still let them pause—ah ! little do they know
That what to them seem'd Vice might be but Woe.
Hard is his fate on whom the public gaze
Is fix'd for ever to detract or praise ;
Repose denies her requiem to his name,
And Folly loves the martyrdom of Fame.
The secret enemy whose sleepless eye
Stands sentinel, accuser, judge, and spy,
The foe, the fool, the jealous, and the vain,
The envious who but breathe in others' pain,
Behold the host ! delighting to deprave,
Who track the steps of Glory to the grave,
Watch every fault that daring Genius owes
Half to the ardour which its birth bestows,
Distort the truth, accumulate the lie,
And pile the pyramid of Calumny !

These are his portion—but if join'd to these
 Gaunt Poverty should league with deep Disease,
 If the high Spirit must forget to soar,
 And stoop to strive with Misery at the door,
 To soothe Indignity—and face to face
 Meet sordid Rage, and wrestle with Disgrace,
 To find in Hope but the renew'd caress,
 The serpent-fold of further Faithlessness:—
 If such may be the ills which men assail,
 What marvel if at last the mightiest fail?
 Breasts to whom all the strength of feeling given
 Bear hearts electric—charged with fire from Heaven,
 Black with the rude collision, inly torn,
 By clouds surrounded, and on whirlwinds borne,
 Driven o'er the lowering atmosphere that nurst
 Thoughts which have turn'd to thunder—scorch, and
 burst.

But far from us and from our mimic scene
 Such things should be—if such have ever been;
 Ours be the gentler wish, the kinder task,
 To give the tribute Glory need not ask,
 To mourn the vanish'd beam, and add our mite
 Of praise in payment of a long delight.
 Ye Orators! whom yet our councils yield,
 Mourn for the veteran Hero of your field!
 The worthy rival of the wondrous *Three!*
 Whose words were sparks of Immortality!
 Ye Bards! to whom the Drama's nurse is dear,
 He was your Master—emulate him *here!*
 Ye men of wit and social eloquence!
 He was your brother—bear his ashes hence!
 While Powers of mind almost of boundless range,
 Complete in kind, as various in their change,
 While Eloquence, Wit, Poesy, and Mirth,
 That humbler Harmonist of care on Earth,
 Survive within our souls—while lives our sense
 Of pride in Merit's proud pre-eminence,
 Long shall we seek his likeness, long in vain,
 And turn to all of him which may remain,
 Sighing that nature form'd but one such man,
 And broke the die—in moulding Sheridan!

Diodati, July 17, 1816.

CHURCHILL'S GRAVE.

A FACT LITERALLY RENDERED.

I stood beside the grave of him who blazed
 The comet of a season, and I saw
 The humblest of all sepulchres, and gazed
 With not the less of sorrow and of awe
 On that neglected turf and quiet stone,
 With name no clearer than the names unknown,
 Which lay unread around it ; and I ask'd
 The Gardener of that ground, why it might be
 That for this plant strangers his memory task'd,
 Through the thick deaths of half a century ?
 And thus he answer'd—"Well, I do not know
 Why frequent travellers turn to pilgrims so ;
 He died before my day of Sextonship,
 And I had not the digging of this grave."
 And is this all ? I thought—and do we rip
 The veil of Immortality, and crave
 I know not what of honour and of light
 Through unborn ages, to endure this blight,
 So soon and so successless ? As I said,
 The Architect of all on which we tread,
 For Earth is but a tombstone, did essay
 To extricate remembrance from the clay,
 Whose minglings might confuse a Newton's thought,
 Were it not that all life must end in one,
 Of which we are but dreamers ;—as he caught,
 As 't were the twilight of a former Sun,
 Thus spoke he,—“ I believe the man of whom
 You wot, who lies in this selected tomb,
 Was a most famous writer in his day,
 And therefore travellers step from out their way
 To pay him honour,—and myself whate'er
 Your honour pleases : ”—Then most pleased I shook
 From out my pocket's avaricious nook
 Some certain coins of silver, which as 't were
 Perforce I gave this man, though I could spare
 So much but inconveniently :—Ye smile.
 I see ye, ye profane ones ! all the while,

Because my homely phrase the truth would tell.
 You are the fools, not I—for I did dwell
 With a deep thought, and with a soften'd eye,
 On that Old Sexton's natural homily,
 In which there was Obscurity and Fame—
 The Glory and the Nothing of a Name.

Diodati, 1816.

PROMETHEUS.

I.

TITAN ! to whose immortal eyes
 The sufferings of mortality,
 Seen in their sad reality,
 Were not as things that gods despise,
 What was thy pity's recompense ?
 A silent suffering, and intense ;
 The rock, the vulture, and the chain,
 All that the proud can feel of pain,
 The agony they do not show,
 The suffocating sense of woe,
 Which speaks but in its loneliness,
 And then is jealous lest the sky
 Should have a listener, nor will sigh
 Until its voice is echoless.

II.

Titan ! to thee the strife was given
 Between the suffering and the will,
 Which torture where they cannot kill ;
 And the inexorable Heaven,
 And the deaf tyranny of Fate,
 The ruling principle of Hate,
 Which for its pleasure doth create
 The things it may annihilate,
 Refused thee even the boon to die :
 The wretched gift eternity
 Was thine—and thou hast borne it well.
 All that the Thunderer wrung from thee
 Was but the menace which flung back
 On him the torments of thy rack :

The fate thou didst so well foresee,
 But would not to appease him tell;
 And in thy Silence was his Sentence,
 And in his Soul a vain repentance,
 And evil dread so ill dissembled,
 That in his hand the lightnings trembled.

III.

Thy Godlike crime was to be kind,
 To render with thy precepts less
 The sum of human wretchedness,
 And strengthen Man with his own mind;
 But baffled as thou wert from high,
 Still in thy patient energy,
 In the endurance, and repulse
 Of thine impenetrable Spirit,
 Which Earth and Heaven could not convulse,
 A mighty lesson we inherit:
 Thou art a symbol and a sign
 To Mortals of their fate and force:
 Like thee, Man is in part divine,
 A troubled stream from a pure source;
 And Man in portions can foresee
 His own funereal destiny;
 His wretchedness, and his resistance,
 And his sad unallied existence:
 To which his Spirit may oppose
 Itself—and equal to all woes,
 And a firm will, and a deep sense,
 Which even in torture can desery
 Its own concentr'd recompense,
 Triumphant where it dares defy,
 And making Death a Victory.

Diodati, *July*, 1816.

A FRAGMENT.

COULD I remount the river of my years
 To the first fountain of our smiles and tears,
 I would not trace again the stream of hours
 Between their outworn banks of wither'd flowers,

But bid it flow as now—until it glides
 Into the number of the nameless tides.

* * * * *

What is this death?—a quiet of the heart?
 The whole of that of which we are a part?
 For life is but a vision—what I see
 Of all which lives alone is life to me,
 And being so—the absent are the dead,
 Who haunt us from tranquillity, and spread
 A dreary shroud around us, and invest
 With sad remembrances our hours of rest.

The absent are the dead—for they are cold,
 And ne'er can be what once we did behold;
 And they are changed, and cheerless,—or if yet
 The unforgotten do not all forget,
 Since thus divided—equal must it be
 If the deep barrier be of earth, or sea;
 It may be both—but one day end it must
 In the dark union of insensate dust.

The under-earth inhabitants—are they
 But mingled millions decomposed to clay?
 The ashes of a thousand ages spread
 Wherever man has trodden or shall tread?
 Or do they in their silent cities dwell
 Each in his incommunicative cell?
 Or have they their own language? and a sense
 Of breathless being? darkened and intense
 As midnight in her solitude?—Oh Earth!
 Where are the past?—and wherefore had they birth?
 The dead are thy inheritors—and we
 But bubbles on thy surface; and the key
 Of thy profundity is in thy grave,
 The ebon portal of thy peopled cave,
 Where I would walk in spirit, and behold
 Our elements resolved to things untold,
 And fathom hidden wonders, and explore
 The essence of great bosoms now no more.

* * * * *

Diodati, *July*, 1816.

SONNET TO LAKE LEMAN.

ROUSSEAU—Voltaire—our Gibbon—and De Staël—
 Lemán ! these names are worthy of thy shore,
 Thy shore of names like these ! wert thou no more
 Their memory thy remembrance would recall :
 To them thy banks were lovely as to all,
 But they have made them lovelier, for the lore
 Of mighty minds doth hallow in the core
 Of human hearts the ruin of a wall
 Where dwelt the wise and wondrous ; but by *thee*
 How much more, Lake of Beauty ! do we feel,
 In sweetly gliding o'er thy crystal sea,
 The wild glow of that not ungentle zeal,
 Which of the heirs of immortality
 Is proud, and makes the breath of glory real !

Diodati, *July*, 1816.

A VERY MOURNFUL BALLAD ON THE SIEGE
 AND CONQUEST OF ALHAMA.

Which, in the Arabic language, is to the following purport.

I.

THE Moorish King rides up and down,
 Through Granada's royal town ;
 From Elvira's gates to those
 Of Bivarambla on he goes.
 Woe is me, Alhama !

II.

Letters to the Monarch tell
 How Albama's city fell :
 In the fire the scroll he threw,
 And the messenger he slew.
 Woe is me, Alhama !

III.

He quits his mule, and mounts his horse,
 And through the street directs his course;
 Through the street of Zacatin
 To the Alhambra spurring in.
 Woe is me, Alhama!

IV.

When the Alhambra walls he gain'd,
 On the moment he ordain'd
 That the trumpet straight should sound
 With the silver clarion round.
 Woe is me, Alhama!

V.

And when the hollow drums of war
 Beat the loud alarm afar,
 That the Moors of town and plain
 Might answer to the martial strain.
 Woe is me, Alhama!

VI.

Then the Moors, by this aware,
 That bloody Mars recall'd them there,
 One by one, and two by two,
 To a mighty squadron grew.
 Woe is me, Alhama!

VII.

Out then spake an aged Moor
 In these words the King before,
 "Wherefore call on us, oh King?
 What may mean this gathering?"
 Woe is me, Alhama!

VIII.

"Friends! ye have, alas! to know
 Of a most disastrous blow;
 That the Christians, stern and bold,
 Have obtain'd Alhama's hold."
 Woe is me, Alhama!

IX.

Out then spoke old Alfaqui,
With his beard so white to see,
" Good King ! thou art justly served,
Good King ! this thou hast deserved.
• Woe is me, Alhama !

X.

" By thee were slain, in evil hour,
The Abencerrage, Granada's flower ;
And strangers were received by thee
Of Cordova the Chivalry.
Woe is me, Alhama !

XI.

" And for this, oh King ! is sent
On thee a double chastisement :
Thee and thine, thy crown and realm,
One last wreck shall overwhelm.
• Woe is me, Alhama !

XII.

" He who holds no laws in awe,
He must perish by the law ;
And Granada must be won,
And thyself with her undone."
Woe is me, Alhama !

XIII.

Fire flash'd from out the old Moor's eyes,
The Monarch's wrath began to rise,
Because he answer'd, and because
He spake exceeding well of laws.
Woe is me, Alhama !

XIV.

" There is no law to say such things
As may disgust the ear of kings :"—
Thus, snorting with his choler, said
The Moorish King, and doom'd him dead.
Woe is me, Alhama !

XV.

Moor Alfaqui ! Moor Alfaqui !
 Though thy beard so hoary be,
 The King hath sent to have thee seized,
 For Alhama's loss displeased.
 Woe is me, Alhama !

XVI.

And to fix thy head upon
 High Alhambra's loftiest stone ;
 That this for thee should be the law,
 And others tremble when they saw.
 Woe is me, Alhama !

XVII.

" Cavalier and man of worth !
 Let these words of mine go forth !
 Let the Moorish Monarch know,
 That to him I nothing owe.
 Woe is me, Alhama !

XVIII.

" But on my soul Alhama weighs,
 And on my inmost spirit preys ;
 And if the King his land hath lost,
 Yet others may have lost the most.
 Woe is me, Alhama !

XIX.

" Sires have lost their children, wives
 Their lords, and valiant men their lives !
 One what best his love might claim
 Hath lost, another wealth, or fame.
 Woe is me, Alhama !

XX.

" I lost a damsel in that hour,
 Of all the land the loveliest flower ;
 Doubloons a hundred I would pay,
 And think her ransom cheap that day."
 Woe is me, Alhama !

XXI.

And as these things the old Moor said,
 They sever'd from the trunk his head ;
 And to the Alhambra's wall with speed
 'T was carried as the King decreed.

• Woe is me, Alhama !

XXII.

And men and infants therein weep
 Their loss, so heavy and so deep ;
 Granada's ladies, all she rears
 Within her walls, burst into tears.

Woe is me, Alhama !

XXIII.

And from the windows o'er the walls
 The sable web of mourning falls ;
 The King weeps as a woman o'er
 His loss, for it is much and sore.

Woe is me, Alhama !

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

I.

THEY say that Hope is happiness ;
 But genuine Love must prize the past,
 And Memory wakes the thoughts that bless ;
 They rose the first—they set the last ;

II.

And all that Memory loves the most
 Was once our only Hope to be,
 And all that Hope adored and lost
 Hath melted into Memory.

III.

Alas ! it is delusion all :
 The future cheats us from afar,
 Nor can we be what we recall,
 Nor dare we think on what we are.

TRANSLATION FROM VITTORELLI.

ON A NUN.

Sonnet composed in the name of a father, whose daughter had recently died shortly after her marriage; and addressed to the father of her who had lately taken the veil.

OF two fair virgins, modest, though admired,
 Heaven made us happy; and now, wretched sires,
 Heaven for a nobler doom their worth desires,
 And gazing upon *either*, both required.

Mine, while the torch of Hymen newly fired
 Becomes extinguish'd, soon—too soon—expires:
 But thine, within the closing gate retired,
 Eternal captive, to her God aspires.

But *thou* at least from out the jealous door,
 Which shuts between your never-meeting eyes,
 May'st hear her sweet and pious voice once more:
 I to the marble, where *my* daughter lies,
 Rush,—the swoln flood of bitterness I pour,
 And knock, and knock, and knock—but none replies.

ON THE BUST OF HELEN BY CANOVA.

IN this beloved marble view,
 Above the works and thoughts of man,
 What Nature *could*, but *would not*, do,
 And Beauty and Canova *can*!
 Beyond imagination's power,
 Beyond the Bard's defeated art,
 With immortality her dower,
 Behold the *Helen* of the heart!

November, 1816.

SONG FOR THE LUDDITES.

I.

As the Liberty lads o'er the sea
 Bought their freedom, and che ply, with blood,
 'So we, boys, we
 Will *die* fighting, or *live* free,
 And down with all kings but King Ludd!

II.

When the web that we weave is complete,
 And the shuttle exchanged for the sword,
 We will fling the winding-sheet
 O'er the despot at our feet,
 And dye it deep in the gore he has pour'd.

III.

Though black as his heart its hue,
 Since his veins are corrupted to mud,
 Yet this is the dew
 Which the tree shall renew
 Of Liberty, planted by Ludd !

December, 1816.

VERSICLES.

I READ the "Christabel ;"
 Very well :
 I read the "Missionary ;"
 Pretty—very :
 I tried at "Ilderim ;"
 Ahem !
 I read a sheet of "Marg'ret of Anjou ;"
 Can you ?
 I turn'd a page of Scott's "Waterloo ;"
 Pooh ! pooh !
 I look'd at Wordsworth's milk-white "Rylstone
 Hillo !"
 &c. &c. &c.

March, 1817.

SO, WE'LL GO NO MORE A ROVING.

I.

So, we 'll go no more a roving
 So late into the night,
 Though the heart be still as loving,
 And the moon be still as bright.

II.

For the sword outwears its sheath,
 And the soul wears out the breast,
 And the heart must pause to breathe,
 And love itself have rest.

III.

Though the night was made for loving,
 And the day returns too soon,
 Yet we'll go no more a roving
 By the light of the moon.

1817.

 TO THOMAS MOORE.

WHAT are you doing now,
 Oh Thomas Moore?
 What are you doing now,
 Oh Thomas Moore?
 Sighing or suing now,
 Rhyming or wooing now,
 Billing or cooing now,
 Which, Thomas Moore?

But the Carnival's coming,
 Oh Thomas Moore!
 The Carnival's coming,
 Oh Thomas Moore!
 Masking and humming,
 Fifeing and drumming,
 Guitarring and strumming,
 Oh Thomas Moore!

 TO MR. MURRAY.

To hook the reader, you, John Murray,
 Have publish'd "Anjou's Margaret,"
 Which won't be sold off in a hurry
 (At least, it has not been as yet);

And then, still further to bewilder 'em,
Without remorse, you set up "Ilderim ;"

So mind you don't get into debt,
Because as how, if you should fail,
These books would be but baddish bail.

And mind you do *not* let escape
These rhymes to Morning Post or Perry,
Which would be *very* treacherous—*very*,
And get me into such a scrape !

For, firstly, I should have to sally,
All in my little boat, against a *Galley* ;
And, should I chance to slay the Assyrian wight,
Have next to combat with the female knight.

March 25, 1817.

TO THOMAS MOORE.

I. ·

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea ;
But, before I go, Tom Moore,
Here 's a double health to thee !

II.

Here 's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate ;
And, whate'er sky 's above me,
Here 's a heart for every fate.

III.

Though the ocean roar around me,
Yet it still shall bear me on ;
Though a desert should surround me,
It hath springs that may be won.

IV.

Were 't the last drop in the well,
As I gasp'd upon the brink,·
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'T is to thee that I would drink.

V.

With that water, as this wine,
 The libation I would pour
 Should be—peace with thine and mine,
 And a health to thee, Tom Moore.

July, 1817.

EPISTLE FROM MR. MURRAY TO DOCTOR
 POLIDORI.

DEAR Doctor, I have read your play,
 Which is a good one in its way,—
 Purges the eyes and moves the bowels,
 And drenches handkerchiefs like towels
 With tears, that, in a flux of grief,
 Afford hysterical relief
 To shatter'd nerves and quicken'd pulses,
 Which your catastrophe convulses.

I like your moral and machinery;
 Your plot, too, has such scope for scenery;
 Your dialogue is apt and smart:
 The play's concoction full of art;
 Your hero raves, your heroine cries,
 All stab, and everybody dies.*
 In short, your tragedy would be
 The very thing to hear and see:
 And for a piece of publication,
 If I decline on this occasion,
 It is not that I am not sensible
 To merits in themselves ostensible,
 But—and I grieve to speak it—plays
 Are drugs—mere drugs, sir—now-a-days.
 I had a heavy loss by "Manuel,"—
 Too lucky if it prove not annual,—
 And Sotheby, with his "Orestes,"
 (Which, by the by, the author's best is,)
 Has lain so very long on hand,
 That I despair of all demand.
 I've advertised—but see my books,
 Or only watch my shopman's looks;—

Still Ivan, Ina, and such lumber,
My back-shop glut, my shelves encumber.

There 's Byron too, who once did better,
Has sent me, folded in a letter,
A sort of—it 's no more a drama
Than Darnley, Ivan, or Kehama:
So alter'd since last year his pen is,
I think he 's lost his wits at Venice.
In short, sir, what with one and t' other,
I dare not venture on another.
I write in haste; excuse each blunder;
The coaches through the street so thunder!
My room 's so full—we 've Gifford here
Reading MS., with Hookham Frere,
Pronouncing on the nouns and particles
Of some of our forthcoming Articles.

The Quarterly—Ah, sir, if you
Had but the genius to review!—
A smart critique upon St. Helena,
Or if you only would but tell in a
Short compass what—but to resume:
As I was saying, sir, the room—
The room 's so full of wits and bards,
Crabbes, Campbells, Crokers, Freres, and Wards,
And others, neither bards nor wits:—
My humble tenement admits
All persons in the dress of gent,
From Mr. Hammond to Dog Dent.

A party dines with me to-day,
All clever men, who make their way,
Crabbe, Malcolm, Hamilton, and Chantrey,
Are all partakers of my pantry.
They 're at this moment in discussion
On poor De Staël's late dissolution.
Her book, they say, was in advance—
Pray Heaven, she tell the truth of France!
Thus run our time and tongues away;—
But, to return, sir, to your play.
Sorry, sir, but I cannot deal,
Unless 't were acted by O'Neill;

My hands so full, my head so busy,
 I 'm almost dead, and always dizzy;
 And so, with endless truth and hurry,
 Dear Doctor, I am yours,

JOHN MURRAY.

August, 1817.

EPISTLE TO MR. MURRAY.

My dear Mr. Murray,
 You 're in a damn'd hurry,
 To set up this ultimate Canto;
 But (if they do n't rob us)
 You 'll see Mr. Hobhouse
 Will bring it safe in his portmanteau.

For the Journal you hint of,
 As ready to print off,
 No doubt you do right to commend it,
 But as yet I have writ off
 The devil a bit of
 Our "Beppo:"—when copied, I 'll send it.

Then you've * * * 's Tour,—
 No great things, to be sure,—
 You could hardly begin with a less work;
 For the pompous rascallion,
 Who do n't speak Italian
 Nor French, must have scribbled by guess work.

You can make any loss up
 With "Spence" and his gossip,
 A work which must surely succeed;
 Then Queen Mary's Epistle-craft,
 With the new "Fytte" of "Whistlecraft,"
 Must make people purchase and read.

Then you've General Gordon,
 Who girded his sword on,
 To serve with a Muscovite master,
 And help him to polish
 A nation so owlsh,
 They thought shaving their beards a disaster.

For the man, "poor and shrewd,"
 With whom you'd conclude
 A compact without more delay,
 Perhaps some such pen is
 Still extant in Venice;
 But please, sir, to mention *your pay*.

Venice, *January 8, 1818.*

TO MR. MURRAY.

STRAHAN, Tonson, ~~Lintot~~ of the times,
 Patron and publisher of rhymes,
 For ~~the~~ the bard up Pindus climbs,
 My Murray.

To thee, with hope and terror dumb,
 The unfledged MS. authors come;
 Thou printest all—and seldest some—
 My Murray.

Upon thy table's baize so green
 The last new Quarterly is seen,—
 But where is thy new Magazine,
 My Murray?

Along thy sprucest bookshelves shine
 The works thou deemest most divine—
 The "Art of Cookery," and mine,
 My Murray.

Tours, Travels, Essays, too, I wist,
 And Sermons, to thy mill bring grist;
 And then thou hast the "Navy List,"
 My Murray.

And Heaven forbid I should conclude
 Without "the Board of Longitude,"
 Although this narrow paper would,
 My Murray.

Venice, *March 25, 1818.*

ON THE BIRTH OF JOHN WILLIAM RIZZO
HOPPNER.

His father's sense, his mother's grace,
In him, I hope, will always fit so ;
With—still to keep him in good case—
The health and appetite of Rizzo.

February, 1818.

ODE ON VENICE.

I.

OH Venice ! Venice ! when thy marble walls
Are level with the waters, there shall be
A cry of nations o'er thy sunken halls,
A loud lament along the sweeping sea !
If I, a northern wanderer, weep for thee,
What should thy sons do?—anything but weep :
And yet they only murmur in their sleep.
In contrast with their fathers—as the slime,
The dull green ooze of the receding deep,
Is with the dashing of the spring-tide foam
That drives the sailor shipless to his home,
Are they to those that were ; and thus they creep,
Crouching and crab-like, through their sapping street
Oh ! agony—that centuries should reap
No mellow harvest ! Thirteen hundred years
Of wealth and glory turn'd to dust and tears,
And every monument the stranger meets,
Church, palace, pillar, as a mourner greets ;
And even the Lion all subdued appears,
And the harsh sound of the barbaria drum,
With dull and daily dissonance, repeats
The echo of thy tyrant's voice along
The soft waves, once all musical to song,
That heaved beneath the moonlight with the throng
Of gondolas—and to the busy hum
Of cheerful creatures, whose most sinful deeds
Were but the overbeating of the heart,
And flow of too much happiness, which needs
The aid of age to turn its course apart

From the luxuriant and voluptuous flood
 Of sweet sensations, battling with the blood.
 But these are better than the gloomy errors,
 The weeds of nations in their last decay,
 When Vice walks forth with her unsoften'd terrors,
 And Mirth is madness, and but smiles to slay ;
 And Hope is nothing but a false delay,
 The sick man's lightening half an hour ere death,
 When Faintness, the last mortal birth of Pain,
 And apathy of limb, the dull beginning
 Of the cold staggering race which Death is winning,
 Steals vein by vein and pulse by pulse away ;
 Yet so relieving the o'er-tortured clay,
 To him appears renewal of his breath,
 And freedom the mere numbness of his chain ;
 And then he talks of life, and how again
 He feels his spirits soaring—albeit weak,
 And of the fresher air, which he would seek :
 And as he whispers knows not that he gasps,
 That his thin finger feels not what it clasps,
 And so the film comes o'er him, and the dizzy
 Chamber swims round and round, and shadows busy,
 At which he vainly catches, flit and gleam,
 Till the last rattle chokes the strangled scream,
 And all is ice and blackness,—and the earth
 That which it was the moment ere our birth.

II.

There is no hope for nations !—Search the page
 Of many thousand years—the daily scene,
 The flow and ebb of each recurring age,
 The everlasting *to be* which *hath been*,
 Hath taught us nought, or little : still we lean
 On things that rot beneath our weight, and wear
 Our strength away in wrestling with the air :
 For 't is our nature strikes us down : the beasts
 Slaughter'd in hourly hecatombs for feasts
 Are of as high an order—they must go
 Even where their driver goads them, though to slaughter.
 Ye men, who pour your blood for kings as water,
 What have they given your children in return ?
 A heritage of servitude and woes,
 A blindfold bondage, where your hire is blows.

What! do not yet the red-hot plough-shares burn,
 O'er which you stumble in a false ordeal,
 And deem this proof of loyalty the *real*;
 Kissing the hand that guides you to your scars,
 And glorying as you tread the glowing bars?
 All that your sires have left you, all that Time
 Bequeaths of free, and History of sublime,
 Spring from a different theme! Ye see and read,
 Admire and sigh, and then succumb and bleed!
 Save the few spirits who, despite of all,
 And worse than all, the sudden crimes engender'd
 By the down-thundering of the prison-wall
 And thirst to swallow the sweet waters tender'd,
 Gushing from Freedom's fountains, when the crowd,
 Madden'd with centuries of drought, are loud,
 And trample on each other to obtain
 The cup which brings oblivion of a chain
 Heavy and sore, in which long yoked they plough'd
 The sand,—or if there sprung the yellow grain,
 'T was not for them, their necks were too much bow'd,
 And their dead palates chew'd the cud of pain:
 Yes! the few spirits, who, despite of deeds
 Which they abhor, confound not with the cause
 Those momentary starts from Nature's laws,
 Which like the pestilence and earthquake, smite
 But for a term, then pass, and leave the earth
 With all her seasons to repair the blight
 With a few summers, and again put forth
 Cities and generations—fair, when free—
 For, Tyranny, there blooms no bud for thee!

III.

Glory and Empire! once upon these towers
 With Freedom—godlike Triad! how ye sate!
 The league of mightiest nations, in those hours
 When Venice was an envy, might abate,
 But did not quench her spirit; in her fate
 All were enwrapp'd: the feasted monarchs knew
 And loved their hostess, nor could learn to hate,
 Although they humbled—with the kingly few
 The many felt, for from all days and climes
 She was the voyager's worship; even her crimes

Were of the softer order—born of Love,
 She drank no blood, nor fatten'd on the dead,
 But gladden'd where her harmless conquests spread;
 For these restored the Cross, that from above
 Hallow'd her sheltering banners, which incessant
 Flew between earth and the unholy Crescent,
 Which, if it waned and dwindled, Earth may thank
 The city it has clothed in chains, which clank
 Now, creaking in the ears of those who owe
 The name of Freedom to her glorious struggles;
 Yet she but shares with them a common woe,
 And call'd the "kingdom" of a conquering foe,
 But knows what all—and, most of all, *we* know—
 With what set gilded terms a tyrant juggles!

IV.

The name of Commonwealth is past and gone
 O'er the three fractions of the groaning globe;
 Venice is crush'd, and Holland deigns to own
 A sceptre, and endures the purple robe;
 If the free Switzer yet bestrides alone
 His chainless mountains, 't is but for a time,
 For tyranny of late is cunning grown,
 And in its own good season tramples down
 The sparkles of our ashes. One great clime,
 Whose vigorous offspring by dividing ocean
 Are kept apart and nursed in the devotion
 Of Freedom, which their fathers fought for, and
 Bequeath'd—a heritage of heart and hand,
 And proud distinction from each other land,
 Whose sons must bow them at a monarch's motion,
 As if his senseless sceptre were a wand
 Full of the magic of exploded science—
 Still one great clime, in full and free defiance,
 Yet rears her crest, unconquer'd and sublime,
 Above the far Atlantic!—She has taught
 Her Esau-brethren that the haughty flag,
 The floating fence of Albion's feeble crag,
 May strike to those whose red right hands have bought
 Rights cheaply earn'd with blood. Still, still, for ever,
 Better, though each man's life-blood were a river,
 That it should flow, and overflow, than creep

Through thousand lazy channels in our veins,
 Damm'd like the dull canal with locks and chains,
 And moving, as a sick man in his sleep,
 Three paces, and then faltering: better be
 Where the 'extinguish'd Spartans still are free,
 In their proud charnel of Thermopylæ,
 Than stagnate in our marsh,—or o'er the deep
 Fly, and one current to the ocean add,
 One spirit to the souls our fathers had,
 One freeman more, America, to thee!

STANZAS TO THE PO.

RIVER, that rollest by the ancient walls,
 Where dwells the lady of my love, when she
 Walks by thy brink, and there perchance recalls
 A faint and fleeting memory of me;

What if thy deep and ample stream should be
 A mirror of my heart, where she may read
 The thousand thoughts I now betray to thee,
 Wild as thy wave, and headlong as thy speed!

What do I say—a mirror of my heart?
 Are not thy waters sweeping, dark, and strong?
 Such as my feelings were and are, thou art;
 And such as thou art were my passions long.

Time may have somewhat tainted them,—not for ever;
 Thou overflow'st thy banks, and not for aye
 Thy bosom overboils, congenial river!
 Thy floods subside, and mine have sunk away;

But left long wrecks behind, and now again,
 Borne on our old unchanged career, we move:
 Thou tendest wildly onwards to the main,
 And I—to loving *one* I should not love.

The current I behold will sweep beneath
 Her native walls, and murmur at her feet;
 Her eyes will look on thee, when she shall breathe
 The twilight air, unharm'd by summer's heat.

She will look on thee,—I have look'd on thee,
 Full of that thought: and, from that moment, ne'er
 Thy waters could I dream of, name, or see,
 Without the inseparable sigh for her!

Her bright eyes will be imaged in thy stream,
 Yes! they will meet the wave I gaze on now:
 Mine cannot witness, even in a dream,
 That happy wave repass me in its flow!

The wave that bears my tears, returns no more:
 Will she return by whom that wave shall sweep?—
 Both tread thy banks, both wander on thy shore,
 I by thy source, she by the dark blue deep.

But that which keepeth us apart is not
 Distance, nor depth of wave, nor space of earth,
 But the distraction of a various lot,
 As various as the climates of our birth.

A stranger loves the lady of the land,
 Born far beyond the mountains, but his blood
 Is all meridian, as if never fann'd
 By the black wind that chills the polar flood.

My blood is all meridian; were it not,
 I had not left my clime, nor should I be,
 In spite of tortures ne'er to be forgot,
 A slave again of love,—at least of thee.

'T is vain to struggle—let me perish young—
 Live as I lived, and love as I have loved;
 To dust if I return, from dust I sprung,
 And then, at least, my heart can ne'er be moved.

April, 1819.

SONNET TO GEORGE THE FOURTH,

ON THE REPEAL OF LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD'S FORFEITURE.

To be the father of the fatherless,
 To stretch the hand from the throne's height, and raise
 His offspring, who expired in other days
 To make thy sire's sway by a kingdom less,—

This is to be a monarch, and repress
 Envy into unutterable praise.
 Dismiss thy guard, and trust thee to such traits,
 For who would lift a hand, except to bless?
 Were it not easy, sir, and is 't not sweet
 To make thyself beloved? and to be
 Omnipotent by mercy's means? for thus
 Thy sovereignty would grow but more complete :
 A despot thou, and yet thy people free,
 And by the heart, not hand, enslaving us.

Bologna, August 12, 1819.

EPIGRAM.

FROM THE FRENCH OF RULHIÈRES.

IF for silver or for gold,
 You could melt ten thousand pimples
 Into half a dozen dimples,
 Then your face we might behold,
 Looking, doubtless, much more snugly ;
 Yet even *then* 't would be d—d ugly.

August 12, 1819.

STANZAS.

COULD Love for ever
 Run like a river,
 And Time's endeavour
 Be tried in vain—
 No other pleasure
 With this could measure ;
 And like a treasure
 We'd hug the chain.
 But since our sighing
 Ends not in dying,
 And, form'd for flying,
 Love plumes his wing ;
 Then for this reason
 Let's love a season ;
 But let that season be only Spring.

When lovers parted
 Feel broken-hearted,
 And, all hopes thwarted,
 Expect to die;
 A few years older,
 Ah! how much colder
 They might behold her
 For whom they sigh!
 When link'd together,
 In every weather,
 They pluck Love's feather
 From out his wing—
 He'll stay for ever,
 But sadly shiver
 Without his plumage, when past the spring.

 Like chiefs of Faction,
 His life is action—
 A formal paction
 That curbs his reign,
 Obscures his glory,
 Despot no more, he
 Such territory
 Quits with disdain.
 Still, still advancing,
 With banners glancing,
 His powers enhancing,
 He must move on—
 Repose but cloy's him,
 Retreat destroys him,
 Love brooks not a degraded throne.

 Wait not, fond lover!
 Till years are over,
 And then recover
 As from a dream.
 While each bewailing
 The other's failing,
 With wrath and railing,
 All hideous seem—
 While first decreasing,
 Yet not quite ceasing,
 Wait not till teasing
 All passion blight:

If once diminish'd,
 Love's reign is finish'd—
 Then part in friendship—and bid good-night.
 So shall Affection
 To recollection
 The dear connexion
 Bring back with joy:
 You had not waited
 Till, tired or hated,
 Your passions sated
 Began to cloy.
 Your last embraces
 Leave no cold traces—
 The same fond faces
 As through the past:
 And eyes, the mirrors
 Of your sweet errors,
 Reflect but rapture—not least though last.
 True, separations
 Ask more than patience;
 What desperations
 From such have risen!
 But yet remaining,
 What is 't but chaining
 Hearts which, once waning,
 Beat 'gainst their prison?
 Time can but cloy love
 And use destroy love:
 The winged boy, Love,
 Is but for boys—
 You'll find it torture,
 Though sharper, shorter,
 To wean, and, not wear out your joys.

1819.

 ON MY WEDDING-DAY.

HERE'S a happy new year! but with reason
 I beg you'll permit me to say—
 Wish me *many* returns of the *season*,
 But as *few* as you please of the day.

January 2, 1820.

EPITAPH FOR WILLIAM PITT.

WITH death doom'd to grapple,
Beneath this cold slab, he
Who lied in the Chapel
Now lies in the Abbey.

January, 1820.

EPIGRAM.

IN digging up your bones, Tom Paine,
Will. Cobbett has done well :
You visit him on earth again,
He 'll visit you in hell.

January, 1820.

STANZAS.

WHEN a man hath no freedom to fight for at home,
Let him combat for that of his neighbours ;
Let him think of the glories of Greece and of Rome,
And get knock'd on the head for his labours.
To do good to mankind is the chivalrous plan,
And is always as nobly requited ;
Then battle for freedom wherever you can,
And, if not shot or hang'd, you 'll get knighted.

November, 1820.

EPIGRAM.

THE world is a bundle of hay,
Mankind are the asses who pull ;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull.

THE CHARITY BALL.

WHAT matter the pangs of a husband and father,
If his sorrows in exile be great or be small,
So the Pharisee's glories around her she gather,
And the saint patronizes her " charity ball ! "

What matters—a heart which, though faulty, was feeling,
 Be driven to excesses which once could appal—
 That the sinner should suffer is only fair dealing,
 As the saint keeps her charity back for “the ball!”

EPIGRAM ON MY WEDDING-DAY.

TO PENELOPE.

THIS day, of all our days, has done
 The worst for me, and you:—
 ’T is just *six* years since we were *one*,
 And *five* since we were *two*.

January 2, 1821.

ON MY THIRTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY.

JANUARY 22, 1821.

THROUGH life’s dull road, so dim and dirty,
 I have dragg’d to three-and-l-thirty.
 What have these years left to me;
 Nothing—except thirty-three.

EPIGRAM.

ON THE BRAZIERS’ COMPANY HAVING RESOLVED TO PRESENT
 AN ADDRESS TO QUEEN CAROLINE.

THE braziers, it seems, are preparing to pass
 An address, and present it themselves, all in brass;—
 A superfluous pageant—for, by the Lord Harry!
 They’ll find where they’re going much more than they carry.

MARTIAL. LIB. I., EPIG. I.

“Hic est, quem legis, ille, quem requiris,
 Tota notus in orbe Martialis,” &c.

HE unto whom thou art so partial,
 Oh, reader! is the well-known Martial,
 The Epigrammatist: while living,
 Give him the fame thou wouldst be giving;
 So shall he hear, and feel, and know it—
 Post-obits rarely reach a poet.

BOWLES AND CAMPBELL.

To the tune of "Why, how now, saucy jade?"

WHY, how now, saucy Tom?
 If you thus must ramble,
 I will publish some
 Remarks on Mister Campbell

ANSWER.

WHY, how now, Billy Bowles?
 Sure the priest is maudlin!
 (*To the public*) How can you, d—n your souls!
 Listen to his twaddling?

February 22, 1821.

EPIGRAMS.

OH, Castlereagh! thou art a patriot now;
 Cato died for his country, so didst thou:
 He perish'd rather than see Rome enslaved,
 Thou cutt'st thy throat that Britain may be saved!

So Castlereagh has cut his throat!—The worst
 Of this is,—that his own was not the first.

So *He* has cut his throat at last!—He! Who?
 The man who cut his country's long ago.

EPITAPH.

POSTERITY will ne'er survey
 A nobler grave than this;
 Here lie the bones of Castlereagh
 Stop, traveller,——

JOHN KEATS.

Who kill'd John Keats?
 "I," says the Quarterly,
 So savage and Tartarly;
 "'T was one of my 'feats."
 Who shot the arrow?
 "The poet-priest Milman
 (So ready to kill man),
 Or Southey, or Barrow."

July, 1821.

THE CONQUEST.

[This fragment was found amongst Lord Byron's papers after his departure from Genoa for Greece.]

THE Son of Love and Lord of War I sing;
 Him who bade England bow to Normandy,
 And left the name of conqueror more than king
 To his unconquerable dynasty.
 Not fann'd alone by Victory's fleeting wing,
 He rear'd his bold and brilliant throne on high:
 The Bastard kept, like lions, his prey fast,
 And Britain's bravest victor was the last.

March 8-9, 1823.

TO MR. MURRAY.

FOR Orford and for Waldegrave
 You give much more than me you gave;
 Which is not fairly to behave,
 My Murray.

Because if a live dog, 't is said,
 Be worth a lion fairly sped,
 A *live lord* must be worth *two* dead,
 My Murray.

And if, as the opinion goes,
 Verse hath a better sale than prose,—
 Certes, I should have more than those,
 My Murray.

But now this sheet is nearly cramm'd,
 So, if *you will*, I shan't be shamm'd,
 And if you *won't*, you may be damn'd,
 My Murray.

THE IRISH AVATAR.

"And Ireland, like a bastinadoed elephant, kneeling to receive the paltry rider."—CURRAN.

ERE the daughter of Brunswick is cold in her grave,
 And her ashes still float to their home o'er the tide,
 Lo! George the triumphant speeds over the wave,
 To the long-cherish'd isle which he loved like his—bride!

True, the great of her bright and brief era are gone,
 The rainbow-like epoch where Freedom could pause
 For the few little years, out of centuries won,
 Which betray'd not, or crush'd not, or wept not her cause.

True, the chains of the Catholic clank o'er his rags,
 The castle still stands, and the senate's no more,
 And the famine which dwelt on her freedomless crags
 Is extending its steps to her desolate shore.

To her desolate shore—where the emigrant stands
 For a moment to gaze ere he flies from his hearth;
 Tears fall on his chain, though it drops from his hands,
 For the dungeon he quits is the place of his birth.

But he comes! the Messiah of royalty comes!
 Like a goodly Leviathan roll'd from the waves;
 Then receive him as best such an advent becomes,
 With a legion of cooks, and an army of slaves!

He comes in the promise and bloom of three-score,
 To perform in the pageant the sovereign's part—
 But long live the shamrock, which shadows him o'er!
 Could the green in his *hat* be transferr'd to his *heart*!

Could that long-wither'd spot but be verdant again,
 And a new spring of noble affections arise—
 Then might freedom forgive thee this dance in thy chain,
 And this shout of thy slavery which saddens the skies.

Is it madness or meanness which clings to thee now?
 Were he God—as he is but the commonest clay,
 With scarce fewer wrinkles than sins on his brow—
 Such servile devotion might shame him away.

Ay, roar in his train! let thine orators lash
 Their fanciful spirits to pamper his pride—
 Not thus did thy Grattan indignantly flash
 His soul o'er the freedom implored and denied.

Ever glorious Grattan! the best of the good!
 So simple in heart, so sublime in the rest!
 With all which Demosthenes wanted endued,
 And his rival or victor in all he possess'd.

Ere Tully arose in the zenith of Rome,
 Though unequal'd, preceded, the task was begun—
 But Grattan sprung up like a god from the tomb
 Of ages, the first, last, the saviour, the *one*!

With the skill of an Orpheus to soften the brute;
 With the fire of Prometheus to kindle mankind;
 Even Tyranny listening sate melted or mute,
 And Corruption shrunk scorch'd from the glance of his
 mind.

But back to our theme! Back to despots and slaves!
 Feasts furnish'd by Famine! rejoicings by Pain!
 True freedom but *welcomes*, while slavery still *raves*,
 When a week's saturnalia hath loosen'd her chain.

Let the poor squalid splendour thy wreck can afford
 (As the bankrupt's profusion his ruin would hide),
 Gild over the palace, Lo! E'en, thy lord!
 Kiss his foot with thy blessing, his blessings denied!

Or *if* freedom past hope be extorted at last,
 If the idol of brass find his feet are of clay,
 Must what terror or policy wring forth be class'd
 With what monarchs ne'er give, but as wolves yield their
 prey?

Each brute hath its nature;—a king's is to *reign*,—
 To *reign* / in that word see, ye ages, comprised
 The cause of the curses all annals contain,
 From Cæsar the dreaded to George the despised!

Wear, Fingal, thy trapping ! O'Connell, proclaim
 His accomplishments ! *His !!!* and thy country convince
 Half an age's contempt was an error of fame,
 And that " Hal is the rascaliest, sweetest *young* prince ! "

Will thy yard of blue riband, poor Fingal, recall
 The fetters from millions of Catholic limbs ?
 Or, has it not bound thee the fastest of all
 The slaves, who now hail their betrayer with hymns ?

Ay ! " Build him a dwelling ! " let each give his mite !
 Till, like Babel, the new royal dome hath arisen !
 Let thy beggars and helots their pittance unite—
 And a palace bestow for a poor-house and prison !

Spread—spread, for Vitellius, the royal repast,
 Till the gluttonous despot be stuff'd to the gorge !
 And the roar of his drunkards proclaim him at last
 The fourth of the fools and oppressors call'd " George ! "

Let the tables be loaded with feasts till they groan !
 Till they *groan* like thy people through ages of woe !
 Let the wine flow around the old Bacchanal's throne,
 Like their blood which has flow'd, and which yet has to
 flow.

But let not *his* name be thine idol alone—
 On his right hand, behold a Sejanus appears !
 Thine own Castlereagh ! let him still be thine own !
 A wretch never named but with curses and jeers !

Till now, when the isle which should blush for his birth,
 Deep, deep as the gore which he shed on her soil,
 Seems proud of the reptile which crawl'd from her earth,
 And for murder repays him with shouts and a smile.

Without one single ray of her genius, without
 The fancy, the manhood, the fire of her race—
 The miscreant who well might plunge Erin in doubt
 If *she* ever gave birth to a being so base.

If she did—let her long-boasted proverb be hush'd,
 Which proclaims that from Erin no reptile can spring—
 See the cold-blooded serpent, with venom full flush'd,
 Still warming its folds in the breast of a king !

Shout, drink, feast, and flatter ! Oh Erin, how low
 Wert thou sunk by misfortune and tyranny, till
 Thy welcome of tyrants hath plunged thee below
 The depth of thy deep in a deeper gulf still !

My voice, though but humble, was raised for thy right,
 My vote, as a freeman's, still voted thee free,
 This hand, though but feeble, would arm in thy fight,
 And this heart, though outworn, had a throb still for *thee* !

Yes, I loved thee and thine, though thou art not my land,
 I have known noble hearts and great souls in thy sons,
 And I wept with the world, o'er the patriot band
 Who are gone, but I weep them no longer as once

For happy are they now reposing afar,—
 Thy Grattan, thy Curran, thy Sheridan, all
 Who, for years, were the chiefs in the eloquent war,
 And redeem'd, if they have not retarded, thy fall.

Yes, happy are they in their cold English graves !
 Their shades cannot start to thy shouts of to-day—
 Nor the steps of enslavers and chain-kissing slaves
 Be stamp'd in the turf o'er their fetterless clay.

Till now I had envied thy sons and their shore,
 Though their virtues were hunted, their liberties fled ;
 There was something so warm and sublime in the core
 Of an Irishman's heart, that I envy—thy *dead*.

Or, if aught in my bosom can quench for an hour
 My contempt for a nation so servile, though sore,
 Which though trod like the worm will not turn upon power,
 'T is the glory of Grattan, and genius of Moore !

September, 1821.

STANZAS WRITTEN ON THE ROAD BETWEEN FLORENCE AND PISA.

OH, talk not to me of a name great in story ;
 The days of our youth are the days of our glory ;
 And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty
 Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is wrinkled?
 'T is but as a dead flower with May-dew besprinkled.
 Then away with all such from the head that is hoary!
 What care I for the wreaths that can *only* give glory?

Oh, FAME!—if I e'er took delight in thy praises,
 'T was less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases,
 Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover,
 She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

There chiefly I sought thee, *there* only I found thee;
 Her glance was the best of the rays that surround thee;
 When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my story,
 I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.

November, 1821.

STANZAS TO A HINDOO AIR.

Oh! my lonely—lonely—lonely—Pillow!
 Where is my lover? where is my lover?
 Is it his bark which my dreary dreams discover?
 Far—far away! and alone along the billow?

Oh! my lonely—lonely—lonely—Pillow!
 Why must my head ache where his gentle brow lay?
 How the long night flags lovelessly and slowly,
 And my head droops over thee like the willow!

Oh! thou, my sad and solitary Pillow!
 Send me kind dreams to keep my heart from breaking,
 In return for the tears I shed upon thee waking,
 Let me not die till he comes back o'er the billow.

Then if thou wilt—no more my *lonely* Pillow,
 In one embrace let these arms again enfold him!
 And then expire of the joy—but to behold him!
 Oh! my lone bosom!—oh! my lonely Pillow!

IMPRIMPTU.

BENEATH Blessington's eyes
 The reclaim'd Paradise
 Should be free as the former from evil ;
 But if the new Eve
 For an Apple should grieve,
 What mortal would not play the Devil?

1823.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

You have ask'd for a verse :—the request
 In a rhymers 't was strange to deny ;
 But my Hippocrene was but my breast,
 And my feelings (its fountain) are dry.

Were I now as I was, 'I had sung
 What Lawrence has painted so well ;
 But the strain would expire on my tongue,
 And the theme is too soft for my shell.

I am ashes where once I was fire,
 And the bard in my bosom is dead ;
 What I loved I now merely admire,
 And my heart is as grey as my head.

My life is not dated by years—
 There are moments which act as a plough ;
 And there is not a furrow appears
 But is deep in my soul as my brow.

Let the young and the brilliant aspire
 To sing what I gaze on in vain ;
 For sorrow has torn from my lyre
 The string which was worthy the strain.

ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-SIXTH
YEAR.

MISSOLONGHI, Jan. 22, 1824.

'T is time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it hath ceased to move :
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love !

My days are in the yellow leaf ;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone ;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone !

The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle ;
No torch is kindled at its blaze—
A funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 't is not *thus*—and 't is not *here*—
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor *now*,
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece, around me see !
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
Was not more free.

Awake ! (not Greece—she *is* awake !)
Awake, my spirit ! Think through *whom*
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home !

Tread those reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood ! unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

If thou regrett'st thy youth, *why live?*

The land of honourable death

Is here :—up to the field, and give

Away thy breath!

Seek out—less often sought than found—

A soldier's grave, for thee the best;

Then look around, and choose thy ground,

And take thy rest.

Notes.

DON JUAN.

Page 3.

"And Wordsworth has his place in the Excise." Wordsworth's place may be in the Customs—it is, I think, in that or the Excise—besides another at Lord Lonsdale's table, where this poetical charlatan and political parasite licks up the crumbs with a hardened alacrity; the converted Jacobin having long subsided into the clownish sycophant of the worst prejudices of the aristocracy.

Page 4.

"And heartless daughters—worn—and pale—and poor." "Pale, but not cadaverous:"—Milton's two elder daughters are said to have robbed him of his books, besides cheating and plaguing him in the economy of his house, &c. &c. His feelings on such an outrage, both as a parent and a scholar, must have been singularly painful. Hayley compares him to Lear. See part third, *Life of Milton*, by W. Hayley (or Hailey, as spelt in the edition before me).

Page 4.

"The intellectual eunuch Castlereagh." Or,

"Would he subside into a hackney Laureate—
A scribbling, self-sold, soul-hired, scorn'd Iscariot?"

I doubt if "Laureate" and "Iscariot" be good rhymes, but must say, as Ben Jonson did to Sylvester, who challenged him to rhyme with—

"I, John Sylvester,
Lay with your sister."

Jonson answer'd,—“I, Ben Jonson, lay with your wife.”
Sylvester answer'd—“That is not rhyme.”—“No,” said Ben Jonson; “but it is *true*.”

Page 5.

“Eutropius of its many masters,—blind.”] For the character of Eutropius, the eunuch and minister at the court of Arcadius, see Gibbon.

Page 5.

“Is it not so, my Tory, Ultra-Julian?”] I allude not to our friend Landor's hero, the traitor Count Julian, but to Gibbon's hero, vulgarly yclept “The Apostate.”

Page 9.

“Save thine ‘incomparable oil,’ Macassar!”] Description des *vertus incomparables* de l'Huile de Macassar.—See the Advertisement.

Page 13.

“As Numa's (who was also named Pompilius).”]

—“*primus qui legibus urbem
Fundabit, curibus parvis et paupere terrâ
Missus in imperium magnam.*”—VIRG.

Page 15.

“Although Longinus tells us there is no hymn.”] See Longinus, Section 10, “*ἵνα μὴ ἔν τι περὶ αὐτὴν πάθος φαίρηται, ταυτῶν δὲ ἀντροδος.*”

Page 15.

“They only add them all in an appendix.”] Fact! There is, or was, such an edition, with all the obnoxious epigrams of Martial placed by themselves at the end.

Page 16.

“Which make the reader envy his transgressions.”] See his Confessions, l. i. c. ix. By the representation which Saint Augustine gives of himself in his youth, it is easy to see that he was what we should call a rake. He avoided the school as the plague; he loved nothing but gaming and public shows; he robbed his father of everything he could find; he invented a thousand lies to escape the rod, which they were obliged to make use of to punish his irregularities.

Page 20.

"('T was snow that brought St. Anthony to reason)."] For the particulars of St. Anthony's recipe for hot blood in cold weather, see Mr. Alban Butler's "Lives of the Saints."

Page 25.

"In feelings quick as Ovid's Miss Medea."] See Ovid. de Art. Amand., l. ii.

Page 25.

"The bard I quote from does not sing amiss."] Campbell's Gertrude of Wyoming—(I think)—the opening of Canto Second—but quote from memory.

Page 38.

"Was it for this that no Cortejo e'er.]" The Spanish "Cortejo" is much the same as the Italian "Cavalier Servente."

Page 38.

"Who took Algiers, declares I used him vilely."] Donna Julia here made a mistake. Count O'Reilly did not take Algiers—but Algiers, very nearly took him: he and his army and fleet, retreated with great loss, and not much credit, from before that city, in the year 1775.

Page 53.

"My days of love are over; me no more.]"

"Me nec femina, nec puer
Jan, nec spes animi credula mutui,
Nec certare fuvat mero;
Nec vincere novis tempora floribus."—HOR.

Page 57.

"Excepting the Venetian Fazzioli.]" *Fazzioli*—literally, the little handkerchiefs—the veils most availing of St. Mark.

Page 73.

"Remember Ugolino condescends.]"

"Quandò ebbe detto ciò, con gli occhi torti
Riprese il teschio misero co' denti,
Che furo all' osso, come d'un can forti."

Page 105.

"Dante."] Dante calls his wife, in the "Inferno," "la fiera moglie."

Page 105.

"Milton."] Milton's first wife ran away from him within the first month. If she had not, what would John Milton have done?

Page 113.

"'For none likes more to hear himself converse.'"]

"Risponde allor' Margutte, a dir tel tosto.
Io non credo piu al nero ch' all' azzurro
Ma nel cappone, o lessato, o vuogli arrosto,
E credo alcuna volta anco nel burro;
Nella cervigia, e quando io n' ho nel mosto,
E molto piu nell' espro che il mangurro;
Ma sopra tutto nel buon vino ho fede,
E credo che sia salvo chi gli crede."—

PULCI, *Morgante Maggiore*, ca. 18, st. 151.

Page 119.

"That e'er by precious metal was held in."] The dress is Moorish, and the bracelets and bar are worn in the manner described. The reader will perceive hereafter, that as the mother of Haidée was of Fez, her daughter wore the garb of the country.

Page 119.

"A like gold bar above her instep roll'd."] The bar of gold above the instep is a mark of sovereign rank in the women of the families of the deys, and is worn as such by their female relatives.

Page 119.

"Her person if allow'd at large to run."] This is no exaggeration: there were four women whom I remember to have seen, who possessed their hair in this profusion; of these, three were English, the other was a Levantine. Their hair was of that length and quantity, that, when let down, it almost entirely shaded the person, so as nearly to render dress a superfluity. Of these, only one had dark hair; the Oriental had, perhaps, the lightest colour of the four.

Page 123.

"Than your sires' 'Islands of the Blest.'"] The *νησοι*

μακαρων of the Greek poets were supposed to have been the Cape de Verd Islands or the Canaries.

Page 123.

“And when the sun set where were they?”]

“Deep were the groans of Xerxes, when he saw
This havoc; for his seat, a lofty mound
Commanding the wide sea, o'erlook'd the hosts.
With rueful cries he rent his royal robes,
And through his troops embattled on the shore
Gave signal of retreat; then started wild
And fled disorder'd.”—ÆSCHYLUS.

Page 125.

“There, swan-like, let me sing and die.”]

“Γένοιμαν
ἰν ὕλμεν ἐπιστι πόντου •
προβλήμ' ἀλίκλυστον, ἀκραν
ὑπο πλακα Σουνίου.” κ. τ. λ.—SOPH. *Ajax*, v. 1217.

• Page 126.

“For the first Mrs. Milton left his house.”] See Johnson's Life of Milton.

Page 128.

“Can sneer at him who drew ‘Achitophel!’”] “The verses of Dryden, once highly celebrated, are forgotten.”—Mr. W. WORDSWORTH'S *Preface*.

Page 130.

“Oh, Hesperus! thou bringest all good things.”]

“Ἐσπερι πάντα φέρεις,
Φέρεις οἶνον—φέρεις αἶγα,
Φέρεις ματερι παῖδα.”—*Fragment of Sappho*.

Page 130.

“Ah! surely nothing dies but something mourns!”]

“Era già l' ora che volge 'l disio.
A' naviganti e 'ntenerisce il cuore,
Lo di ch'han detto a' dolci amici a dio;
E che lo nuovo peregrin' d' amōre
Punge, se ode Squilla di lontano,
Che paia 'l giorno pianger che si muore.”
DANTE'S *Purgatory*, canto viii.

This last line is the first of Gray's Elegy, taken by him without acknowledgment.

Page 130.

"Some hands unseen strew'd flowers upon his tomb"] See Suetonius for this fact.

Page 133.

"Whom the gods love die young" was said of yore." See Herodotus (Cleobis and Biton). The sentiment is in a fragment of Menander.

Page 144.

"A vein had burst, and her sweet lips' pure dyes." This is no very uncommon effect of violence of conflicting and different passions. The Doge Francis Foscari, on his deposition in 1457, hearing the bells of St. Mark announce the election of his successor, "*mourut subitement d'une hémorragie causée par une veine qui s'éclata dans sa poitrine*," (see Sismondi and Daru, vols. i. and ii.) at the age of eighty years, when "*Who would have thought the old man had so much blood in him?*" Before I was sixteen years of age, I was witness to a melancholy instance of the same effect of mixed passions upon a young person, who, however, did not die in consequence, at that time, but fell a victim some years afterwards to a seizure of the same kind, arising from causes intimately connected with agitation of mind.

Page 149.

"But sold by the impresario at no high rate." This is a fact. A few years ago a man engaged a company for some foreign theatre, embarked them at an Italian port, and carrying them to Algiers, sold them after all. One of the women, returned from her captivity, I heard sing, by a strange coincidence, in Rossini's opera of "*L'Italiana in Algieri*," at Venice, in the beginning of 1817.

Page 150.

"From all the Pope makes yearly 't would perplex." It is strange that it should be the Pope and the Sultan who are the chief encouragers of this branch of trade—women being prohibited as singers at St. Peter's, and not deemed trustworthy as guardians of the harem.

Page 158.

"Sprinkled with palaces; the Ocean stream."] *Ωκεανοῦ πέποι.* This expression of Homer has been much criticised. It hardly answers to our Atlantic ideas of the ocean, but is sufficiently applicable to the Hellespont, and the Bosphorus, with the *Ægean* intersected with islands.

Page 158.

"'T is a grand sight from off 'The Giant's Grave.'" The "Giant's Grave" is a height on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus, much frequented by holiday parties; like Harrow and Highgate.

Page 164.

"Of food I think with Philip's son, or rather."] See Plutarch in *Alex.*, *Q. Curt. Hist. Alex.*, and Sir Richard Clayton's "Critical Inquiry into the Life of Alexander the Great."

Page 164.

"Stretch'd in the street, and able scarce to pant."] The assassination alluded to took place on the 8th of December, 1820, in the streets of Ravenna, not a hundred paces from the residence of the writer. The circumstances were as described.

Page 166.

"Wond'ring what next, till the caïque was brought."] The light and elegant *gherries* plying about the quays of Constantinople are so called.

Page 167.

"From Saint Bartholomew we have saved our skin."] St. Bartholomew is said to have been flayed alive.

Page 169.

"Prepared for supper with a glass of rum."] In Turkey nothing is more common than for the Mussulmans to take several glasses of strong spirits by way of appetizer. I have seen them take as many as six of *raki* before dinner, and swear that they dined the better for it: I tried the experiment, but fared like the Scotchman, who having heard that the birds called *kittiwakes* were admirable whets, ate six of them, and complained that "he was no hungrier than when he began."

Page 169.

"Splendid but silent, save in *one*, where, dropping."] A common furniture. I recollect being received by Ali Pacha, in a large room, paved with marble, containing a marble basin, and fountain playing in the centre, &c. &c.

Page 170.

"And the calumniated queen Semiramis."] Babylon was enlarged by Nimrod, strengthened and beautified by Nabuchadonosor, and rebuilt by Semiramis.

Page 176.

"The gate so splendid was in all its features."] *Features* of a gate—a ministerial metaphor: "the *feature* upon which this question *hinges*." See the "Fudge Family," or hear Castle-reagh.

Page 177.

"A good deal practised here upon occasion."] A few years ago the wife of Muchtar Pacha complained to his father of his son's supposed infidelity: he asked with whom, and she had the barbarity to give in a list of the twelve handsomest women in Yanina. They were seized, fastened up in sacks, and drowned in the lake the same night. One of the guards who was present informed me, that not one of the victims uttered a cry, or showed a symptom of terror at so sudden a "wrench from all we know, from all we love."

Page 180.

"Though on more *thorough-bred* or fairer fingers."] There is nothing, perhaps, more distinctive of birth than the hand. It is almost the only sign of blood which aristocracy can generate.

Page 190.

"Save Solyman, the glory of their line."] It may not be unworthy of remark, that Bacon, in his essay on "Empire," hints that Solyman was the last of his line; on what authority, I know not. These are his words:—"The destruction of Mustapha was so fatal to Solyman's line, as the succession of the Turks from Solyman until this day is suspected to be untrue, and of strange blood; for that Selymus the second was thought to be supposititious." But Bacon, in his historical

authorities, is often inaccurate. I could give half-a-dozen instances from his Apophthegms only.

BACON'S APOPTHEGMS.

OBSERVATIONS.

91.

Michael Angelo, the famous painter, painting in the Pope's chapel the portraiture of hell and damned souls, made one of the damned souls so like a cardinal that was his enemy, as everybody at first sight knew it: whereupon the cardinal complained to Pope Clement, humbly praying it might be defaced. The Pope said to him, Why, you know very well I have power to deliver a soul out of purgatory, but not out of hell.

This was *not* the portrait of a cardinal, but of the Pope's master of the ceremonies.

155.

Alexander, after the battle of Granicum, had very great offers made him by Darius. Consulting with his captains concerning them, Parmenio said, Sure, I would accept of these offers, if I were as Alexander. Alexander answered, So would I, if I were as Parmenio.

It was after the battle of Issus and during the siege of Tyre, and *not* immediately after the passage of the Granicus, that this is said to have occurred.

158.

Antigonus, when it was told him that the enemy had such volleys of arrows that they did hide the sun, said, That falls out well, for it is hot weather, and so we shall fight in the shade.

This was *not* said by Antigonus, but by a Spartan, previously to the battle of Thermopylæ.

162.

There was a philosopher that disputed with Adrian the Emperor, and did it but weakly. One of his friends that stood by afterwards said unto him, Methinks you were not like yourself last day, in argument with the Emperor: I could have answered better myself. Why, said the philosopher, would you have me contend with him that commands thirty legions?

This happened under Augustus Cæsar, and *not* during the reign of Adrian.

164.

There was one that found a great mass of money, digging underground in his grandfather's house, and being somewhat doubtful of the case signified it to the Emperor that he had found such treasure. The Emperor made a rescript thus : Use it. He writ back again, "that the sum was greater than his state or condition could use. The Emperor writ a new rescript thus : Abuse it."

This happened to the father of Herodes Atticus, and the answer was made by the Emperor *Nerva*, who deserved that his name should have been stated by the "greatest — wisest — meanest of mankind."

178.

One of the seven was wont to say, that laws were like cobwebs : where the small flies were caught, and the great break through.

This was said by Anacharsis the Scythian, and *not* by a Greek.

209.

An orator of Athens said to Demosthenes, The Athenians will kill you if they wax mad. Demosthenes replied, And they will kill you if they be in good sense.

This was *not* said by Demosthenes, but to Demosthenes by *Phocion*.

221.

There was a philosopher about Tiberius that, looking into the nature of Caius, said of him, That he was mire mingled with blood.

This was not said of Caius (Caligula, I presume, is intended by Caius), but of *Tiberius* himself.

97.

There was a king of Hungary took a bishop in battle, and kept him prisoner : whereupon the Pope writ a monitory to him, for that he had broken the privilege of holy church, and taken his son : the king sent an embassy to him, and sent withal the armour wherein the bishop was taken, and this only in writing—*Vide num hæc sit vestis filii tui ?* Know now whether this be thy son's coat ?

This reply was *not* made by a king of Hungary, but sent by Richard the First, Cœur de Lion, of England, to the Pope with the breast-plate of the bishop of Beauvais.

267.

Demetrius, king of Macedon, had a petition offered him divers times by an old woman, and answered he had no leisure; whereupon the woman said aloud, Why then give over to be king.

This did *not* happen to Demetrius, but to Philip King of Macedon.

VOLTAIRE.

Having stated that Bacon was frequently incorrect in his citations from history, I have thought it necessary in what regards so great a name (however trifling), to support the assertion by such facts as more immediately occur to me. They are but trifles, and yet for such trifles a school-boy would be whipped (if still in the fourth form); and Voltaire for half-a-dozen similar errors has been treated as a superficial writer, notwithstanding the testimony of the learned Warton:—"Voltaire, a writer of *much deeper research* than is imagined, and the *first* who has displayed the literature and customs of the dark ages with *any degree of penetration* and comprehension."* For another distinguished testimony to Voltaire's merits in literary research, see also Lord Holland's excellent Account of the Life and Writings of Lope de Vega, vol. i. p. 215, edition of 1817.

Voltaire has ever been termed a "shallow fellow," by some of the same school who called Dryden's Ode "a drunken song;"—a *school* (as it is called, I presume, from their education being still incomplete), the whole of whose filthy trash of Epics, Excursions, &c. &c. &c., is not worth the two words in *Zaïre*, "*Vous pleurez*,"† or a single speech of Tancred:—a *school*, the apostate lives of whose renegadoes, with their tea-drinking neutrality of morals, and their convenient treachery in politics—in the record of their accumulated pretences to virtue can produce no *actions* (were all their good deeds drawn up in array) to equal or approach the sole defence of the family of Calas, by that great and unequalled genius—the universal Voltaire.

I have ventured to remark on these little inaccuracies of

Dissertation I.

† ——"Il est trop vrai que l'honneur me l'ordonne,
Que je vous adorai, que je vous abandonne,
Que je renonce à vous, que vous le désirez,
Que sous une autre loi . . . *Zaïre*, VOUS PLEUREZ?"—
Zaïre, acte iv. sc. ii.

"the greatest genius that England, or perhaps any other country, ever produced," * merely to show our national injustice in condemning *generally* the greatest genius of France for such inadvertencies as these, of which the highest of England has been no less guilty. Query, Was Bacon a greater intellect than Newton?

CAMPBELL.

Being in the humour of criticism, I shall proceed, after having ventured upon the slips of Bacon, to touch upon one or two as trifling in the edition of the British Poets, by the justly celebrated Campbell. But I do this in good will, and trust it will be so taken. If anything could add to my opinion of the talents and true feeling of that gentleman, it would be his classical, honest, and triumphant defence of Pope, against the vulgar cant of the day, and its existing Grub Street.

The inadvertencies to which I allude are—

Firstly, in speaking of *Anstey*, whom he accuses of having taken "his leading characters from *Smollett*." Anstey's Bath Guide was published in 1766. Smollett's Humphrey Clinker (the only work of Smollett's from which *Tabitha*, &c. &c. could have been taken) was written during *Smollett's last residence* at Leghorn in 1770—"Argal," if there has been any borrowing, Anstey must be the creditor, and not the debtor. I refer Mr. Campbell to his *own* data in his Lives of Smollett and Anstey.

Secondly, Mr. Campbell says in the Life of Cowper (note to page 358. vol. vii.) that he knows not to whom Cowper alludes in these lines,—

"Nor he who, for the bane of thousands born,
Built God a church, and laugh'd his word to scorn."

The Calvinist meant Voltaire, and the church of Ferney, with its inscription "Deo crexit Voltaire."

Thirdly, in the Life of Burns, Mr. Campbell quotes Shakespeare thus,—

"To gild refined gold, to paint the rose,
Or add fresh perfume to the violet."

This version by no means improves the original, which is as follows—

"To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet." &c.—*King John*.

* Pope, in Spence's Anecdotes, p. 158. Malone's edition.

A great poet quoting another should be correct ; he should also be accurate, when he accuses a Parnassian brother of that dangerous charge "borrowing:" a poet had better borrow anything (excepting money) than the thoughts of another—they are always sure to be reclaimed ; but it is very hard, having been the *lender*, to be denounced as the debtor, as is the case of Anstey *versus* Smollett.

As there is "honour amongst thieves," let there be some amongst poets, and give each his due,—none can afford to give it more than Mr. Campbell himself, who, with a high reputation for originality, and a fame which cannot be shaken, is the only poet of the times (except Rogers) who can be reproached (and *in him* it is indeed a reproach) with having written *too little*.

Ravenna, Jan. 5, 1821.

Page 195.

" 'Which taken at the flood,'—you know the rest."] See Shakspeare, Julius Cæsar, Act iv. sc. iii.

• Page 196.

"Who lent his lady to his friend Hortensius."] Cato gave up his wife, Martia, to his friend Hortensius ; but, on the death of the latter took her back again. This conduct was ridiculed by the Romans, who observed, that Martia entered the house of Hortensius very poor, but returned to the bed of Cato loaded with treasures.—PLUTARCH.

Page 198.

"A 'Highland welcome' all the wide world over."] See Waverley.

Page 198.

"In his monastic concubine of snow."] "The blessed Francis, being strongly solicited one day by the emotions of the flesh, pulled off his clothes and scourged himself soundly : being after this inflamed with a wonderful fervour of mind, he plunged his naked body into a great heap of snow. The devil, being overcome, retired immediately, and the holy man returned victorious into his cell."—See BUTLER'S *Lives of the Saints*.

Page 201.

"The tyrant's wish, 'that mankind only had.'" Caligula—

See Suetonius. "Being in a rage at the people, for favouring a party in the Circensian games in opposition to him, he cried out, 'I wish the Roman people had but one neck.'"

Page 201.

"He went forth with the lovely Odalisques.]" The ladies of the seraglio.

Page 203.

"Who with the brightest Georgians might compare.]" "It is in the adjacent climates of Georgia, Mingrelia, and Circassia, that nature has placed, at least to our eyes, the model of beauty, in the shape of the limbs, the colour of the skin, the symmetry of the features, and the expression of the countenance; the men are formed for action, the women for love."—GIBBON.

Page 203.

"They would prefer to Padisha or Pacha.]" Padisha is the Turkish title of the Grand Signior.

Page 211.

"A 'wood obscure,' like that where Dante found.]"

"Nell' mezzo del' cammin' di nostra vita
Mi ritrovai per una selva oscura," &c.—*Inferno*.

Page 233.

"Was teaching his recruits to use the bayonet.]" Fact: Souwarrow did this in person.

Page 243.

"All sounds it pierceth 'Allah! Allah! Hu!'" Allah Hu! is properly the war-cry of the Mussulmans, and they dwell on the last syllable, which gives it a wild and peculiar effect.

Page 243.

"'Carnage (so Wordsworth tells you) is God's daughter.'"]

"But Thy * most dreaded instrument
In working out a pure intent,
Is man array'd for mutual slaughter;
Yea, Carnage is thy daughter!"

WORDSWORTH'S *Thanksgiving Ode*.

* To wit, the Deity's; this is perhaps as pretty a pedigree for murder as ever was found out by Garter King at Arms.—What would have been said, had any free-spoken people discovered such a lineage?

Page 245.

"Was printed *Grove*, although his name was Grose."] A fact: see the Waterloo Gazette. I recollect remarking at the time to a friend:—"There is *fame*! a man is killed, his name is Grose, and they print it Grove." I was at college with the deceased, who was a very amiable and clever man, and his society in great request for his wit, gaiety, and "Chansons à boire."

Page 246.

"The antiquarians who can settle time."] See General Valancey and Sir Lawrence Parsons.

Page 247.

"'Tis pity 'that such meaning should pave hell.'"] The Portuguese proverb says, that "hell is paved with good intentions."

Page 248.

"By thy humane discovery, Friar Bacon!"] Gunpowder is said to have been discovered by this friar.

Page 263.

"That you and I will win St. George's collar."] A Russian military order.

Page 273.

"Humanity would rise, and thunder 'Nay!'"] Query, *Nay?*—Printer's Devil.

Page 274.

"And 'Europe's Liberator'—still enslaved."] *Vide* Speeches in Parliament, after the battle of Waterloo.

Page 277.

"'But heaven,' as Cassio says, 'is above all.'"] See Othello.

Page 278.

"I've heard them in the Ephesian ruins howl."] In Greece I never saw or heard these animals; but among the ruins of Ephesus I have heard them by hundreds.

Page 280.

"Because he could no more digest his dinner." He was killed in a conspiracy, after his temper had been exasperated by his extreme costivity to a degree of insanity.

Page 283.

"And had just buried the fair-faced Lanskoï." He was the grande passion of the grande Catherine. See her Lives under the head of "Lanskoï."

Page 283.

"Bid Ireland's Londonderry's Marquess show." This was written long before the suicide of that person.

Page 285.

"Oh thou 'tetrerrima causa' of all 'belli.'" Hor. Sat. lib. i. sat. iii.

Page 287.

"'A man' (as Giles says); for though she would 'widow all.'" "His fortune swells him, it is rank, he's married." *Sir Giles Overreach*; MASSINGER'S *New Way to pay o'ld Debts*.

Page 290.

"Of several ribands, and some thousand peasants." A Russian estate is always valued by the number of the slaves upon it.

Page 294.

"Would scarcely join again the 'reformadoes.'" "Reformers," or rather "Reformed." The Baron Bradwardine, in *Waverley*, is authority for the word.

Page 295.

"The endless soot bestows a tint far deeper." Query, *suit?*—Printer's Devil.

Page 295.

"The Dee, the Don, Balgounie's brig's *black wall*." The brig of Don, near the "auld toun" of Aberdeen, with its one arch, and its black deep salmon-stream below, is in my memory as yesterday. I still remember, though perhaps I may misquote, the awful proverb which made me pause to cross it, and yet

lean over it with childish delight, being an only son, at least by the mother's side. The saying as recollected by me was this, but I have never heard or seen it since I was nine years of age:—

“ Brig of Balgounie, *black's* your *wa'*,
Wi' a wife *ae son*, and a mear's *ae foal*,
Doun ye shall fa'!”

Page 297.

“With his *Agrarian* laws, the high estate.”] Tiberius Gracchus, being tribune of the people, demanded in their name the execution of the Agrarian law; by which all persons possessing above a certain number of acres were to be deprived of the surplus for the benefit of the poor citizens.

Page 297.

“But getting nigh grim Dant's •obscure wood.”]

“Mi ritrovi per un selva oscura.”—*Inferno, Canto I.*

• Page 299.

“Oh for a *forty parson power* to chant.”] A metaphor taken from the “forty-horse power” of a steam-engine. That mad wag the Reverend Sydney Smith, sitting by a brother clergyman at dinner, observed afterwards, that his dull neighbour had a “*twelve-parson power*” of conversation.

Page 300.

“To strip the Saxons of their *hydes*, like tanners.”] “Hyde.”—I believe a hyde of land to be a legitimate word, and, as such, subject to the tax of a quibble.

Page 302.

“Was given to her favourite, and now *bore his*.”] The Empress went to the Crimea, accompanied by the Emperor Joseph, in the year—I forget which.

Page 304.

“Which gave her dukes the graceless name of ‘Biron.’”] In the Empress Anne's time, Biron, her favourite, assumed the name and arms of the “Birons” of France, which families are yet extant with that of England. There are still the daughters

of Courland of that name; one of them I remember seeing in England in the blessed year of the Allies (1814)—the Duchess of S.—to whom the English Duchess of Somerset presented me as a namesake.

Page 305.

“The greatest number flesh hath ever known.”] St. Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins were still extant in 1816, and may be so yet, as much as ever.

Page 315.

“And so knowing?”] The advance of science and of language has rendered it necessary to translate the above good and true English, spoken in its original purity by the select mobility and their patrons. The following is a stanza of a song which was very popular, at least in my early days:—

“On the high toby-spice flash the muzzle,
In spite of each gallows old scout;
If you at the spellken can't hustle,
You'll be hobbled in making a Clout.
Then your Blowing will wax gallows haughty,
When she hears of your schly mistake,
She'll surely turn snitch for the forty—
That her Jack may be regular weight.”

If there be any gemman so ignorant as to require a traduction, I refer him to my old friend and corporeal pastor and master, John Jackson, Esq., Professor of Pugilism: who, I trust, still retains the strength and symmetry of his model of a form, together with his good-humour and athletic as well as mental accomplishments.

Page 317.

“St. James's Palace, and St. James's ‘Hells.’”] “Hells,” gaming-houses. What their number may now be, in this life, I know not. Before I was of age I knew them pretty accurately, both “gold” and “silver.” “I was once nearly called out by an acquaintance, because when he asked me where I thought that his soul would be found hereafter, I answered, “In Silver Hell.”

Page 320.

“Spirit would name, and therefore even I won't anent.”] “Anent” was a Scotch phrase meaning “concerning”—“with regard to:” it has been made English by the Scotch novels; and, as the Frenchman said, “If it be not, ought to be English.”

Page 322.

"The milliners who furnish 'drapery Misses.'"'] "Drapery Misses."—This term is probably anything now but a *mystery*. It was, however, almost so to me when I first returned from the East in 1811-1812. It means a pretty, a high-born, a fashionable young female, well instructed by her friends, and furnished by her milliner with a wardrobe upon credit, to be repaid, when married, by the *husband*. The riddle was first read to me by a young and pretty heiress, on my praising the "drapery" of the "*untethered*" but "pretty virginities" (like Mrs. Anne Page) of the *then* day, which has now been some years yesterday; she assured me that the thing was common in London; and as her own thousands, and blooming looks, and rich simplicity of array, put any suspicion in her own case out of the question, I confess I gave some credit to the allegation. If necessary, authorities might be cited; in which case I could quote both "drapery" and the wearers. Let us hope, however, that it is now obsolete.

Page 324.

"'T is strange the mind, that very fiery particle.'"'] "Divinæ particulum guræ."

Page 325.

"And Centaur Nessus garb of mortal clothing."'] "Illita Neseo tibi texta veneno."—OVID, *Epist.* ix.

Page 327.

"In mind, a sort of sentimental bogle."'] Scotch for goblin.

Page 332.

"Who rouse the shirtless patriots of Spain."'] The Descamisados.

Page 335.

"And Mitford in the nineteenth century."'] See Mitford's Greece. "*Græcia Verax*. His great pleasure consists in praising tyrants, abusing Plutarch, spelling oddly, and writing quaintly; and what is strange, after all *his* is the best modern history of Greece in any language, and he is perhaps the best of all modern historians whatsoever. Having named his sins, it is but fair to state his virtues—learning, labour, research, wrath, and partiality. I call the latter virtues in a writer, because they make him write in earnest.

Page 339.

"A hazy widower turn'd of forty's sure."] This line may puzzle the commentators more than the present generation.

Page 347.

"Like Russians rushing from hot baths to snows."] The Russians, as is well known, run out from their hot baths to plunge into the Neva; a pleasant practical antithesis, which it seems does them no harm.

Page 349.

"Which flash'd as far as where the musk-bull browses."] For a description and print of this inhabitant of the polar region and native country of the *Auroræ Boreales*, see Parry's Voyage in search of a North-west Passage.

Page 350.

"As Philip's son proposed to do with Athos."] A sculptor projected to hew Mount Athos into a statue of Alexander, with a city in one hand, and, I believe, a river in his pocket, with various other similar devices. But Alexander's gone, and Athos remains, I trust ere long to look over a nation of freemen.

Page 357.

"Also there bin another pious reason."]

"With everything that pretty *bin*;
My lady sweet, arise." - SHAKESPEARE.

Page 361.

"They and their bills, 'Arcadians both,' are left."] "Arcades ambo."

Page 367.

"Or wilder group of savage Salvatore's."] Salvator Rosa.

Page 367.

"His bell-mouth'd goblet makes me feel quite Danish."] If I err not, "your Dane" is one of Iago's catalogue of nations "exquisite in their drinking."

Page 368.

"Even Nimrod's self might leave the plains of Dura."] In Assyria.

Page 369.

"And shine the very *Siria* of the spheres."] *Siria*, *i. e.*, bitch-star.

Page 372.

"That Scriptures out of church are blasphemies."] "Mrs. Adams answered Mr. Adams, that it was blasphemous to talk of Scripture out of church." This dogma was broached to her husband—the best Christian in any book. See Joseph Andrews.

Page 375.

"Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it."] It would have taught him humanity at least. This sentimental savage, whom it is a mode to quote (amongst the novelists) to show their sympathy for innocent sports and old songs, teaches how to sew up frogs, and break their legs by way of experiment, in addition to the art of angling, the cruellest, the coldest, and the stupidest of pretended sports. They may talk about the beauties of nature, but the angler merely thinks of his dish of fish; he has no leisure to take his eyes from off the streams, and a single *bite* is worth to him more than all the scenery around. Besides, some fish bite best on a rainy day. The whale, the shark, and the tunny fishery have somewhat of noble and perilous in them; even net-fishing, trawling, &c., are more humane and useful. But angling!—No angler can be a good man.

"One of the best men I ever knew,—as humane delicate-minded, generous, and excellent a creature as any in the world,—was an angler: true, he angled with painted flies, and would have been incapable of the extravagances of I. Walton."

The above addition was made by a friend in reading over the MS.:—"Audi alteram partem."—I leave it to counter-balance my own observation.

Page 383.

"And never *craned*, and made but few '*faux pas*.'"] *Craning*.—"To *crane*" is, or was, an expression used to denote a gentleman's stretching out his neck over a hedge, "to look before he leaped:"—a pause in his "vaulting ambition," which in the field doth occasion some delay and execration in those who may be immediately behind the equestrian sceptic. • "Sir, if you don't choose to take the leap, let me!"—was a

phrase which generally sent the aspirant on again; and to good purpose: for though "the horse and rider" might fall, they made a gap through which, and over him and his steed, the field might follow."

Page 384.

"Ask'd next day, 'If men ever hunted *twice*?'"] See his Letters to his Son.

Page 386.

"Go to the coffee-house, and take another." In Swift's or Horace Walpole's letters I think it is mentioned that somebody, regretting the loss of a friend, was answered by an universal Pylades: "When I lose one, I go to the Saint James's Coffee-house, and take another." I recollect having heard an anecdote of the same kind. Sir W. D. was a great gamester. Coming in one day to the club of which he was a member, he was observed to look melancholy. "What is the matter, Sir William?" cried Hare, of facetious memory. "Ah!" replied Sir W., "I have just *lost* poor Lady D." "*Lost!* What at? *Quinze* or *Hazard*?" was the consolatory rejoinder of the querist.

Page 389.

"And I refer you to wise Oxenstiern." The famous Chancellor Oxenstiern said to his son, on the latter expressing his surprise upon the great effects arising from petty causes in the presumed mystery of politics: "You see by this, my son, with how little wisdom the kingdoms of the world are governed."

Page 392.

"Or Swiss Rousseau, cry '*Voilà la Perrenche!*'"] See *La Nouvelle Héloïse*.

Page 393.

"'*Beatus ille procul!*' from '*negotii!*'"] Hor. Epod. Od. ii.

Page 402.

"Great Socrates? And thou, Diviner still." As it is necessary in these times to avoid ambiguity, I say that I mean, by "Diviner still," CHRIST. If ever God is man—or man God—he was *both*. I never arraigned his creed, but the use, or abuse, made of it. Mr. Canning one day quoted Christianity to sanction negro slavery; and Mr. Wiberforce had little to say in reply. And was Christ crucified that black men

might be scourged? If so, he had better been born a Mulatto, to give both colours an equal chance of freedom, or at least salvation.

Page 406.

"When Rapp the Harmonist embargo'd marriage."] This extraordinary and flourishing German colony in America does not entirely exclude matrimony, as the "Shakers" do; but lays such restrictions upon it as prevent more than a certain quantum of births within a certain number of years; which births (as Mr. Hulme observes) generally arrive "in a little flock like those of a farmer's lambs, all within the same month perhaps." These Harmonists (so called from the name of their settlement) are represented as a remarkably flourishing, pious, and quiet people. See the various recent writers on America.

Page 407.

"Nor canvass what 'so eminent' a hand' meant."] Jacob Tonson, according to Mr. Pope, was accustomed to call his writers "able pens," "persons of honour," and especially "eminent hands." *Vide* Correspondence, &c. &c.

Page 409.

"Of Brutus at the pageant of Tiberius."] See Tacitus, b. vi.

Page 413.

"(There's fame) — young partridge fillets, decked with truffles."] A dish "à la Lucullus." This hero, who conquered the East, has left his more extended celebrity to the transplantation of cherries (which he first brought into Europe), and the nomenclature of some very good dishes:—and I am not sure that (barring indigestion) he has not done more service to mankind by his cookery than by his conquests. A cherry-tree may weigh against a bloody laurel: besides, he has contrived to earn celebrity from both.

Page 414.

"There's pretty picking in those 'petits puits.'"] "Petits puits d'amour garnis des confitures,"—a classical and well-known dish for part of the flank of a second course.

Page 418.

"Observe; for that with me's a 'sine qua.'" Subauditur "non:" omitted for the sake of euphony.

Page 419.

"It makes my blood boil like the springs of Hecla."] Hecla is a famous hot-spring in Iceland.

Page 419.

"Shall 'fool me to the top up of my bent.'"] Hamlet, Act iii. sc. 2.

Page 420.

"Like those of the philosopher of Malmesbury."] Hobbes: who, doubting of his own soul, paid that compliment to the souls of other people as to decline their visits, of which he had some apprehension.

Page 421.

"To draw the bow, to ride, and speak the truth."] Xenophon, Cyrop.

Page 421.

"For this effect defective comes by cause."] Hamlet, Act ii. sc. 2.

Page 423.

"If from a shell-fish or from cochineal."] The composition of the old Tyrian purple, whether from a shell-fish, or from cochineal, or from kermes, is still an article of dispute: and even its colour—some say purple, others scarlet: I say nothing.

Page 432.

"Was much consoled by his own repartee."] I think that it *was* a *carpet* on which Diogenes trod, with—"Thus I trample on the pride of Plato!"—"With greater pride," as the other replied. But as *carpets* are *meant* to be trodden upon, my memory probably misgives me, and it might be a robe, or tapestry, or a tablecloth, or some other expensive and uncynical piece of furniture.

Page 432.

"To soothe our ears lest Italy should fail."] I remember that the mayoress of a provincial town, somewhat suffeited with a similar display from foreign parts, did rather indecorously break through the applauses of an intelligent audience—intelligent, I mean, as to music—for the words, besides being in recondite languages (it was some years before the feast, ere all the world had travelled, and while I was a collegian), were

soresly disguised by the performers:—this mayoress, I say, broke out with, “Rot your Italianos! for my part, I loves a simple ballat!” Rossini will go a good way to bring most people to the same opinion, some day. Who would imagine that he was to be the successor of Mozart? However, I state this with diffidence, as a liege and loyal admirer of Italian music in general, and of much of Rossini’s; but we may say, as the connoisseur did of the painting, in “The Vicar of Wakefield,” “that the picture would be better painted if the painter had taken more pains.”

Page 435.

“For Gothic daring shown in English money.”] “Ausu Romano ære Veneto,” is the inscription (and well inscribed in this instance) on the sea walls between the Adriatic and Venice. The walls were a republican work of the Venetians; the inscription, I believe, imperial; and inscribed by Napoleon the *First*. It is time to continue to him that title—there will be a second by and by, “Spes altera mundi,” *if he live*; let him not defeat it like his father. But, in any case, he will be preferable to Imbeciles. There is a glorious field for him, if he know how to cultivate it.—[Napoleon, Duke of Reichstadt, died at Vienna, July 22, 1832—to the disappointment of many prophets. He had just completed his twenty-first year.]

Page 435.

“‘Untying’ squires ‘to fight against the churches.’”]

“I conjure you, by that which you profess
(Howe’er you come to know it), answer me :
Though ye *untie* the winds, and let them fight
Against the *churches*.”—*Macbeth*.

Page 439.

“‘And champion him to the utmost—’ he would keep it”]

“Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance.”—*Macbeth*.

Page 443.

“They err—’t is merely what is call’d mobility.”] In French “*mobilité*.” I am not sure that mobility is English; but it is expressive of a quality which rather belongs to other climates, though it is sometimes seen to a great extent in our own. It may be defined as an excessive susceptibility of immediate

impressions—at the same time without *losing* the past ; and is, though sometimes apparently useful to the possessor, a most painful and unhappy attribute.

Page 445.

“Draped her form with curious felicity !”]

“Curiosa felicitas.”—PETRONIUS ARBITER.

Page 447.

“A noise like to wet fingers drawn on glass.”] See the account of the ghost of the uncle of Prince Charles of Saxony, raised by Schroepfer—“Karl—Karl—was willst du mit mir ?”

Page 449.

“Should cause more fear than a whole host’s identity.”]

“*Shadows* to-night

Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than could the *substance* of ten thousand soldiers,” &c.

Richard III.

POEMS ON NAPOLEON.

Page 451.

"The rapture of the strife."] "*Certaminis gaudia.*" The expression of Attila in his harangue to his army previous to the battle of Chalons, given in Cassiodorus.

Page 454.

"Thou Timour! in his captive's cage."] The cage of Bajazet, by order of Tamerlane.

Page 454.

"O, like the thief of fire from heaven."] Prometheus.

Page 454.

"The very Fiend's arch mock."]

———"The very Fiend's arch mock—
To lip a wanton and suppose her chaste."

SHAKESPEARE.

Page 456.

"Turning rivers into blood."] See Rev. chap. viii. ver. 7, &c. "The first angel sounded, and there followed hail and fire mingled with blood," &c. Ver. 8, "And the second angel sounded, and as it were a great mountain burning with fire was cast into the sea; and the third part of the sea became blood," &c. Ver. 10, "And the third angel sounded, and there fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp: and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of waters." Ver. 11, "And the name of the star is called *Wormwood*: and the third part of the waters became *wormwood*; and many men died of the waters because they were made bitter."

Page 456.

"Whose realm refused thee ev'n a tomb."] Murat's remains are said to have been torn from the grave and burnt.

Page 458.

"FROM THE FRENCH."] "All wept, but particularly Savary, and a Polish officer who had been exalted from the ranks by Buonaparte. He clung to his master's knees; wrote a letter to Lord Keith, entreating permission to accompany him, even in the most menial capacity, which could not be admitted."

Page 458.

"Blessing him they served so well.]" "At Waterloo one man was seen, whose left arm was shattered by a cannon-ball, to wrench it off with the other, and throwing it up in the air, exclaimed to his comrades, 'Vive l'Empereur, jusqu' à la mort!'" There were many other instances of the like: this you may, however, depend on as true."—*Private Letter from Brussels.*

Page 460.

"Of three bright colours, each divine.]" The tricolour.

THE PROPHECY OF DANTE.

Page 471.

"'Midst whom my own bright Beatrice bless'd.]" The reader is requested to adopt the Italian pronunciation of Beatrice, sounding all the syllables.

Page 471.

"My paradise had still been incomplete.]"

"Che sol per le belle opre
Che fanno in Cielo il sole e l'altre stelle
Dentro di lui' si crede il Paradiso,
Così se guardi fiso
Pensar ben dei ch' ogni terren' piacere."

Canzone, in which Dante describes the person of Beatrice, Strophe third.

Page 472.

"I would have had my Florence great and free.]"

"L' Esilio che m'è dato onor mi tegno

Cader tra' buoni è pur di lode dego."

Sonnet of Dante,

in which he represents Right, Generosity, and Temperance as banished from among men, and seeking refuge from Love, who inhabits his bosom.

Page 472.

"And doom this body forfeit to the fire.]" "Ut si quis predictorum ullo tempore in sortiam dicti communis pervenerit, talis perveniens igne comburatur, sic quod moriatur." Second

sentence of Florence against Dante, and the fourteen accused with him. The Latin is worthy of the sentence.

Page 475.

"Where yet my boys are, and that fatal she."] This lady, whose name was *Gemma*, sprung from one of the most powerful Guelph families named *Donati*. Corso Donati was the principal adversary of the Ghibellines. She is described as being "*Admodum morosa, ut de Xantippe Socratis philosophi conjugis scriptum esse legimus*," according to Giannozzo Manetti. But Lionardo Areting is scandalised with Boccace, in his Life of Dante, for saying that literary men should not marry. "Qui il Boccaccio non ha pazienza, e dice, le mogli esser contrarie agli studj; e non si ricorda che Socrate il più nobile filosofo che mai fosse, ebbe moglie e figliuoli e uffici della Repubblica nella sua Città; e Aristotele che, &c. &c., ebbe due mogli in varj tempi, ed ebbe figliuoli, e ricchezze assai.—E Marco Tullio—e Catone—e Varrone—e Seneca—ebbero moglie," &c. &c. It is odd that honest Lionardo's examples, with the exception of Seneca, and, for anything I know, of Aristotle, are not the most felicitous. Tully's Terentia, and Socrates' Xantippe, by no means contributed to their husbands' happiness, whatever they might do to their philosophy.—Cato gave away his wife—of Varro's we know nothing—and of Seneca's, only that she was disposed to die with him, but recovered and lived several years afterwards. But says Lionardo, "L'uomo è *animale civile*, secondo piace a tutti i filosofi." And thence concludes that the greatest proof of the *animal's civism* is "la prima congiunzione, dalla quale moltiplicata nasce la Città."

Page 477.

"Nine moons shall rise o'er scenes like this and set."] See "Sacco di Roma," generally attributed to Guicciardini. There is another written by a Jacopo *Bonaparte*.

Page 480.

"Conquerors on foreign shores, and the far wave."] Alexander of Parma, Spinola, Pescara, Eugene of Savoy, Montecucolo.

Page 480.

"Discoverers of new worlds, which take their name."] Columbus, Americus Vesputius, Sebastian Cabot.

Page 480.

"He who once enters in a tyrant's hall."] A verse from the Greek tragedians, with which Pompey took leave of Cornelia on entering the boat in which he was slain.

Page 481.

"A captive, sees his half of manhood gone."] The verse and sentiment are taken from Homer.

Page 481.

"And he, their prince, shall rank among my peers."] Petrarch.

Page 484.

"A dome, its image, while the base expands."] The Cupola of St. Peter's.

Page 485.

"His chisel bid the Hebrew, at whose word."] The statue of Moses on the monument of Julius II.

SONETTO

Di Giovanni Battista Zappi.

Chi è costui, che in dura pietra scolto,
 Siede gigante; e le più illustre, e conte
 Opre dell' arte avvanza, e ha vive, e pronte
 Le labbia sì, che le parole ascolto?
 Quest' è Mosè; ben me 'l diceva il folto
 Ovor del mento, e 'l doppio raggio in fronte,
 Quest' è Mosè, quando scendea le' monte,
 E gran parte del Nume avea nel volto.
 Tal era allor, che le sonanti, e vaste
 Acque ei sospese a se d' intorno, e tale
 Quando il mar chiuse, e ne fe tomba altrui.
 E voi sue turbe un rio vitello alzaste?
 Alzata aveste imago a questa eguale!
 Ch' era men fallo l' adorar costui.

Page 485.

"Over the damn'd before the Judgment-throne."] The Last Judgment, in the Sistine Chapel.

Page 485.

"The stream of his great thoughts shall spring from me."] I have read somewhere (if I do not err, for I cannot recollect where), that Dante was so great a favourite of Michael Angelo's, that he had designed the whole of the *Divina Commedia*: but that the volume containing these studies was lost by sea.

Page 485.

"Her charms to pontiffs proud, who but employ.]" See the treatment of Michael Angelo by Julius II., and his neglect by Leo X.

• Page 487.

"What have I done to thee, my people?" Stern.]" "E scrisse più volte non solamente a particolari cittadini del reggimento, ma ancora al popolo, e intra l' altre una Epistola assai lunga che comincia: '*Popule mi, quid feci tibi?*'" *Vita di Dante scritta da Lionardo Aretino.*

THE MORGANTE MAGGIORE.

Page 503.

"He gave him such a punch upon the head.]" Gli dette in su la testa un gran punzone." It is strange that Pulci should have literally anticipated the technical terms of my old friend and master, Jackson, and the art which he has carried to its highest pitch. "*A punch on the head,*" or "*a punch in the head,*"—un punzone in su la testa,"—is the exact and frequent phrase of our best pugilists, who little dream that they are talking the purest Tuscan.

• BEPPO.

Page 519.

"The Spaniards call the person a '*Cortejo.*']" Cortejo is pronounced cortelo, with an aspirate, according to the Arabesque guttural. It means what there is as yet no precise name for in England, though the practice is as common as in any tramontane country whatever.

Page 521.

"Raphael, who died in thy embrace, and vies.]" For the received accounts of the cause of Raphael's death, see his *Lives*.

Page 521.

"While yet Canova can create below?"]

(In talking thus, the writer, more especially
 Of women, would be understood to say,
 He speaks as a spectator, not officially,
 And always, reader, in a modest way;
 Perhaps, too, in no very great degree shall he
 Appear to have offended in this lay,
 Since, as all know, without the sex, our sonnets
 Would seem unfinish'd, like their untrimm'd bonnets.)
 (Signed) PRINTER'S DEVIL.

OCCASIONAL POEMS.

Page 534.

"Adieu, thou Hill! where early joy."] Harrow.

Page 543.

"ON REVISITING HARROW." Some years ago, when at Harrow, a friend of the author engraved on a particular spot the names of both, with a few additional words, as a memorial. Afterwards, on receiving some real or imagined injury, the author destroyed the frail record before he left Harrow. On revisiting the place in 1807, he wrote under it these stanzas.

Page 565.

"WRITTEN AFTER SWIMMING FROM SESTOS TO ABYDOS." On the 3rd of May, 1810, while the *Salsette* (Captain Bathurst) was lying in the Dardanelles, Lieutenant Ekénhead, of that frigate, and the writer of these rhymes, swam from the European shore to the Asiatic—by the by, from Abydos to Sestos would have been more correct. The whole distance, from the place whence we started to our landing on the other side, including the length we were carried by the current, was computed by those on board the frigate at upwards of four English miles, though the actual breadth is barely one. The rapidity of the current is such that no boat can row directly across, and it may, in some measure, be estimated from the circumstance of the whole distance being accomplished by one of the parties in an hour and five, and by the other in an hour and ten minutes. The water was extremely cold, from the melting of the moun-

tain snows. About three weeks before, in April, we had made an attempt; but having ridden all the way from the Troad the same morning, and the water being of an icy chillness, we found it necessary to postpone the completion till the frigate anchored below the castles, when we swam the straits, as just stated, entering a considerable way above the European, and landing below the Asiatic, fort. Chevalier says that a young Jew swam the same distance for his mistress; and Oliver mentions its having been done by a Neapolitan; but our consul, Tarragona, remembered neither of these circumstances, and tried to dissuade us from the attempt. A number of the Salsette's crew were known to have accomplished a greater distance; and the only thing that surprised me was that, as doubts had been entertained of the truth of Leander's story, no traveller had ever endeavoured to ascertain its practicability.

Page 566.

“*Ζώη μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.*”] Romæic expression of tenderness: If I translate it, I shall affront the gentlemen, as it may seem that I supposed they could not; and if I do not, I may affront the ladies. For fear of any misconstruction on the part of the latter, I shall do so, begging pardon of the learned. It means, “My life, I love you!” which sounds very prettily in all languages, and is as much in fashion in Greece at this day as Juvenal tells us, the two first words were amongst the Roman ladies, whose erotic expressions were all Hellenised.

Page 566.

“By all the token-flowers that tell.”] In the East (where ladies are not taught to write, lest they should scribble assignments) flowers, cinders, pebbles, &c. convey the sentiments of the parties by that universal deputy of Mercury—an old woman. A cinder says, “I burn for thee;” a bunch of flowers tied with hair, “Take me and fly;” but a pebble declares—what nothing else can.

Page 566.

“Though I fly to Istambol.”] Constantinople.

Page 567.

“*Δεῦτε παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων.*”] The song *Δεῦτε παῖδες*, &c. was written by Riga, who perished in the attempt to revolutionise Greece. This translation is as literal as the author

could make it in verse. It is of the same measure as that of the original.

Page 567.

"And the seven-hill'd city seeking."] Constantinople,
 "Ἑπτάλοφος."

Page 568.

"Ὠραϊώτατη Χάγη, &c."] The song from which this is taken is a great favourite with the young girls of Athens of all classes. Their manner of singing it is by verses in rotation, the whole number present joining in the chorus. I have heard it frequently at our "χόροι," in the winter of 1810-11. The air is plaintive and pretty.

Page 579.

"VERSES FOUND IN A SUMMER-HOUSE AT HALES-OWEN."] In Warwickshire.

Page 579.

"His hours in whistling spent, 'for want of thought.'" See Cymon and Iphigenia.

Page 600.

"The worthy rival of the wondrous *Three!*" Fox—Pitt—Burke.

Page 605.

"Leman! these names are worthy of thy shore."] Geneva, Ferney, Copet, Lausanne.

Page 605.

"ROMANCE MUY DOLOROSO DEL SITIO Y TOMA DE ALHAMA."] The effect of the original ballad—which existed both in Spanish and Arabic—was such, that it was forbidden to be sung by the Moors, on pain of death, within Granada.

Page 617.

"For the man, 'poor and shrewd.'" *Vide* your letter.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

| | PAGE |
|---|---------|
| ABSENT or present still to thee | 575 |
| Adieu, thou Hill! where early joy | 534 |
| Adieu, ye joys of La Valette | 570 |
| Ah! heedless girl! why thus disclose | 537 |
| Ah! Love was never yet without | 581 |
| Ah!—What should follow slips from my reflection | 399 |
| And wilt thou weep when I am low? | 554 |
| As o'er the cold sepulchral stone | 561 |
| As the Liberty lads o'er the sea | 610 |
| BELSHAZZAR! from the banquet turn | 593 |
| Beneath Blessington's eyes | 636 |
| Beware! beware! of the Black Friar | 430 |
| BOB SOUTHEY! You're a poet—Poet-laureate | 2 |
| Bright be the place of thy soul | 545 |
| CHILL and mirk is the night's blast | 562 |
| Could I remount the river of my years | 603 |
| Could Love for ever | 624 |
| DEAR Doctor, I have read your play | 614 |
| Dear object of defeated care | 566 |
| ERE the daughter of Brunswick is cold in her grave | 631 |
| FAIR Albion, smiling, sees her son depart | 565 |
| Famed for contemptuous breach of sacred ties | 588 |
| Farewell! if ever fondest prayer | 545 |
| Farewell to the Land where the gloom of my Glory | 460 |
| Few years have pass'd since thou and I | 547 |
| Fill the goblet again? for I never before | 555 |
| For Orford and for Waldegrave | 630 |
| From out the mass of never-dying ill | 479 |
| GOOD plays are scarce | 572 |
| HAIL, Muse! <i>et cætera</i> .—We left Juan sleeping | 103 |

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| Here once engaged the stranger's view ... | 543 |
| Here's a happy new year! but with reason ... | 626 |
| He unto whom thou art so partial ... | 628 |
| His father's sense, his mother's grace ... | 618 |
| Huzza! Hodgson, we are going ... | 558 |
| I ENTER thy garden of roses ... | 568 |
| If for silver or for gold ... | 624 |
| If from great nature's or our own abyss ... | 376 |
| If, in the month of dark December ... | 565 |
| I had a dream, which was not all a dream ... | 566 |
| Ill-fated Heart! and can it be ... | 574 |
| In digging up your bones, Tom Paine ... | 627 |
| I now mean to be serious;—it is time ... | 351 |
| In one dread night our city saw, and sigh'd ... | 576 |
| In one who felt as once he felt ... | 540 |
| In the beginning was the Word next God ... | 489 |
| In this beloved marble view ... | 610 |
| I read the "Christabel" ... | 611 |
| I speak not, I trace not, I breathe not thy name ... | 588 |
| I stood beside the grave of him who blazed ... | 601 |
| I want a hero: an uncommon want ... | 6 |
| I would to heaven that I were so much clay ... | 1 |
| JOHN ADAMS lies here, of the parish of Southwell ... | 544 |
| LADY! if for the cold and cloudy clime ... | 469 |
| Long years!—It tries the thrilling frame to bear ... | 462 |
| MAID of Athens, ere we part ... | 566 |
| Many are poets who have never penn'd ... | 483 |
| Must thou go, my glorious Chief ... | 458 |
| My boat is on the shore ... | 613 |
| My dear Mr. Murray ... | 616 |
| NOTHING so difficult as a beginning ... | 131 |
| OF all the barbarous middle ages, that ... | 331 |
| Of two fair virgins, modest, though admired ... | 610 |
| Oh! Anne, your offences to me have been grievous ... | 538 |
| "Oh! banish care" such ever be ... | 572 |
| Oh, blood and thunder! and oh, blood and wounds! ... | 241 |
| Oh, Castlereagh! thou art a patriot now ... | 629 |
| Oh, Lady! when I left the shore ... | 560 |
| Oh, my lonely—lonely—lonely—Pillow ... | 635 |
| Oh, say not, sweet Anne, that the Fates have decreed ... | 539 |
| Oh! talk not to me of a name great in story ... | 634 |
| Oh Venice! Venice! when thy marble walls ... | 618 |
| Oh, Wellington! (or "Villainton"—for Fame ... | 273 |
| Oh ye! who teach the ingenuous youth of nations ... | 55 |

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

675

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| Oh you, who in all names can tickle the town ... | 586 |
| O Love! O Glory! what are you who fly ... | 222 |
| Once fairly set out on his party of pleasure ... | 455 |
| Once more in man's frail world! which I had left ... | 471 |
| POSTERITY will ne'er survey ... | 629 |
| REMEMBER him whom passion's power ... | 583 |
| Remember thee! remember thee! ... | 580 |
| Remind me not, remind me not ... | 552 |
| River, that rollest by the ancient walls ... | 622 |
| Rousseau—Voltaire—our Gibbon—and De Staël ... | 605 |
| SONS of the Greeks, arise ... | 567 |
| So we'll go no more a roving ... | 611 |
| Star of the brave!—whose beam hath shed ... | 459 |
| Start not—nor deem my spirit fled ... | 549 |
| Strahan, Tonson, Lintot of the times ... | 617 |
| Stranger! behold interr'd together ... | 570 |
| THE antique Persians taught three useful things ... | 421 |
| The braziers, it seems, are preparing to pass ... | 628 |
| The chain I gave was fair to view ... | 574 |
| The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece! ... | 122 |
| The kiss, dear maid! thy lip has left ... | 569 |
| The land where I was born sits by the seas ... | 509 |
| The modest bard, like many a bard unknown ... | 565 |
| The Moorish King rides up and down ... | 605 |
| The "Origin of Love!"—Ah, why ... | 583 |
| There be none of Beauty's daughters ... | 594 |
| There is a tear for all that die ... | 592 |
| "There is a tide in the affairs of men" ... | 195 |
| There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away ... | 595 |
| There was a time, I need not name ... | 553 |
| The Son of Love and Lord of War I sing ... | 630 |
| The spell is broke the charm is flown ... | 564 |
| The Spirit of the fervent days of Old ... | 475 |
| The world is a bundle of hay ... | 627 |
| They say that Hope is happiness ... | 609 |
| Thine eyes' blue tenderness, thy long fair hair ... | 587 |
| This day of all our days, has done ... | 628 |
| Those flaxen locks, those eyes of blue ... | 544 |
| Thou art not false, but thou art fickle ... | 582 |
| Thou lay thy branch of laurel down ... | 585 |
| Thou Power! who hast ruled me through infancy's days ... | 541 |
| Through cloudless skies, in silvery sheen ... | 564 |
| Through life's dull road so dim and dirty ... | 628 |
| Thy cheek is pale with thought, but not from woe ... | 587 |
| Thy verse is "sad" enough, no doubt ... | 539 |

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| Time! on whose arbitrary wing | 580 |
| 'T is done—and shivering in the gale | 556 |
| 'T is done—but yesterday a King! | 450 |
| 'T is known, at least it should be, that throughout | 511 |
| 'T is time this heart should be unmoved | 637 |
| Titan! to whose immortal eyes | 602 |
| To be the father of the fatherless | 623 |
| To hook the reader, you, John Murray | 612 |
| UNHAPPY Dives! in an evil hour | 572 |
| WE do not curse thee, Waterloo! | 455 |
| Weep, daughter of a royal line | 574 |
| Well! thou art happy and I feel | 550 |
| What are you doing now | 612 |
| What matter the pangs of a husband and father | 627 |
| "What say I?" not a syllable further in prose | 590 |
| When a man hath no freedom to fight for at home | 627 |
| When amatory poets sing their loves | 157 |
| When Bishop Berkeley said "there was no matter" | 311 |
| When Dryden's fool "unknowing what he sought" | 579 |
| When energising objects men pursue | 578 |
| When from the heart where sorrow sits | 587 |
| When Man, expell'd from Eden's bowers | 552 |
| When Newton saw an apple fall, he found | 292 |
| When some proud son of man returns to Earth | 551 |
| When the last sunshine of expiring day | 598 |
| When the vain triumph of the imperial lord | 591 |
| When Thurlow this damn'd nonsense sent | 585 |
| When we two parted | 546 |
| Who hath not glow'd above the page where fame | 589 |
| Who kill'd John Keats | 630 |
| Why, how now, saucy Tom? | 629 |
| With death doom'd to grapple | 627 |
| YOU have ask'd for a verse:—the request | 636 |
| Young Oak! when I planted thee deep in the ground | 542 |

THE END.

